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THE SONGS

OF

CHARLES DIBBDIN.



Painted by Davis

Engraved by H.B. Hall

Charles Dibdin

WELL 364
DBA 364

THE SONGS

OF

CHARLES DIBDIN,

CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED,

WITH

NOTES, HISTORICAL, BIOGRAPHICAL, AND CRITICAL;

AND

THE MUSIC

OF

The Best and most Popular of the Melodies,

WITH NEW PIANO-FORTE ACCOMPANIMENTS.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR,

BY GEORGE HOGARTH, ESQ.

Ed. 5
VOL. I.

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G. H. DAVIDSON, PETER'S HILL, DOCTORS' COMMONS.

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TO
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT,

OF SAXE COBURG AND GOTHA,

K. G., G. C. B., P. C., &c.,

CONSORT OF HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY,

THIS VOLUME,

THE FIRST ATTEMPT TO FORM A COMPLETE COLLECTION OF THE LYRICAL
WRITINGS OF

CHARLES DIBDIN,

IS,

BY HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS'S GRACIOUS PERMISSION,

MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

BY

HIS VERY OBEDIENT, GRATEFUL, AND HUMBLE SERVANT,

G. H. DAVIDSON.

PREFACE TO FIRST EDITION.

ALTHOUGH the fame of Dibdin prevails wherever the English language is sung or spoken, there has not hitherto been a published work, which, professing to contain his lyrical writings in any degree of completeness, could be either referred to by the vocalist, or adopted in the library in juxtaposition with the numerous elegant editions of the effusions of Burns, and of other more honoured but not more admired authors. Though the composer of considerably more than a Thousand Songs, the best collection of them hitherto existing was that published by himself, in four small volumes, many years before he ceased writing, which contained but about Four Hundred. That book, however, is not only destitute of arrangement, but has long been extremely scarce. The volume, consisting of One Hundred and Seventy-six Songs, issued by Thomas Dibdin a few months before his death, did not profess to contain more than his father's Sea-Songs; and even of them it was sadly deficient.

This comprehensive Edition has therefore been prepared, in the confidence that it will be acceptable to the Public; and it is now respectfully submitted, with the hope that the system of arrangement will be at once satisfactory to its purchasers, and demonstrative of considerable care and research in its compiler.

It will be observed, that the Songs are classed under the titles of the pieces, or according to the occasions for which they were written,—that the pieces are arranged in the order of time in which they appeared,—and that their dates, and the theatres at which they were produced, are specified. The book thus opens with Dibdin's first dramatic composition, written at the early age of sixteen; and his operatic pieces, as far as they are extant, are then given consecutively. The next section of the work contains the Songs of his numerous monologue pieces, called *Entertainments sans Souci*, also printed chronologically, with elucidatory notes: and the third section comprises the Songs he wrote for publication in periodical and other works, and for various public or particular occasions. Allusions to passing events are explained by historical notes; and numerous anecdotes of the Author and his productions, interspersed throughout, will, it is presumed, be accepted as a pleasing feature of the work.

In an author so prolific and versatile as Dibdin, great inequality of composition is to be expected; and many Songs appear in this collection, which some may think it would have been better to have omitted. But most admirers of an author value their edition of his productions in proportion to its completeness: and the Editor has therefore thought it right, first to adopt all the Songs which Dibdin preserved in his own published collection, and next, in scrutinizing his numerous operatic and other effusions, to select all such as were not too decidedly incidental to the pieces to admit of adoption.

The result has been, a collection of *more than a Thousand Songs*: and when it is considered that Nine Hundred is the number that Dibdin, in his Autobiography, claims to have written, it is fair to assume that this is as complete an edition of his lyric compositions as can be expected, not only in reference to the Nine Hundred, but also to his after productions; especially when the fact is borne in mind, that, in the passage wherein Dibdin thus asserts his authorship of Nine Hundred Songs, he admits, by the following statement, the improbability of the existence of the whole of them, in either a printed or a written form:—‘I have never written down my compositions till they were wanted either for the Printer or for

PREFACE.

the Engraver. Wherever I have performed any one of the Entertainments in my catalogue, on the first night I have sat down to the piano-forte with the words only; and neither at that time nor at any other, till required by the Engraver for publication, has any single note been written."

How the Editor of this volume has, notwithstanding, been enabled so far to perfect his labours, it is not necessary to particularize; but it is most gratifying to him to record his acknowledgments for the kind assistance and hearty co-operation he has received from all to whom he applied, who happened to possess materials really valuable to such an undertaking. The most complete set extant of the musical compositions of Dibdin—the one collected by his friend and admirer, the late Dr. Kitchener—is in the possession of Mr. HENRY PHILLIPS, the eminent Vocalist; and its stores have been liberally laid open to the Editor, with the sole object, on the part of the distinguished owner, of contributing what he could, (and most important his contributions have been,) towards the formation of a complete edition of the writings of a poet whom he ardently admires, and so ably illustrates by his own superior vocal powers and accomplishments. To Mr. WINSTON, a gentleman of veteran experience in all theatrical matters, and for years professionally associated with the admired author, a like tribute of thanks is due. Without his valuable assistance, the Editor would have had to depend for his facts and dates, so far as Dibdin and his productions are concerned, on publications of doubtful authority, and might thus have been the instrument of perpetuating much misinformation. In revising the mass of materials thus and in other ways collected—in collating different editions, with the view of selecting for publication the best version of each Song—and in preparing the numerous historical illustrations that appear throughout the work, the Editor has been largely assisted by Mr. JAMES POWELL, a gentleman of the very highest qualifications for the task, and whose labours are the more gratefully recognised, as having been spontaneously rendered after a friendship of many years' standing.

With respect to the Musical portion of the undertaking, it may be remarked, that so much of the popularity of Dibdin depends on his charming flow of melody, and the felicity with which his Words and his Melodies harmonize with each other, that the perpetuation of either is alike desirable and important: but Dibdin's musical learning was far inferior to his excellence as a melodist; and he has therefore left us no Accompaniments to his Songs at all commensurate with their merit, or with the greatly advanced condition of musical erudition. In attempting to remedy this defect, the Music of the best and most popular of his Songs has been carefully re-edited for this work, and is now presented with new Pianoforte Accompaniments, from the pens of Messrs. LANCELOT, C. PURDAY, WESTROP, and HOGARTH.

Great pains have been taken, by copious Indexes, to render the work easy of reference; and where the same Song is known by various titles, they have each been given.

The Portrait, engraved by Mr. HALL, is from the painting by DEVIS; which was always considered, both by Dibdin himself and by those who knew him personally, to be his most accurate likeness.

London, July 18th, 1842.

* * * In preparing a Fifth Edition for publication in the year 1847, the Editor has been induced to extend the Work to two volumes, by the addition of the Music of above 50 Songs, with New Accompaniments by Mr. H. WEST, of the Royal Academy of Music, under whose superintendence the whole Musical section of the Work has undergone a careful revision.

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MEMOIR OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

It may be regarded as a favourable sign of the times in which we live, in regard, at least, to English literature and taste, that *novelty* is now looked upon less exclusively than it has been for many years past, as the one thing needful. Shakspeare and the great dramatists of the olden time not only maintain their ascendancy in our theatres; but the growing appetite for long-established literary classics is evinced by the demand for new and popular editions of their works. In music, this reaction, though less striking, is plainly perceptible. Witness the never-failing crowds drawn to Exeter Hall by the oratorios of Handel, and the deep and earnest attention with which they listen to the gravest and loftiest strains ever imagined by human genius. Witness, too, the success that has attended revivals, at either of our great theatres, of the old and classical productions of our musical stage. So often as an enlightened faith in the good taste and good feeling of the Public has induced the managers to undertake the restoration of the English drama, success has been their due and merited reward. Still more eminent has been that success in the instances wherein they have extended the experiment to its music as well as to its poetry.

Among those men of genius, whether poets or musicians, whose memory will certainly be revived in all its original lustre by this return to the national taste and feeling, is one in whom these characters were blended in a degree unparalleled, at least in modern times—the celebrated **CHARLES DIBDIN**. And it is the full assurance of this result that has given rise to the present publication. A few particulars respecting this extraordinary man, and some remarks on his genius in both these capacities, will be acceptable to the reader.

CHARLES DIBDIN was a native of Southampton, and a descendant of a respectable family. He was born on the 15th of March, 1745. His father had a very numerous progeny, he himself being the eighteenth child. One of his brothers, Thomas Dibdin, many years older than himself, was the captain of an Indiaman. His death gave occasion to the well-known song "*Tom Bowling*," in which his character is beautifully painted. This gentleman was the father of the Rev. Thomas Frogmell Dibdin, whose labours as a bibliographer have been of so much advantage to literature.

With the view of his entering the church, Dibdin was placed at the College of Winchester, where his love of music first manifested itself. When he was nine

years old, his passion for the art recommended him to the notice of Mr. Fussell, the organist of the Cathedral, from whom he received some instructions in its rudiments. It has been said that he was also indebted, for his musical knowledge, to the celebrated ecclesiastical composer, Kent, who then resided at Winchester; but this he himself denies. He learned enough, however, to enable him to take a part in the anthems at the Cathedral, and to sing at the concerts given during the races and assizes. There was a weekly amateur concert, of which several of the principal clergymen and gentry of the town and neighbourhood were members, and at which he was the chief vocal performer. His musical propensities being thus nourished by the popularity which his attainments, slight as they then must have been, gained for him, he abandoned his ecclesiastical studies, and devoted himself wholly to his favourite pursuit, resolving to depend on it as his means of subsistence.

With this object he became candidate for the place of organist at Waltham, in Hampshire, but was rejected—as he says, on account of his youth. We may venture, in charity to those on whom the choice depended, to suppose that they had a sounder reason for his rejection: for, with all his genius and natural gifts, he certainly, when even at the height of his fame, never possessed musical learning and skill sufficient to qualify him for the duties of an organist in any church superior to that of a country village. Not discouraged, however, by this want of success, he was looking about for another vacancy, when his prospects were changed by the arrival from sea of his brother Thomas (the original, as already mentioned, of *Tom Bowling*), who gave him an invitation to London, and a promise to provide for him. To promote his views of obtaining an organist's place in the metropolis, his brother introduced him to Johnson, then an eminent music-seller in Cheapside, by whom he was employed in tuning harpsichords. His brother, having gone again to sea, was taken by a French man-of-war; and the poor youth was thus left to his own resources. He composed some songs and pieces for the harpsichord, which he never could prevail on his employer to publish; but he at length found another publisher (Thompson, of St. Paul's Church-yard), who gave him three guineas for the copyright of six ballads, which were sold at three-halfpence each. He had been introduced to some of his brother's city friends, by whom, for a time, he was received with cordiality; but they gradually neglected him, and at length shook him off, owing (as he says) to his aversion to being considered a fiddler and buffoon, and his determination never to entertain the company and to sing and be comical at the word of command.

In this forlorn condition he had the good fortune to meet with a friend—a gentleman of the name of Beranger, who was intimate with the most popular literary and theatrical personages of that day. Mr. Beranger advised him to think of writing for the stage, and made him acquainted with Rich, the manager of Covent Garden, Beard, the famous singer, and some persons of rank and distinction, among whom was the Earl of Sandwich, at once a great statesman and an ardent lover of music,

He soon obtained employment at Covent Garden ; at first in the humble character of chorus-singer : but Beard, who, on the death of Mr. Rich, his father-in-law, succeeded to the management of that theatre, having discovered in him the existence of those talents for which he became so distinguished, encouraged him to compose the poetry and music of a little pastoral drama, called *The Shepherd's Artifice*, which was produced with success in 1762 ; the author being then seventeen years old.*

Soon afterwards he essayed his powers as a musical actor. The first character of any importance in which he appeared, was that of *Ralph*, in *The Maid of the Mill*, when that opera was originally brought out. He received immense applause, and seems to have contributed materially to the success of the piece.† He subsequently performed the part of *Mungo*, in his own opera of *The Padlock*. But though he was favourably received both as an actor and as a singer, he found his theatrical career such a fruitful source of heart-burnings and disputes, that he soon retired altogether from the stage ; and his future public exhibitions were confined to the recitations and songs in the Entertainments, written and composed by himself, which became so popular in the later period of his life.

He now began to acquire reputation as a musical composer. He wrote the greater part of the music in *Love in the City*, which was produced in 1767. The drama failed, but Dibdin's music was much applauded ; and several of the pieces, having been transferred to the popular opera of *The Romp*, have been sung on the stage almost down to the present time. He next composed a considerable portion of the music of *Lionel and Clarissa*, and afterwards the whole of that of *The Padlock*. These three operas were written by Bickerstaff, whose reputation as a musical dramatist was deservedly high. It was in *The Padlock* that Dibdin's musical genius first shone out in all its lustre. The drama is clever and amusing ; and such was the charm of Dibdin's fresh and graceful melodies, that the piece acquired vast and lasting popularity.‡ The extent of this may be estimated from the fact stated by Dibdin in his 'Professional Life,' that the author of the words kept the copyright in his own hands, and that 28,000 copies had been sold in 1779. From

* The song in the above piece, 'In every fertile Valley,' was Dibdin's first attempt at composition. 'It contains,' he says in his *Memoirs*, 'as much of construction as is necessary for a production of this nature, and has as much modulation as it ought to have. The points of the air are regularly expressed and explained ; and, for what it is, though a trifle, it is complete in all its properties : and yet, when I composed it, I was but *fourteen years old*, and was unable to give a single musical reason for that regularity which I had unconsciously attempted. *So much is nature above art !*'—But it is to *imitation*, not to nature, that the regularity of this air is owing. It is a pleasing, but a close copy of the ballad style of Dr. Arne ; and every phrase of its melody was common property among the composers of that day.

† His popularity in this character became so great, that *Ralph* handkerchiefs were worn in compliment to him, in the same way that *Belchers* were subsequently used in compliment to the notorious pugilist.

‡ The plan of the present publication necessarily excludes these beautiful airs, their poetry *not* being Dibdin's. But, as many of Dibdin's finest melodies are in this situation, it is proposed to give a *separate* and supplementary selection of some of the best of them.

this source, and from his benefits, Bickerstaff cleared at least £1,700: while the author of the music, to which the immense success of the piece was owing, received for it, in all, only the sum of forty-five pounds!

Dibdin was but three-and-twenty when he thus laid the foundation of his fame. Considering his want of musical education, and his then very limited experience, the music of *The Padlock* strikingly evinces the force of his native genius. He was entirely self-taught; and his account of the manner in which he mastered—or rather imagined that he had mastered—the difficulties of harmony and counterpoint, is interesting, while it is at the same time somewhat amusing, from the self-complacency with which he supposed he had penetrated to the recesses of a science of which he had not even passed the threshold:—

‘I have said nothing yet,’ he says in his *Life*, ‘that can give any idea that I did not learn music regularly like any body else: it will be proper here to explain the truth. Mr. Fussell, who afterwards succeeded Mr. Kent as organist of Winchester Cathedral, when I was nine years old, taught me the gamut, and the table which points out the length of the notes and the divisions of the time; and this is so correct, that five or six common tunes, among which are *God Save the King* and *Foote’s Minuet*, which I have by me in that gentleman’s hand-writing, are the only exercises I ever received from a master. Mr. Kent, a church composer of considerable genius and understanding, who was Mr. Fussell’s preceptor, had also the credit of having taught me: but except some anthems which he composed for me—and very charming they are, for they are yet popular—and which I learnt by ear, I never received the smallest instruction from him. The music I have was strongly in my mind from my earliest remembrance, and I knew that no master could at any time have been of the least service to me. It lay quietly, a hidden spark, which in the country found nothing ardent enough to vivify it; but coming in contact with its proper fuel, the different performances in town, it at once expanded, and nothing could keep it within bounds. I felt this more and more as I listened, particularly to vocal compositions, which were never so much at their utmost height and value as at that period; and, to confirm that I began fairly to feel my own ground, a remarkable opportunity occurred of putting my conjectures to the test. Listening one morning to a rehearsal of *Thomas and Sally*, I comprehended so closely the construction of the composition, that I could think of nothing else for the whole day. The next morning I attended also a rehearsal, when all that passed adhered so tenaciously to my memory, that I went home and drew out a score of the whole entertainment, which was certainly incorrect; but, for such an uncommon effort, by no means to that degree which might have been expected—for I was not at that time sixteen. I soon saw that I should easily get at all I wanted. I instantly became my own instructor; and, with the austerity of the merest pedagogue, I set myself the most difficult possible tasks. At length I hit upon a project by which I saw I should lay open the whole field of harmony, with liberty to traverse it at my pleasure.

'I had always delighted in Corelli, whose harmonies are an assemblage of melodies. I therefore got his concertos in single parts, and put them into score, by which means *I saw all the workings of his mind* at the time he composed them. I so managed, that *I not only comprehended in what manner the parts had been worked, but how, in every way, they might have been worked.* From this severe but profitable exercise, I drew all the best properties of harmony; and, among the rest, I learned *the valuable secret*, that men of strong minds may violate to advantage many of those rules of composition which are dogmatically imposed. To this practical knowledge of harmony I added such theoretical particulars as are to be found in Rameau; and having possessed myself of as much science as I conceived necessary for every purpose, I determined fearlessly to give free scope to my fancy: to what effect is pretty well known.'

Slight and superficial knowledge is the most productive of self-satisfaction. The raw student, delighted at having mastered a few elementary principles, thinks himself profoundly learned; and it is not till he has advanced further on the path of knowledge that he sees the toilsome length of the way, and the 'Alps on Alps' which rise before him in the distance. But Dibdin seems never to have reached that point in his progress at which he could have caught even a glimpse of the steep and laborious road before him: otherwise he would not, in the latter part of his life, have talked of having laid open to himself the whole field of harmony by scoring a few of Corelli's concertos, or have supposed that he had thus enabled himself to see all the workings of that great composer's mind, and to comprehend his principles and rules of art. That he did not, is sufficiently evident from his expressing his obligation to Corelli for a 'valuable secret,' which could never have been taught him by a composer who is peculiarly distinguished for his pure and regular harmony, and his abstinence from those licenses which have been occasionally indulged in by musicians of a more enterprising spirit. That the rules of art may be violated with impunity, far from being a valuable secret, is a dangerous delusion, which has proved fatal to many an artist. The rules of art are not arbitrary and capricious *dicta*: they are founded on immutable principles of reason and taste, and are general expressions of the concurring practice of the greatest masters. An infringement of the rules of musical harmony is uniformly bad *per se*. It never of itself conduces to any good effect, and is tolerated only in cases where the rule might be an obstacle to the production of some singular and striking effect. By the boldest and most eccentric composers—even Beethoven himself—every rule is observed thousands of times for once that it is broken; and licenses may often be pointed out, resulting from mere haste and impetuosity, where a more deliberate attention to rule would have been infinitely more advantageous. Even the most eccentric composers, moreover, if they are masters of their art, do not use licentious harmonies in the accompaniment of a simple air: in such music, purity and regularity are indispensable. But Dibdin never put a bass to one of his own songs without betraying the utmost

poverty of harmonical resources, or committing gross and palpable errors. He possessed the instinct of melody in a degree, perhaps, that has never been exceeded; but no other musician ever gained such celebrity with such slender attainments as an artist; and the opinion which he entertained, that no master could have been at any time of the least service to him, was equally mistaken and unfortunate.

After *The Padlock* (which appeared in 1768), Dibdin composed the music of several other pieces written by Bickerstaff, particularly *The Ephesian Matron* and *The Brickdust Man*. The first piece of any importance, entirely written by himself, was *The Wedding-Ring*, performed in the season 1771-2. Having appeared soon after Bickerstaff had left the country under ignominious circumstances, this piece was malevolently ascribed to him; and the imputation having made an impression injurious to Dibdin, on the first night of performance, he was called upon the stage and required to declare who was the author; which he did, and at the same time formed the resolution of never again bringing out any thing anonymously. The piece was successful, but he gained nothing by the publication of the music. 'Indeed,' he says, 'I have always made this remark, that the music I have sold has yielded very little, except to publishers; and that which I have published on my own account has frequently brought me into debt.'

From this time Dibdin produced for many years, and in rapid succession, a great number of musical pieces for the different theatres, Saddler's Wells, Ranelagh, and other places of entertainment. Most of them were entirely written by himself, both words and music. *The Waterman* was first performed at the Haymarket, in 1774; and *The Quaker* at Drury Lane, in 1775. The success of these celebrated pieces is well known. Since their first production they have kept uninterrupted possession of the stage, and have been the medium of displaying the talents of the greatest English vocalists down to the present time. *Poor Vulcan*, performed at Covent Garden in 1778, had less success than it deserved, in consequence of injudicious changes and interpolations, made without the author's sanction. In this year Dibdin was appointed exclusive composer to Covent-Garden Theatre, with a salary of £10 per week,—amounting to £300 for the season; but he did not long retain the appointment. *The Shepherdess of the Alps*, performed at Covent Garden in 1780, a pretty piece, fell for want of support. Vernon, the singer, being asked by the author why he had not got his part perfect, and played his best, answered very coolly, that he saw it was the general wish that the piece should be damned, and, as in duty bound, he lent it a hand!—The next piece, *The Islanders*, had a better fate. Mrs. Kennedy made the part of *Orra* very attractive; and some of the songs written for that favourite vocalist are among Dibdin's most charming productions.

The Harvest Home was performed at the Haymarket in 1787; and from that time Dibdin ceased to write for the theatres. During the whole period of his employment in this way, his intercourse with managers and performers was a scene of

constant warfare ; and, according to his own account, he was constantly the victim of ill-treatment and breach of faith. His complaints of the conduct of almost every body with whom he had transactions, must be received with considerable limitation : but he must have been singularly unfortunate, or singularly imprudent in his dealings, if his statement is correct, that, during a period of twenty-three years, in which he produced nearly a hundred musical pieces, many of which met with extraordinary success, while his published songs were in great demand all over the kingdom—the whole amount of his receipts, comprehending the prices received for his pieces, the copyrights of his music, his salaries, and benefits at the theatres, was only £5,100, averaging an income of £220 a-year.

Towards the latter end of this period, he made several attempts to carry on theatrical business on his own account. With this view, he entered into a speculation for the erection of the Circus, now the Surrey Theatre. It was built on ground belonging to Colonel West, who, with several other parties who advanced the necessary funds, became proprietors of the establishment ; while Dibdin was appointed sole manager for life, and was to receive a fourth of the profits. His plan was to form a combination of the stage and the equestrian ring. In the management of this theatre he appears to have exhibited great activity, bringing forward a constant succession of new pieces, written and composed by himself. But, as usual, his measures (according to his own account) were thwarted, and his objects defeated, by the intrigues and machinations of persons connected with him ; and, after three years spent in strife and litigation, he withdrew from the concern in the year 1785. He next engaged in a speculation for building a theatre in the neighbourhood of Pancras, and had made some progress, at considerable expense, in its erection, when the frail fabric was blown down by a storm of wind, and no attempt was made to rebuild it. He then undertook to furnish the manager of the Dublin Theatre with musical pieces, and did so to the value of £600, of which he never received more than £140. Unwearied in his efforts to make head against the difficulties produced by these unfortunate enterprises, he betook himself to novel-writing : he likewise commenced a weekly periodical, called *The Devil*, which at first had a great sale, but eventually proved a failure, and was given up after the publication of twenty-one numbers.

In the extremity to which he was now reduced, Dibdin thought of trying his fortune in India. His brother, who has been already mentioned, had long resided in that country, where he had many friends and connexions. While he lived, Dibdin had several times had it in contemplation to go to India ; and notwithstanding his death, he decided on still doing so, hoping to be cordially received by his brother's old friends, and also understanding that he might be able to recover certain debts due to him at the time of his death. To raise money for this voyage, he made a tour through various parts of England, giving entertainments, consisting of songs and recitations—the embryo, as they may be called, of the

Entertainments which afterwards became so famous. This tour was not very profitable, one of the obstacles to his success being an odd one:—he was very generally taken for an impostor—an itinerant adventurer, who was trying to make money by personating the celebrated Mr. Dibdin: and, strange to say, Dibdin, with all his talent, failed in various places to persuade the Public that he was the real *Simon Pure*. His account of this musical tour, a lively gossiping book, was published in 1787, with a list of six hundred subscribers, the Prince of Wales at their head. To raise as much money as possible, he sold off the musical compositions he had on hand; on which occasion the music-publishers seem to have taken shameful advantage of his necessities. ‘*The Waterman*,’ says he, ‘better known by the title of *My Poll and my Partner Joe*, which certainly cleared the publisher two hundred pounds, I was compelled to sell for two guineas; and *Nothing like Grog*, also a very popular song, yielded me no more than half-a-guinea!’ Dibdin was then in the fulness of his fame and popularity. The purchasers knew pretty well what his songs were worth to them: and while their offer of such prices indicates an almost incredible degree of effrontery on their part, his acceptance of their offers is a melancholy proof of his destitute condition.

In 1788 Dibdin sailed for India; but the vessel in which he embarked having been driven by adverse winds into Torbay, he landed there, and gave up further thoughts of his voyage. At Torbay he commenced a sort of musical lecture, or *soirée*, which he repeated in various country towns, consisting of an Entertainment which, with alterations, became the first of the series of Entertainments which he afterwards began in London. It was called, probably from the circumstances under which it was projected, ‘The Whim of the Moment;’ and was brought out at *Hutchins*’ auction-room, in King Street, Covent Garden, at first with very little success, the Public being unaware of its nature and excellence. He published twelve of the songs in this Entertainment; but finding that, being issued on his own account, they had no sale, he sold them to a music-seller for sixty pounds. Among them was the celebrated *Poor Jack*; which immediately became popular all over the kingdom, and must have produced to its proprietor many hundred pounds.

The Public were now awakened to the merit of this novel species of entertainment, and the next of the series, *The Oddities*, was fully successful. During its second season, it was performed seventy-nine nights. The sale of the music was immense, and the author’s profits commensurate. Of *The Greenwich Pensioner* alone he sold, from first to last, ten thousand seven hundred and fifty copies, which yielded him a profit of more than £400: and on the above song, with *Poor Tom*, and *The Lamplighter*, he cleared (as he himself says) more money in four months, than he had in his whole life received for the sale of music.

In 1791, Dibdin removed the place of his Entertainments to a room opposite Beaufort Buildings, in the Strand, to which he gave the name of *Sans Souci*. Here

he brought out, with great success, his entertainment entitled *Private Theatricals*, This gave occasion to the following epigram :—

‘ What more conviction need there be,
That Dibdin’s plan will do,
Since now we find him *Sans Souci*,
Who late was *Sans six-sous*.’

The uninterrupted success of these Entertainments induced Dibdin to build a small theatre in Leicester Place, which he opened in 1796, with the piece entitled *The General Election*. This new theatre was also called *Sans Souci*. From this time, however, his success declined; and he ascribed this falling off to his having removed too far from the city, from whence he had ever drawn his most substantial support.

In October, 1804, he began, at his theatre in Leicester Place, a course of eighteen lectures on music, which were given three times a week. As a companion, or textbook, to these lectures, he published, on the day of their commencement, a didactic poem, entitled *The Harmonic Preceptor*, which professes to explain the principles of music and the rules of composition. As may be supposed, this rhyming treatise is shallow and superficial in the extreme, and obtained no attention whatever from the musical world. His lectures must necessarily have been of the same description; —he could not teach what he did not know. He seems, however, to have been of a different opinion; for he published two other books of instruction,—*The Musical Mentor*, and *Music Epitomized*, neither of which attracted any notice.

During the time that he was giving his entertainments in his *Sans Souci* Theatre, he occasionally made tours through England, Scotland, and Ireland, and his performances were received in all quarters with the utmost applause; his principal songs became universally popular; they were sold in every music-shop, seen on every lady’s pianoforte, and sung in every company. Dibdin’s profits at this time must have been very large; but, unhappily, he seems to have been unable to save anything out of them, so as to make the least approach towards realizing an independence.

Dibdin published the songs in his entertainments in separate sheets, at the time of their performance; but those parts of them which consisted of recitation were never printed, with the exception of *The Whim of the Moment*, which he introduced in the narrative of his *Tour through England, &c.*: indeed, as they were merely intended to introduce the songs, they were of too slight and ephemeral a character to bear publication; depending (like similar entertainments of more recent date) more upon the spirit and humour of their delivery, than upon their literary merit. They consisted of little comic dialogues, lively or pathetic tales, anecdotes, and traits of satire; which he delivered with frequent variations, trusting, apparently, more to his memory and to the impulse of the moment, than to the written words before him.* The writer of

* Dibdin was particularly successful in his representation of negro characters, and we give the following specimen of the style of tale he adopted for the purpose of displaying his powers:

Cudjo, a negro slave, was carrying a jug of rum and a letter, to a friend of his master, but meeting

MEMOIR OF CHARLES DIBBDIN.

this notice—who can say of Dibdin, ‘*Virgilium tantum vidi*,’ was present, when a mere lad, at one of those entertainments, of which he retains that vivid remembrance which always attends the impressions of early youth. Dibdin was then a handsome man, of middle size, with an open pleasing countenance, and a very gen-

with another negro on the road, he accosted him. ‘Ah! buddy, let us all two take a lilly sup.’ ‘Ah! dam!’ says Cudjo, ‘you no see paper la talk, he savee tell massa?’ ‘Ah, buddy, oppose we put paper under a tone, den he no see?’ Charmed with this idea, they agreed to hide the letter under a stone. ‘Ah! buddy, dis be good stuff! suree make a heart jump.’ And having drank pretty heartily, they begin to think of the consequences ‘Ah! dam, jug no full now.’ ‘Buddy, buddy,’ says the other, ‘come to the ribber, put lilly wee drop water.’ This executed, Cudjo takes the letter, and jogs on with the jug to his master’s friend, who, not finding the rum above proof, exclaims, ‘Why, what is this, you scoundrel? You have been drinking the rum, and filled the jug with water.’ ‘Ah! massa,’ says Cudjo, ‘don’t you vex—indeed, I do nothing.’ ‘Nothing! what, do you think I can’t read?’ Ah! massa, if I no tell Buddy I am so, dat dam paper suree talk very wicked for poor negro man.’

The following are samples of the sort of anecdote by which Dibdin filled up the intervals between his melodies :

Garrick and Kenrick.—Garrick having quarrelled with an actor, Kenrick, had desired his brother George, his mouthpiece and emissary on all occasions, to deliver a message to him that might have led to bloodshed, had it not been exceedingly modified by the good-natured George. It was accordingly taken no notice of by Kenrick, and Garrick, after this, was heard to boast, that he had challenged Kenrick, and he would not meet him. This, being the general talk, came to Kenrick’s ears, who sent Garrick the following letter:—‘Sir, As I find you report that you sent me a challenge, and that I have not spirit enough to meet you—I now inform you that I received no sort of message from you but through your brother, which was worded so doubtfully, that, added to his being an improper person for the transaction of such business, I did not feel myself obliged to understand it in the light you now say it was meant. To show you, however, you have mistaken me, I will finish the matter in two words: you have a large fortune and no family—I have a large family and no fortune;—if, therefore, you will settle only three hundred a year on those I leave behind—provided you kill me—I will not only fight you, but your brother George into the bargain.’

Cross-Readings.—Yesterday the Lord Mayor gave a public dinner—and the carnage in this engagement was too shocking to mention.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer proposed, on the opening of the budget, several new taxes—which he performed with ease in an hour and forty minutes.—Last Friday a Nabob arrived in England with his whole fortune—The reason of his committing this rash act is not known.—Last Wednesday three couple were married at St. Bride’s Church—They all behaved very penitent, and seemed truly sensible of their unhappy condition.

Drawing the Long B w.—One said he had heard a lawyer avow his business was of so vast and extensive a nature, that he cleared two hundred a year by only melting the wax of the chancery and other seals, in the course of his practice. This gentleman, however, was outdone by another, who said he had such a counting-house full of clerks, that he saved double that sum in ink and expedition, by only leaving out tittles and dashes. But the thing that seemed to be best relished was an account of a man who undertook to jump off the Monument, one Peter Wilkins, a biscuit-maker by trade. He was to mount on the rails when St. Paul’s clock should strike twelve, and he was to jump off at the last stroke. Every precaution was of course taken to keep the poor devil from breaking his neck. Feather-beds, loads of straw, and wool-packs, were piled upon each other to an immense height. The day came—the streets seemed to be paved with faces, and the houses roofed with people; the usual accidents happened: broken limbs, dislocations, fractures, and contusions, were plenty; women with children in their arms were thrown down and trod upon; while old chimney-stacks, tiles, and brickbats flew about like hail. Well, the moment arrived—the clock struck—and honest Peter, true to his trust, mounted upon the balustrades. At the last stroke, off he went. Icod! when he was half way down, his heart failed him—and he jumped back again!

tlemanlike appearance and address. His costume was a blue coat, white waistcoat, and black silk breeches and stockings; and he wore his hair, in the fashion of the day, full dressed and profusely powdered. His manner of speaking was easy and colloquial; and his air was more that of a person entertaining a party of friends in a private-drawing room, than of a performer exhibiting to a public audience. He was near-sighted; and, when seated at his instrument, he would bend his head close to his book for a few moments, and then, laying it down, throw himself back in his chair, and deliver his song without further reference to book or music. His voice was a *barytone* (a medium between the tenor and the bass) of no great power or compass, but of a sweet and mellow quality. He sang with simplicity, without any attempt at ambitious ornament, but with a great deal of taste and expression; and, being a poet as well as a musician, he was particularly attentive to a clear and emphatic utterance of the words: in which respect his performance might have afforded a valuable lesson to many singers of much higher pretensions. In singing, he accompanied himself with facility and neatness, on an instrument of a peculiar kind, combining the properties of the pianoforte and the chamber organ, and so constructed that the performer could produce the tones of either instrument separately, or of both in combination. To this instrument were attached a set of bells, a side drum, a tambourine, and a gong, which he could bring into play by various mechanical contrivances, so as to give a pleasing variety to his accompaniments.

Of the facility with which he produced his songs, he says—‘Though the songs which I have written and composed have amounted to a number far beyond credibility, yet they have employed, comparatively, a very small portion of my time. The same impulse that inspired the words has generally given birth to the music; and those that are the most celebrated have been produced with the least trouble. I began and completed the “Sailor’s Journal” in half an hour; and could mention perhaps thirty very prominent songs that did not take, in the writing and composing, more than three quarters of an hour. No one of my entertainments has taken more than a month in perfecting it.’

In 1805, when, at the age of sixty, Dibdin discontinued his entertainments, and retired from the theatre in Leicester Place, he sold his stock, and the copyright of 360 songs, to Messrs. Bland and Weller, the eminent music-sellers in Oxford Street, for £1,800, with £100 per annum for three years after, for such compositions as he might produce during that period. He then went to reside in retirement at Cranford. At this time, besides the property just mentioned, he enjoyed an annual pension of £200, given him by Government in 1803. This pension, however, was withdrawn

* There is a prevailing error that Dibdin lost his pension in consequence of certain unpalatable truths contained in the song of Ben Block; but as that song happens not to have been written by Dibdin at all, but by Collins, the assertion of course is without foundation. The pension was withdrawn merely because the new administration did not think Dibdin’s services were of a kind that entitled him to it—an opinion in which no right-thinking Englishman could for an instant coincide; and Dibdin’s widow ultimately had an annuity settled on her, as hereafter mentioned.

by the Grenville administration*; and being thus deprived of so material a part of his income, he found himself, in 1808, compelled to resume his professional labours. He gave, at the Lyceum, three new entertainments,—*Professional Volunteers*, *The Rent Day*, and *Commodore Pennant*; in which he took the aid of several additional singers: he also opened a music-shop opposite the above theatre. But these endeavours terminated in failure and bankruptcy.

Soon afterwards, a proposal was made by Mr. Oakley, of Tavistock Place, through the medium of the *Morning Chronicle*,* to raise, by means of subscription, a fund for the relief of Dibdin's necessities. This gentleman's appeal was cordially responded to; and a public dinner took place at the City of London Tavern, on the 12th of April, 1810, the anniversary of Rodney's victory. All the popular singers of the day came forward to give their assistance; a large company assembled, and the sum raised amounted to £640. According to Dibdin's own wish, this money was invested in the purchase of £30 per annum in the Long Annuities, in the names of trustees, for the use of himself, his wife, and his daughter; so that the capital should remain for the benefit of his family.† The balance of £80, which remained after this transaction was effected, was paid over to him in cash.

He then retired to Arlington Street, Camden Town, where he resided until his death.

His last dramatic piece was *The Round Robin*, performed at the Haymarket in 1811. It was unsuccessful; and, in the hope of redeeming it, he wrote two fresh songs after the first night's performance, which he took to Mr. Winston, the manager of that theatre. There was not time, however, to study them before the second representation; and after that the piece was never repeated. About the same time he composed twelve songs for *The Belle Assemblée*; an employment obtained for him by his friend and biographer, Dr. Kitchener, and for which he received £60. Whether these, or the songs for *The Round Robin*, were the last he wrote, is doubtful; but Mr. Thomas Dibdin is certainly incorrect in saying that his father's last song was *The Standing Toast*, commencing with the words, 'The moon on the ocean was dimm'd by a ripple,' that song being unquestionably of earlier date.

In 1813, he had a paralytic stroke, under the effects of which he lingered till his death, on the 25th July, 1814, at the age of sixty-nine. He was buried in St. Martin's burial-ground at Camden Town; and the stone, placed over his remains by his

* See the *Morning Chronicle* of March 16, 1810.

† The names of the gentlemen who had the merit of originating this good and generous work ought never to be forgotten in any account of him with whose name theirs are so honorably associated. They were—

Mr. William Bovill.
Mr. Bovill, Jun.
Mr. Thomas Dodgson, of Cheapside.
Mr. William Groom, of Russell Square.
Mr. Charles Holland, of the Temple.
Mr. Benjamin Oakley, of Tavistock-place.

Mr. James Perry, of the *Morning Chronicle*.
Mr. Edw. Utterson, of South Audley Street.
Mr. John Windus, of the Exchequer.
Mr. Jacob Wood, of Croydon.
Mr. John Welbank, of Chancery Lane.

widow and daughter, is inscribed with the lines in which he himself had drawn the character of his brother :—

His form was of the manliest beauty ;
His heart was kind and soft ;
Faithful below he did his duty,
But now he's gone aloft.

Dibdin's personal character, in some of its features, may be gathered from the above sketch of his life. In his professional pursuits, he was active, industrious, and fertile in expedients; yet, though he succeeded in gaining the public favour in a degree rarely surpassed, he was unable to derive from it any solid and permanent benefit. With the persons with whom he was professionally connected—managers, publishers, and performers—he was constantly at variance; and he represents himself as being deprived of the just recompense of his labours by the cupidity and treachery of almost every body with whom he had dealings. Any man, however just and cautious in his own transactions, is liable to be deceived and ill-treated; but when we hear a man talk of being abused and cheated by everybody, we may be sure that part, at least, of the blame lies with himself. He constantly complains of breaches of bargains and refusals to fulfil engagements. But his own account shows that his bargains were often improvident, and in general so carelessly made as to be open to continual misunderstandings. That this was the case may be inferred from his own admission in respect to his opera of *Amphytrion*. ‘This piece,’ he says, ‘was the only instance in which I made a point of securing myself. It was performed but two nights; and I received for it £285.’ Pretty well for an unsuccessful piece! Had he taken similar care (as every prudent man would do) to secure himself in other instances, by distinct and specific bargains, they would, in general, have been fulfilled without turmoil or strife, and his emoluments would have been worthy of his reputation. Whether, indeed, this would have materially bettered his condition may be doubted: for the termination of that long period of his life, during which he must have derived great profits from his Sans-Souci Entertainments, and the immense sale of his songs, found him absolutely penniless. The disappearance of such an income can be accounted for only on the supposition of great improvidence in his expenditure. Though described by those who remember him as something of a *bon-vivant*, yet he was by no means of intemperate habits; and nothing but a want of ordinary economy in his affairs could have prevented his realizing a competency.

The purity of sentiment, and the high and generous feeling, so beautifully expressed in his writings, indicate an elevated tone of principle, and an ardent love of virtue. That the principles of religion and morality existed in his mind, and that he was of a kindly and benevolent nature, cannot be doubted. These features are stamped upon his works in characters not to be mistaken. Language so full of truth and nature, and so evidently the outpouring of the heart, could never have been dictated by hypocrisy, or the mere conventionality of authorship. It is, moreover, uniform and consistent—never, even in his most unpremeditated effusions, contaminated by any-

thing gross or licentious. And yet, alas for the infirmity of human nature! Dibdin may be added to the numerous illustrations of the maxim, that the character of an author is not to be gathered from his works. In the nearest and dearest relations of life, his conduct was at total variance with the sentiments to which he was in the daily habit of giving expression. Upon the failings of his domestic life we touch with pain and reluctance; but, in describing the character of an illustrious man, the truth ought neither to be suppressed nor disguised.

Dibdin, after his first marriage, formed an illicit connexion with Mrs. Davenet, a chorus-singer at Covent-Garden Theatre. She was the daughter of a person of the name of Pitt; and Dibdin's children by her were, in early life, called by that name. Their subsequent assumption of their father's name gave him great offence. He afterwards separated from Mrs. Davenet (who by his abandonment was reduced to abject poverty), and formed another connexion of a similar kind with a Miss Wyld; having, all the while, a lawful wife whom he deserted and left in great privation.* With Miss Wyld he lived till the death of his neglected wife enabled him to marry her. They had several children; whether born before or after marriage, we are not informed. Only one of them, a daughter, survived him; and it was for her and her mother's use, jointly with his own, that the annuity already mentioned was purchased. The mother survived also; and, as Dibdin's widow, received a pension of £100 per annum from government.

Two of Dibdin's children by Mrs. Davenet, were Thomas, the late distinguished dramatist, and Charles, who also exhibited considerable talent in the same walk of literature. In perusing Thomas Dibdin's memoirs of his own life, every one must be struck with the manner in which he speaks of his father. He appears sedulously to avoid the mention of his name; and when he does unwillingly speak of him, it is with extreme coldness, and an utter absence of every thing like filial affection or gratitude. All he does say, indeed, tends to show that his father was not entitled to such feelings at his hands, having never treated him with the care and tenderness of a parent. Of his mother, on the contrary, Thomas Dibdin frequently speaks with warm affection, mingled with a compassion which the reader (uninformed of her unhappy circumstances) is unable to comprehend. From his account, his brother Charles appears to have been equally neglected.

These are melancholy facts, but valuable to be known. They impressively show the degrading and demoralizing effect of that intercourse between the sexes, which is prohibited equally by the laws of God and Man.

Of this species of vice, Burns has said,

‘Alas! it hardens a’ within,
And petrifies each feeling.’

* We have been informed, on authority upon which we can rely, that Dibdin lost his situation at Covent Garden, in consequence of his deserting Mrs. Davenet and his children, her cause having been taken up by Garrick.

Can there be a stronger commentary on these lines, than the circumstances of Dibdin's domestic history? Can any thing more strikingly display the operation of a licentious life in hardening the heart, freezing the affections, and creating insensibility to the miseries of which it is the cause?

On these circumstances Dr. Kitchener, from tenderness to the memory of his friend, is entirely silent. He says very little on Dibdin's domestic relations, and that little is, we doubt not, the truth: but if the truth is not the *whole* truth, it may create an impression directly contrary to the truth; and such is the case with what is told by Dr. Kitchener. Of Dibdin's first wife—of Miss Pitt and her children, though Thomas Dibdin was one of them—and of his liaison with his second wife before he married her—his biographer says not a word. What he does say is this: ‘It may be said with great truth that they [Mr. and Mrs. Dibdin] were one of the happiest of couples. Mr. Dibdin was naturally of a domestic disposition; his wishes were fully realized in this union, his happiness being wholly centered in his wife and family, never visiting without them. They had five children, three sons and two daughters, all of whom died, except one daughter. His widow has £100 per annum allowed her by government.’ All this, so far as it goes, was undoubtedly true; but, taken by itself, it leads to a very erroneous conclusion. Dr. Kitchener, in proof of Dibdin's domestic happiness, quotes an affectionate letter from him to this wife, and a prayer which was found in his desk after his death, and which is certainly a gratifying evidence of his religious feeling. He prays for his ‘good and valuable wife and *daughter*;’ but one cannot help wondering a little at the frame of mind in which he could approach the throne of his Creator, with a prayer for one only of his children, forgetting those others, who, equally with her, were indebted to him for their being, but had never received from him the care and tenderness of a parent.

In other respects, Dibdin was an amiable man: he was kind and generous in his nature, just and honourable in his dealings, of a manly spirit, and incapable of duplicity or meanness. His character as a man would have been truly reflected in the mirror of his poetry, but for the one dark spot—the one unhappy failing,—which he must have found a never-ceasing source of sorrow and remorse.

Dibdin united in his own person the characteristics of the bards of the olden time. He gave to the world, through the medium of his own recitations, his own poetry and his own music. In modern days he is absolutely without a parallel. Thomas Moore, ‘the Bard of Erin,’ has clothed with beautiful poetry the national melodies of his country; but his own musical efforts have been few and feeble; and, as a singer, he is known only in his own circle of private society.

The Songs of Burns in Scotland, and of Beranger in France, have acted strongly on the popular mind; but it is only by their verses that these writers have distinguished themselves. Henry Carey had more of the bardish character than any other modern song-writer. He produced a multitude of songs—poetry as well as music: and some of them are exceedingly beautiful,—witness the well-known *Sally in our*

Alley. But Carey, whether as a poet or a musician, cannot for a moment be placed in comparison with Dibdin.

The immense body of lyrical poetry which Dibdin produced is exceedingly various, not only in style and subject, but in quality. A good deal of it, hastily written for ephemeral pieces, brought out at minor theatres, partakes of the usual character of such productions. But even these, slight and careless as they are, contain many unexpected flashes of wit and humour, thoughts happily expressed, and allusions to the manners and occurrences of the time, which are sometimes very amusing, and are therefore not unworthy of notice, even at the present day ; though it is not from them that any just estimate of Dibdin's poetical powers is to be formed. For this purpose recourse must be had to the songs in his principal dramatic pieces, and in his *Sans-Souci Entertainments*. These were produced by him when in the maturity and vigour of his powers, and in the full tide of his popularity ; and it is on them that he seems to have put forth the utmost strength of his genius. It was at this period that he wrote most of his Sea-Songs—those immortal works which have not only raised him to a lofty place among the Poets of England, but have gained for him the high and honourable title of a benefactor to his country.

We cannot account for his predilection for nautical subjects by any occurrences in his life. He never was at sea ; nor (excepting the circumstance of his having had a brother who was Captain of an Indiaman) does he appear to have had any particular intercourse with seafaring people. Yet he was well acquainted with the habits and manners of sailors ; thoroughly imbued with their peculiarities of thought and feeling ; full of sympathy with all their notions, predilections, and prejudices ; and able to use their nautical phraseology with a correctness which (though it has been cavilled at by minute criticism) was quite satisfactory to themselves, as is proved by the universal acceptance of his sea-ditties by every branch and degree of the nautical profession, from the Admiral of the Fleet to the Cabin-boy of a Merchantman. Hence Dibdin's pictures of the sailor's character, and the sailor's life, though highly coloured and embellished, are true to reality in their essential features. The sailor is there, as he lives, in his courage, generosity, simplicity of heart, unworldliness, warmth of affection, love of present enjoyment, and thoughtlessness of to-morrow. These features, it is true, are elevated, refined, and united with a delicacy of sentiment and firmness of principle, beyond what are met with in the realities of life. The faults of the sailor's character, too, are there—his reckless profusion and proneness to intemperate revelry : but these, though deprived of their gross and degrading colours, are still so represented as to serve as beacons to be avoided. It is the embellished truth of Dibdin's pictures which has made them act so powerfully on the class they represent. Were they coarse and literal copies, the originals would turn away in anger and disgust, from a looking-glass which reflected their deformities with so unpleasing a fidelity. Were they mere fancy-pieces, they would be neither understood nor cared for. In the *Jack Ratlin* or *Tom Bowling* of Dibdin, the sailor recognizes a

brother-sailor—a being like himself, but nobler and better than himself, whom he would gladly resemble more fully, while he feels himself capable of doing so. High and generous sentiments, expressed and acted on in circumstances and modes of life similar to his own, from merely at first engaging his approval and sympathy, come at length to be his own habitual thoughts and principles of conduct. The image of his favourite hero stands between him and the allurements to sensual indulgence. He, too, has his faithful girl, or tender wife—his Poll or his Nancy—whom he thinks upon during the lonely midnight watch, as well as in the Saturday's carouse, when the merry crew assemble to toast their ‘sweethearts and wives.’ His courage is no longer a brute instinct, sustained by a blind fatalism. He is calm in the midst of the battle, remembering that—

‘There's a Providence sits up aloft
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack,’

and yet prepared, should such be the will of Heaven, to die bravely in the cause of his country. That this is no imaginary picture has been vouched by those who are most conversant with nautical life. They have a thousand times borne testimony to the fact, that these happy effects on the character of the British sailor have been mainly caused by the Songs of Dibdin. For public services of infinitely smaller amount, many men have been loaded with wealth and honours: and the neglect of Dibdin's claims on his country, even while those claims were explicitly admitted, says little in favour of his country's gratitude, or, at least, in favour of those by whom this gratitude ought to have been manifested.

Dibdin is sparing in the use of poetical imagery, and avoids high-flown diction. He expresses natural sentiments in plain language. But his language, though simple, is any thing but feeble. He can be vigorous, as well as soft; gay and playful, as well as sweet and tender. The flow of his verse is smooth and easy; and his poetry, in every line, bears marks of the musician. Some of his songs, considered as poems, seem odd and confused in their rhythm and measure: but these must be sung, not read. The words and music form a song *one and indivisible*; so closely united as to be incapable of separation.

Though Dibdin, as a musician, did not possess much learning or technical skill, yet his deficiencies in these respects were of the less importance, from the branch of the art to which he applied himself. He had that which no study can bestow, and without which all study is useless—the gift of melody; a gift which he improved by incessant exercise, thus gradually acquiring freedom, facility, and a constantly increasing range of musical ideas. The songs in his earlier dramatic pieces are closely formed upon those of his immediate predecessors and contemporaries. Arne seems to have been his especial model: but his genius soon broke loose from the trammels of imitation; and his innumerable melodies are as remarkable for originality, as for endless variety in form and expression. There are beautiful airs in some of his

dramatic pieces, particularly *The Padlock*, *The Waterman*, and *The Quaker*; but it is in his sea-songs that the most characteristic features of his genius, not only as a poet, but as a melodist, are to be found. In them, the sound is always an echo to the sense; the words can always be uttered with as much clearness as in simple declamation, and with a truth and expression which the finest declamation could never impart. They are bold and masculine, without the slightest rudeness or vulgarity; and they hence afford delight to the simplest as well as to the most cultivated taste.

G. H.

LIST OF THE PUBLICATIONS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

OPERATIC PIECES.

	Produced at	
The Shepherd's Artifice	Covent Garden	1762
Damon and Phillida.....	Drury Lane	1769
The Palace of Mirth.....	Saddler's Wells	1772
The Brickdustman.....	Do.....	1772
Pigmy Revels	Drury Lane	1772
The Wedding Ring	Drury Lane	1773
The Mischance	Saddler's Wells	1773
The Grenadier	Do.....	1773
The Ladle	Do.....	1773
England against Italy	Do.....	1773
None so Blind as those who won't See	} Do.....	1773
The Trip to Portsmouth	Haymarket	1773
The Deserter	Drury Lane	1773
A Masque in Amphitryon.....	Do.....	1773
The Waterman.....	Haymarket	1774
The Cobbler, or a Wife of Ten Thousand	} Drury Lane	1774
The Quaker.....	Do.....	1775
The Impostor, or All's not Gold that Glitters	} Saddler's Wells	1776
The Metamorphosis	Haymarket	1776
The Seraglio	Covent Garden	1776
The Vineyard Revels	Saddler's Wells	1777
She is Mad for a Husband.....	Do.....	1777
Yo Yea, or the Friendly Tars Do.....	1777	
The Old Woman of Eighty.....	Do.....	1777
The Razor-Grinder	Do.....	1777
The Mad Doctor	Do.....	1778
Poor Vulcan.....	Covent Garden	1778
Dear Maudlin	Do.....	1778
The Gypsies	Haymarket	1778
[Dibdin wrote the Words only of this piece, the Music having been composed by Dr. Arne.]		
Rose and Colin.....	Covent Garden	1778
Wives Revenged	Do.....	1778
Annette and Lubin.....	Do.....	1778
The Touchstone	Do.....	1779
The Chelsea Pensioners	Do.....	1779
The Mirror, or Harlequin Everywhere	} Do.....	1779
The Shepherdess of the Alps.....	Do.....	1780
Harlequin Freemason.....	Covent Garden	1780
The Fortune-Hunter	Saddler's Wells	1780
Plymouth in an Uproar	Do.....	1780
Reasonable Animals.....	Haymarket	1780
The Islanders, an Opera.....	Covent Gar-	1780
The Marriage Act, a Farce..	} den	1781
Amphytrion, or Juno and Alc- mena	} Do.....	1781
True Blue, or the Pressgang.....	Haymarket	1781
Clump and Cudden	Circus	1782
The Benevolent Tar	Do.....	1782
The Saloon	Do.....	1782
The Talisman	Do.....	1782
The Graces	Do.....	1782

	Produced at	
Long Odds	The Circus	1782
The Cestus.....	Do.....	1782
The Honest Impostor	Do.....	1782
Tom Thumb.....	Do.....	1782
The Passions.....	Do.....	1782
The Lancashire Witches.....	Do.....	1782
Pandora.....	Do.....	1782
The Barrier of Parnassus	Do.....	1782
The Milkmaid.....	Do.....	1782
The Refusal of Harlequin	Do.....	1782
The Land of Simplicity.....	Do.....	1782
The Statue	Do.....	1782
The Regions of Accomplishment	Do.....	1782
Liberty Hall	Drury Lane	1784
Harvest Home	Haymarket	1787
Broken Gold	Drury Lane	1806
The Round Robin	Haymarket	1811

*Pieces for which Dibdin wrote the Music, and
some of the Songs.*

Love in the City.....	Covent Garden	1764
[Afterwards altered into 'The Romp.']		
Lionel and Clarissa.....	Covent Garden	1767
The Padlock	Drury Lane	1768
The Jubilee	Do.....	1769
The Maid the Mistress.....	Ranelagh	1769
The Recruiting Sergeant.....	Do.....	1769
The Ephesian Matron.....	Do.....	1769
[The Words by Bickerstaff.]		

The Installation of the Garter.....	Drury Lane	1771
[The Words by Garrick.]		

The Grenadier	Saddler's Wells
[The Words by Garrick.]	

The Widow of Abingdon
[The Words by Mr. Hull.]	

The Trip to Portsmouth.....	Haymarket	1772
[The Words by G. A. Stevens.]		

The Christmas Tale	Drury Lane	1773
[The Words by Garrick.]		

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCI.

The Whim of the Moment,	King & Chapman's Auction Rooms, King-st., Covent Garden ; and Ly- ceum, Strand	1788
The Oddities	The Lyceum	1789
The Wags, or the Camp of Pleasure	Do.....	1790
Private Theatricals	Royal Polygraphic Rooms, Strand, opposite Beaufort Buildings	1791

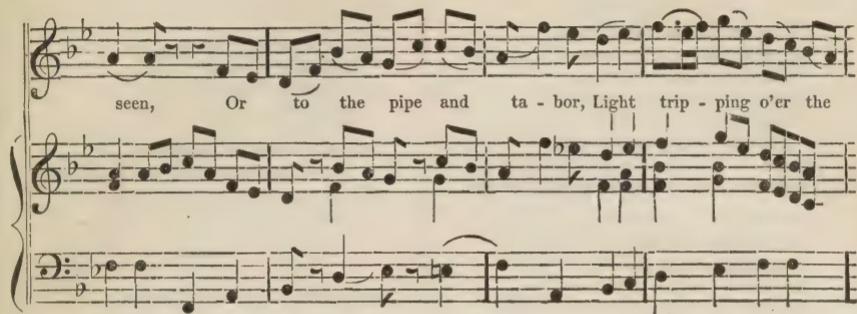
IN EV'RY FERTILE VALLEY.

ALLEGRETTO.

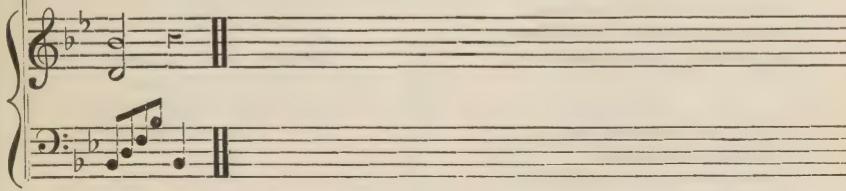
A musical score for two voices (Soprano and Alto) and piano. The score consists of eight staves of music. The first three staves are for the piano, followed by four staves for the Alto (C-clef), and then four staves for the Soprano (F-clef). The music is in common time, with a key signature of one flat. The vocal parts enter at the beginning of the fourth staff. The lyrics are as follows:

In ev' - ry fer - tile val - ley, Where Na - ture spreads the
grass, Her sil - ly con - duct ral - ly To ev' - ry lad and
lass; Where wea - ry reap - ers la - bour, With Syl - via gay be

IN EV'RY FERTILE VALLEY.



green.



Where cowslips, sweetly smiling,
Bedeck the verdant shade,
Appear the hours beguiling,
Or head some gay parade.

Pursue these methods boldly,
Nor sink in hopeless grief;—
The fair, once treated coldly,
Will quickly grant relief.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

SINCE ARTFUL MAN.

SINCE artful man so oft betrays,
By subtle wiles and hardy ways,
Our weak unguarded sex ;
By oaths, dissembl'd sighs and tears,
To melt our hearts, to charm our ears,
And still our minds perplex :
In revenge I'm determined to treat him with scorn,
And show him a nymph can perplex in her turn.

But Strephon's heart, with purest fire,
With kindest love, and fond desire,
Has ever warmly glow'd ;
Yet his may be like all the rest,
A treach'rous bait to snare the breast,
And so my fears forebode :
Those fears, then, shall teach me to treat him with
scorn,
And show him a nymph can ensnare in her turn.

HAUGHTY CÆLIA.

HAUGHTY Cælia, still disdaining,
Ne'er shall triumph o'er my heart ;
Ne'er will I, with mean complaining,
Sue for comfort to my smart.

I'll appear the careless rover,
Let her coquettish airs affect ;
Like a gay, a happy lover,
Treat contempt with cold neglect.

Ne'er, ye fair ones, damp the passion
Where honour love attends,
Never cross with indignation
Love that fairest truth commands.

Constant minds, alike disdaining
Insincerity and fraud,
Are their utmost wish obtaining,
While their hope their hearts applaud.

IN EV'RY FERTILE VALLEY.

[The following is particularly noticeable as being the author's first attempt at lyric composition.]

IN ev'ry fertile valley,
Where nature spreads the grass,
Her silly conduct rally
To every lad and lass ;

Where weary reapers labour,
With Sylvia gay be seen,
Or to the pipe and tabor,
Light tripping o'er the green.

Where cowslips, sweetly smiling,
Bedeck the verdant shade,
Appear the hours beguiling,
Or head some gay parade.

Pursue these methods boldly,
Nor sink in hopeless grief ;—
The fair, once treated coldly,
Will quickly grant relief.

ALL ENDEAVOURS FRUITLESS PROVE.

ALL endeavours fruitless prove,
Former pleasure to regain :
Sunk, alas ! in hopeless love,
Can the slave escape his chain ?

Leave, O leave me to endure,—
Probe not wounds that rend my heart :
When the patient's past a cure,
Med'cine but augments his smart.

AS FORTUNE'S BILLOWS HEAV'D.

As Fortune's billows heav'd me,
When shipwreck'd on this shore,
A little bark receiv'd me,
Without or mast or oar.

At random's mercy lying,
Hope, love, and life my freight,
While ev'ry effort trying
To baffle with my fate —

This store, so dearly cherish'd,
One single breaker cross'd :
I sunk ! my cargo perish'd —
Hope, love, and life, were lost.

MADRIGAL :

ADAM, OF BEING SINGLE WEARY.

ADAM, of being single weary,
Panted for his destin'd deare ;
And, from himself this wife to crib,
She soon was form'd from his chuck rib.
But for the pain had he no balm ?
He slept like porpoise in a calm.

But when this rib and he were one,
Flesh of his flesh, bone of his bone,
What sort of rest was Adam taking ?
Eve's clapper always kept him waking.

THE GOD OF LOVE.

THE God of Love will ever
Heap blessings on the pair,
Where pleasing's the endeavour
Both of the swain and fair.

Believe me, kind good-nature
Of beauty stands in place,
Gives bloom to ev'ry feature,
To ev'ry action grace :

Then never slight the lover,
Or draw too tight his chain,
Lest in the end the rover
Succeed the dying swain.

OPERAS AND DRAMATIC PIECES.

A SHEPHERD LONG SIGH'D.

A SHEPHERD long sigh'd for a beautiful fair,
And in rapture discover'd his love ;
Not doubting the nymph would dispel his fond care,
And his amorous transports approve :
Though she, to compassion insensible grown,
No glimpse of delight would impart ;
When he sigh'd at her feet, she replied with a frown,
And rejoic'd at his suff'rings and smart.

He suffer'd long time this impertinent scorn,
Nor thought of upbraiding the fair ;
But secretly pin'd in the bower forlorn,
Involv'd in the keenest despair :
Till his friend, who observ'd him heart-wounded with
grief,

Lamenting his fruitless desire,
Resolv'd that the nymph should afford him relief,
And in turn feel the force of love's fire.

Too artful, her passion she never had own'd,
Though it triumph'd alone in her breast ;
But laugh'd while the shepherd in misery moan'd,
And wander'd a stranger to rest :
Advis'd then his bosom no longer to vex,
But her haughtiness treat with disdain,
He own'd a feign'd courtship, her breast to perplex,
And convert to delight all his pain.

From Damon and Phillida.

[A Comic Opera, produced at Drury Lane, 1769. The piece originally was Cibber's, and Dibdin altered it at the suggestion of Garrick. He composed entirely new music for it, altered the text materially, and introduced the new songs which we subjoin.]

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

Ah, Philly, look before you leap,—
No comfort in a fop you'll find :
Vain are the joys you hope to reap,—
Love roots not in a giddy mind.

Young Damon's all feather—all smoke,
A weathercock turn'd by each wind ;
The lads I prefer—hearts of oak,
Will ever be constant and kind.

WHEN A FOX.

WHEN a fox for a while
Hath rejoic'd in the spoil,
Which with villainous craft he hath plunder'd,
And escap'd ev'ry snare
That the hounds could prepare,
When alarm'd by the cries of the hundred ;
What pleasure, at last,
To see the cur fast,
And grinning with pain and despair !
The valleys all ring,
The peasants all sing,—
The felon is conquer'd, O rare !

WHAT'S A MAN WITH A WIFE LIKE?

THE man for life
Who takes a wife,
Is like a thousand dismal things :
A fox in trap,
Or worse, mayhap,—
An owl in cage that never sings :
From morn till night,
He hates her sight,
Yet he, poor soul ! must endure it ;
Bed of thorns,
Head of horns :
Such a life !
Rope or knife
Can only cure it.

A bull at stake,
To merry make,
He roars aloud, and the laugh is strong ;
Like dog and cat,
Or puss and rat,
He fights for life, and it lasts as long.
But the man that 's free
Is like the bee
Who ev'ry flower is tasting ;
Never cloys
With his joys ;
Day or night,
New delight
Is only lasting.

THERE'S NOT A SWAIN ON THE PLAIN.

THERE'S not a swain
On the plain
Would be bless'd as I,
Oh, could you but on me smile !
But you appear
So severe,
That, trembling with fear,
My heart goes pit-a-pit all the while.

When I cry,
Must I die,
You make no reply,
But look shy,
And with scornful eye
Kill me with your cruelty.
How can you be
So hard to me ?
There's not a swain, &c.

OH ! WHAT A PLAUGE IS LOVE.

OH ! what a plague is love !
I cannot bear it !
What life so curs'd can prove,
Or pain come near it ?
When I would tell my mind,
My heart misdoubts me ;
And, when I speak, I find
With scorn she routs me.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

A HINT TO LOVERS.

WHILE you pursue me,
Thus to undo me,
Sure ruin lies in all you say ;
To bring your toying
Up to enjoying,
Call first the priest, then name the day.

Lasses are willing
As lads for billing,
When marriage vows are kindly press'd :
Let Holy Father
Tie us together,
Then bill your fill, and bill your best.

STILL HE'S THE MAN.

WHAT woman could do I have tried, to be free ;
Yet, do all I can,
I find that I love him ; and, though he flies me,
Still, still he's the man !
They tell me, at once he to twenty will swear ;—
When words are so sweet, who the falsehood can fear ?
So, when you have said all you can,
Still, still he's the man !

I caught him one day making love to a maid :
When to him I ran,
He turn'd and he kiss'd me ! Who then could upbraid
So civil a man ?
The next day I found to a third he was kind ;—
I rated him soundly—he swore I was blind !
So let me do all that I can,
Still, still he's the man.

The shepherds all bid me beware of his art,—
I do what I can ;
But he has taken such hold of my heart,
I doubt he's the man.
So sweet are his kisses, his looks are so kind,
He may have his faults—but if none I can find,
Who can do more than they can ?
He—still is the man.

COME, THOU ROSY DIMPLED BOY.

COME, thou rosy dimpled boy,
Source of ev'ry heartfelt joy,
Haste to Phillida away,
This is thine and Hymen's day ;
Bid her thy soft bandage wear,
Bid her for Love's rites prepare !

Let the nymphs with many a flower
Deck the rosy nuptial bower,—
Thither lead the lovely fair,
And let Hymen, too, be there.
This is thine and Hymen's day,—
Haste to Phillida away !

A THOUSAND WAYS TO WEAN MY HEART.

A THOUSAND ways to wean my heart I've tried,
But can't remove him ;
And, though for life I've sworn to part,
For life I find I love him.
Still, should the dear false man return,
And with new vows pursue me,
His flatt'ring tongue would kill my scorn,
And still, I fear, undo me.

AWAY WITH SUSPICION.

AWAY with suspicion, that bane to desire—
The heart that loves truly all danger defies—
The rules of discretion but stifle the fire,—
On its merit alone true beauty relies.

What a folly to tremble
Lest the lover dissemble
His fire ;
Turtles that woo
Bill and coo ;—
While we enjoy we must be true,
And to repeat it is all we can desire.

From the Palace of Mirth.

[Dibdin was first regularly engaged to write for Sadler's Wells in 1772, by King, the then manager, and he produced the 'Palace of Mirth' by way of prologue to the pieces that followed.]

SONG—EUPHROSYNE.

FROM Mirth the social joys of life
Celestial lustre gain :
No proselyte of peevish strife
Shall join our jocund train.
Without my aid Content but nods
With vivifying smile,—
I mortals raise to mate with gods,
And ev'ry care beguile.

RECITATIVE AND AIR—FORTUNE.

RECITATIVE.

Too oft my worshippers, who deem me blind,
More dark themselves, exclude me from the mind.
Is it my fault if favours I dispense
With cautious judgment and impartial sense ?
That, through depravity or simple pride,
Those favours oft seem sadly misapplied ?

AIR.

Suppose to a ninny much riches I grant,
'Tis only to balance for sense he may want,
And if the world will be attracted by show,
The fault must be theirs—not Dame Fortune's, you
know.
Admit that great titles have crown'd venal slaves,
That stars have been plac'd on the bosoms of knaves
Distinctions like these without merit to win,
Show plainer by contrast the darkness within.

OPERAS AND DRAMATIC PIECES.

Some females of merit which ought to engage,
Have languish'd and pin'd for a gay equipage ;
But trust me, ye fair, 'tis deceitful to fix
True bliss in a chariot, though je-hu'd by six :
The truth is, my favours are then only good
When rightly deserv'd, and when well understood.
Let all, then, who wish my indulgences, hear—
'Tis virtue and judgment alone make them dear.

SONG—MOMUS.

Each mortal tasting first of breath,
Is heard to wail and cry ;
Sorrow to me is worse than death—
I never grieve, not I ;
But laugh at dull spleen, and defy her worst dart,
While one ha ! ha ! ha ! I can find in my heart.

The learned, brave, the rich, the wise,
By turns experience care ;
While I the wrinkl'd hag despise,
And all her venom dare.
I'll laugh at dull spleen, and despise her worst dart,
While one ha ! ha ! ha ! I can find in my heart.

From the Brickdustman.

[A Musical Dialogue, written for Saddler's Wells, 1772.]

THE BRICKDUSTMAN AND MILKMAID.

OH Molly ! I'm charm'd when I come in your sight ;
Your neck than your milk is more soft and more
white,
And the pails that you carry, tho' both made of tin,
Are less bright than your eyes, and less smooth
than your skin.
Dear Molly, dear Molly, dear Molly,
The pails that you carry, &c.

Both your trade and mine in your person I see,—
Your lips and your cheeks with my brickdust agree ;
So red is their colour ! But, oh ! to my smart,
No brickbat was ever so hard as your heart.

DUET—MALE.

In short, dearest Moll, you alone were in fault,
Ill tongues put it into my head you were naught,—
With Darby O'Shannon I heard you were seen,
At the Three Jolly Topers, on Bedlam Green ;
And could I in honour accept of a heart
Where a great Irish chairman laid claim to a part ?

FEMALE.

Lord ! John, as for that, you have no right to talk
With Betty Macgregor you oft took a walk,
And at the Blue Postes you did not much think
To treat her with hotpot as long as she'd drink ;
You may coax me, and turn the thing off with a laugh,
But I'll give her the whole, since the hussy has half.

MALE.

One day, having gotten a sup in my eye,
I frolick'd with Betty, I cannot deny,
But if ever I touch her again may I die !

FEMALE.

And if with O'Shannon I went, put the case,
I was tipsy myself ; but the very next place
I meet him, I'll give him a slap in the face.

THINK NOT, BASE MONKEY.

THINK not, base monkey, to cajole me so,
When at St. Giles's Church, full well you know,
We were out-ask'd above three months ago ;
And if so be as how
We are not married now,
That it was my fault can you say ?
Willing as the flowers in May,
What bought I this brass ring for, pray ?
You came dress'd out upon the day,
I, too, was dress'd, a silly toad,—
But frighten'd at the man in black,
At the church-door you turn'd your back,
And ran away down Tyburn Road.

From Pigmy Rebels.

[A Pantomime performed at Drury-Lane Theatre, 1772.]

NUPTIAL SONG.

HARK, hark ! the bells are ringing !
The sweet carol's singing ;
The wedding now passes—
The lads and the lasses,
All trim and all neat,
Lightly trip with their feet,
And join the quick prancers
Of brisk morris-dancers,—
Our 'squire's to be married to-day.
The lark, mounting high,
Now reaches the sky,
And joins the sweet musical lay,
Now swelling each note,
And warbling her throat,
While the village is joyful and gay

FAIRY SONG.

Oh, my sighing, sighing fair,
Why will you despair ?
Riding through the air,
I'll attend you, and befriend you,
From your foes defend you.
Happy, happy pair,
I'll drive away your care.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBBDIN.

From the Wedding-Ring.

[A Comic Opera first acted at Drury-Lane Theatre, Feb. 1, 1773. The main idea is borrowed from an Italian opera, *Il Filosofo di Campagna*; and one of the incidents from Molière. The songs generally are original. The piece narrowly escaped condemnation on the first night, in consequence of a rumour that it was written by Isaac Bickerstaff, who had fled the kingdom under a charge of an abominable attempt. Dibdin was compelled to appear on the stage in person, and avow himself to be the author of both words and music.]

THE LITTLE BLIND BOY.

I saw what seem'd a harmless child,
With wings and bow,
And aspect mild,
Who sobb'd, and sigh'd, and pin'd,
And begg'd I would some boon bestow
On a poor little boy stone blind.

Not aware of the danger, I instant comply'd,
When he drew from his quiver a dart,
Cry'd,—
'My power you shall know ;'
Then he level'd his bow,
And wounded me right in the heart.

THE WORLD'S MASTERS.

WHEN we come to the age of threescore,
By our maxims in vain we set store :
A girl in her teens
Will find out the means
To fret us and plague us, and tease out our hearts ;
Till our giant wit
Is forc'd to submit
To her puny arts ;

Like bells that eternally jangle,
You may scold, you may fight, you may wrangle ;
If they're set on't, you'll see
They masters will be ;
Nay, though you secure them as safe as your pelf,
They'll lead you the life of the devil himself.

THE WILL.

'I GIVE and bequeath to Zerbino, my son,
My estates and effects, one and all, when I'm gone :
And first, the estates that were mortgag'd to me,
By a card'nal, a monk, a count, and grandee,
Worth in all fifty thousand piastres, or more,
And for which I advanc'd something less than a score;
Next, sold ere possess'd, the estates of an heir,
Consisting of houses in charming repair ;
Which were left him long since by an over-fond
grannum,
And are worth, at the least, a thousand per annu'.
Good fortunes, i'faith ! next come watches and rin
Aigrettes, solitaires, by no means bad things,
Of which some were pawn'd, some detain'd, an
some plunder'd
em widows and heirs, little short of a hundred.'

These, and all his possessions, without one omission,
Are giv'n to this spark on the following condition :
'In hopes that my son will to virtue incline,
And lead a life careful and honest, like mine ;
Abstaining from usury, avarice, and fraud ;—
In short, treading just in the path that I trod.
I say, in the hope that of this he'll take care,
I constitute, will, and appoint him my heir.'

A SIMILE.

THE trav'l'ers that through deserts ride,
By conduct of some friendly star,
When clouds obscure their trusty guide,
Out of their course must wander far.

So I, with pensive care and pain,
In absence still must stray,
Till you, my star, shine out again,
And light me on my way.

LOWLY FELICITY.

HAPPY the nymph who ne'er can know
Distractions which from riches grow,
Remov'd at distance from the great,
Who willing lives in low estate.
One fountain is her mirror and her drink,
And if she's pleas'd, what others think
It matters not—of joy secure,
Bless'd in the little heav'n has sent,
Her only pride is that she's poor,—
Poor but content.

THE WEALTH OF LOVE.

THE Grand Turk, with his wives, and his mufties
and mutes,
In his shining alcoves, in his grottos and shades,
May carouse to the cymbals, or dance to the flutes,
Or sleep to the music of falling cascades ;
Or mew up his concubines in his seraglio,
Or, deck'd with a pompous regalia,
While to every subject his word is a law,
May direct the divan,
And keep all, to a man,
From vizier to slave, of the bowstring in awe :
But I even higher
Than this would aspire,
And of harsh-sounding cymbals and delicate flutes,
Which please the Grand Turk, and his mufties and
mutes,
And grottos and bow'rs, and cascades and alcoves,
With baths and perfumes, amber, cassia, and cloves,
And much more, having you, I've my choice :
All that's pleasing to me
In your person I see,
All that's musical, hear in your voice ;
And, compar'd to your love, or to your good opinion,
What's nower, or title, or wealth, or dominion ?

OPERAS AND DRAMATIC PIECES.

RESIGNATION.

THE poor exile, who, leaving his friends and his home,
Leaves more than his life, more than fortune or
fame,
Is doom'd, without hope, thus uninvited to roam,
His suff'rings unmourn'd, and forgoten his name.
But justice condemn'd him, his sentence is past,
His fate is pronounced, and he must be resign'd,
With fortune he struggles, indeed—but, at last,
To her rigid will learns to fashion his mind

THE CHOICE OF LOVE.

WHEN first the youth his fears forsook,
And that he lov'd I fondly heard,
What sweetness was in ev'ry look !
What eloquence in ev'ry word !
From her whole store, to make me bless'd,
Did Fortune bid me choose,
How gladly would I all the rest
For love, and him, refuse.

THE ROMP'S REMONSTRANCE.

You impudent man you !
Nay, prithee how can you ?
Indeed, I'll assure you,
Will nothing then cure you ?—
Nay, now I declare I shall never endure you.

You tease one to death,—
I'm quite out of breath,
I hate and abhor this horse-play ;
Besides, 'tis not right
To see one this fright ;—
Lord ! what do you think folks will say

I own too much room
You have had to presume,
Or you ne'er with these freedoms would tease me ;
For though they might please me,
And with patience I bore 'em,
Yet at least in one's carriage.
On this side of marriage,
One ought to keep up a decorum.

WOMAN.

Or woman to tell you my mind,—
And I speak from th' experience I've had,
Not two out of fifty you'll find,
Be they daughters or wives,
But are plagues of our lives.
And enough to make any man mad.

The wrong and the right
Being set in their sight,
They're sure to take hold of the wrong ;
They'll cajole and they'll whimper,
They'll whine, and they'll snivel,
They'll coax, and they'll simper—
In short, they're the devil ;
And so there's an end of my song.

DUET.

HENRICO.

THE merchants that, with weary toiling,
Are India of its treasure spoiling,
Well might indeed their traffic prize,
If rubies, pearls, and sapphires they could find,
Like your dear lips, your teeth, your eyes,
Or orient gold as precious as your mind.

FELICIA.

A thousand cruel doubts distress me,
On ev'ry side they thronging press me,—
I fear,
I know not why ;
And though, Henrico, thou art near,
I tremble, droop, and sigh.

HENRICO.

Ah, cease ! ah, cease ! by heav'n I vow,
Till life be past,
My love shall last,
As pure as now.

FELICIA.

Then wherefore this pain ?
Why should I complain ?

BOTH.

Love befriending,
Joy attending,
On all our hopes shall smile ;
In thee my love delighting,
Requited and requiting,
Each night and day,
That rolls away,
With pleasure we'll beguile.

From the *Mitschance*.

[An interlude founded on the 'Barber of Bagdad,' first acted at Saddler's Wells, 1773.]

FOR I AM THE GIRL.

FOR I am the girl that was made for my Joe,
And Joe is the lad that was model'd for me ;
Our tempers agree,
And all the world over with him would I go,
And work late or early, nor think it a pain,
For I ne'er lov'd my Joe for the lucre of gain.

If so be, by good chance, such a fortunate thing
Was to happen, for me to be crowned a queen,
'Twould quickly be seen,
If they did not consent to make Joey a king,
That for Bet they might get who they would for to
reign,
For I ne'er lov'd my Joe for the lucre of gain.

O'Connor—he in the *pea-aches* that plies,
Ap-Shenkin the Welshman, Macpherson the Scot,
For his sake went to pot ;
Nay, though many a girl would have thought him a
prize,
I refus'd a Jew-broker from Petticoat Lane,
For I ne'er lov'd my Joe for the lucre of gain.

FOR I AM THE GIRL.

ALLEGRO.

mp

for

For I am the girl that was made for my Joe, And Joe is the lad that was

mf

mo-del'd for me; Our tem - pers a-gree, And all the world o - ver with

p

FOR I AM THE GIRL.

him would I go, And work late or ear - ly, Nor think it a pain, For I
 ne-ver lov'd my Joe, ne-ver lov'd my Joe, ne-ver lov'd my Joe for the
 lu - cre of gain.

If so be, by good chance, such a fortunate thing
 Was to happen, for me to be crowned a queen,
 'Twould quickly be seen,
 If they did not consent to make Joey a king,
 That for Bet they might get who they would for
 to reign,
 For I ne'er lov'd my Joe for the lucre of gain.

O Connor—he in the *pea-aches* that plies,
 Ap-Shenkin the Welshman, Maepherson the Scot,
 For his sake went to pot;
 Nay, though many a girl would have thought him
 a prize,
 I refus'd a Jew broker from Petticoat Lane,
 For I ne'er lov'd my Joe for the lucre of gain.

OH, THINK ON THE TIME.

ANDANTE.

A musical score for two voices and piano. The vocal parts are in treble clef, and the piano part is in bass clef. The tempo is marked 'ANDANTE' and dynamic 'f' (fortissimo). The music consists of four staves. The first two staves are for the piano, showing chords and bass notes. The third staff begins with the lyrics 'Oh think on the time when you came home at night,' and the fourth staff continues with 'And supp'd up - on mus - cles, no li - ly more.'

Oh think on the time when you came home at
night, And supp'd up - on mus - cles, no li - ly more

OH, THINK ON THE TIME.

A musical score for a four-part vocal arrangement. The score consists of four staves, each with a different clef (Treble, Bass, Alto, and Tenor/Bass). The lyrics are written below the staves, corresponding to the notes. The music includes various note values (eighth and sixteenth notes), rests, and dynamic markings. The key signature changes from G major to F# major (D major) at the beginning of the third section.

white,— When I us'd to pro - vide you with ma - ny a

treat Of as fine Mel - ton oys - ters as e - ver were

eat, With as fine Mel - ton oys - ters as e - ver were

eat. Now see what a change! all the mus - cles for

OH, THINK ON THE TIME.

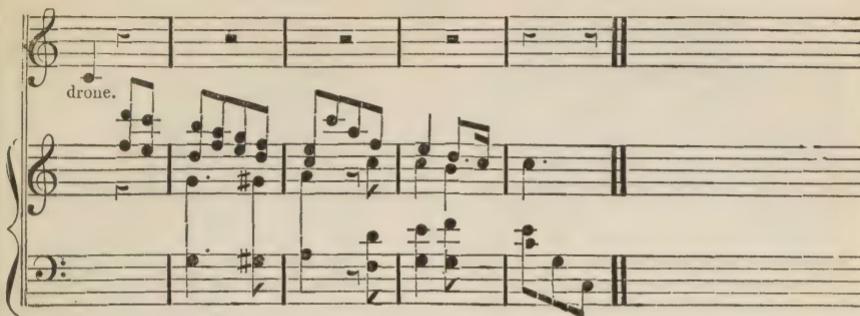
me, may be trod un - der foot, or thrown in - to the

sea, — May be trod un - der foot, or thrown in - to the

sea: My Jo - ey is false! and the once spright - ly

tone With which I cried oys - ters is sunk 'to a
dim pp

OH, THINK ON THE TIME.



When the last kit of salmon we sat down to broach,
And you told me your heart was as sound as a roach,
How sweet was my temper! what joys did I feel,
Little thinking you'd slip thro' my hands like an eel.

But my temper's now chang'd—I that once was so
mild,

I was thought to be gentle and meek as a child,
So crusty I'm grown, I ne'er speak a word civil,
And my customers say I'm as cross as the devil.

My stall was so clean, and my tubs were so white,
They were perfectly—people would tell me—a sight;
I listen'd with joy when the folks told me so,
For my stall and my tubs were both scour'd for
my Joe.

But now they're all dirty, neglected they lie,—
I oft take them up, and as oft throw them by;
For his sake I pleasure in cleaning them found,
He has left me, and now they're as black as the ground.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBBDIN.

OH! THINK ON THE TIME.

Oh think on the time when you came home at night,
And supp'd upon muscles, no lily more white,—
When I us'd to provide you with many a treat
Of as fine Melton oysters as ever were eat.

Now see what a change! all the muscles, for me,
May be trod under foot, or thrown into the sea :
My Joey is false! and the once sprightly tone
With which I cried oysters is sunk to a drone.

When the last kit of salmon we sat down to broach,
And you told me your heart was as sound as a roach,
How sweet was my temper! what joys did I feel,
Little thinking you'd slip thro' my hands like an ee!.
But my temper's now chang'd—I that once was so
mild,

I was thought to be gentle and meek as a child,
So crusty am grown, I ne'er speak a word civil,
And my customers say I'm cross as the devil.

My stall was so clean, and my tubs were so white,
They were perfectly—people would tell me—a-sight;
I listen'd with joy when the folks told me so,
For my stall and my tubs were both scou'd for
my Joe.

But now they're all dirty, neglected they lie,—
I oft take them up, and as oft throw them by;
For his sake I pleasure in cleaning them found,—
He has left me, and nowthey're as blackastheground.

DON'T RECKON YOUR CHICKENS BEFORE THEY ARE HATCHED.

THESE eggs which I bought with my last Christmas-box,

For their value I'll sell,
Lay the money out well,

And I warrant they'll soon yield me more hens and cocks.

In the county I'll take a place,
And when I've sold, as will soon be the case,

For a trifle a-piece,
I'll buy turkeys and geese,
And sell them for a good store of gold ;
Buy some sheep and a field
With the money they yield,—

In short (no account's worth a farthing by halves),
By good luck I shall soon buy some cows and some calves;

And I'm out in my guess,
In a twelvemonth or less,

If I don't manage matters so cautious and wary,
That, by prudence and care,
I shall be Mister May'r,

And the 'squire will want me his daughter to marry.

Then I'll strut through the town
In my new velvet gown,
And be greater and grander,
And hector and maunder—
Zounds! I've knock'd the basket down.

From the Grenadier.

[A Musical Dialogue, written for Saddler's Wells, 1773.]

A SOLDIER'S LOVE-SONG.

Oh, my Jenny, I lie at thy feet;
From wars to thy arms I retreat;
My laurels are faded—thy soldier is slain,
Unless with thy smiles thou reviv'st him again.

My heart is thy drum—
O come, Jenny, come,
Tum rum tum rum,
Beat,—Go to bed, Tom.

By my bayonet, musket, and cap,
Thou giv'st my fond heart such a rap ;
With powder and ball so full charged is thy wit,
Whate'er thou aim'st at thou'l certainly hit.

My heart is thy drum, &c.

Thy tongue, like the ear-piercing fife,
Gives thy soldier such spirit and life ;
The shot of thy ogles no heart can endure :
My musket, dear girl, carries not half so sure.

My heart is thy drum, &c.

I'LL HANDLE THE BROOM.

I'LL handle the broom, and the mop ever twirl,
Before the best man shall make me a bad girl.
If you love as you say, show your love as you ought,
Nor think by fine speeches I'll ever be caught.

I'll not walk the Strand,
Take each fool by the hand,
And with impudent leer,
How do ye, my dear!
Fie for shame, and O fie!
O! never shall Jenny,
For whole or half guinea,
Sell herself to each fool that will buy.
I'll handle the broom, &c.

From the Ladle.

[A Musical Dialogue performed at Saddler's Wells in 1773. Both the words and the music of this trifling piece are so scarce, that we consider ourselves fortunate in being able to present the former, nearly entire, to our readers, the more so as they completely develop the plot of the piece, and have never before been published without the music. The characters consist of Bromius, a peasant; his wife, Dorcas; and a supernatural visitor, under the disguise of a Conjuror. The piece is obviously founded on Prior's wittier, but less producible, poem of the same name. Here and there a couplet is copied, almost verbatim. The story has been before the public under many other shapes and titles.]

GLEE AND CHORUS.

Dorcas and Bromius.

THE morning now, with silver beams,
Dispels the mist of gloomy night ;
And sunbeams glitter on the streams,
And cleave the air with springing light.

OPERAS AND DRAMATIC PIECES.

Conjuror.

How sweet you pass your time away,
From hour to hour—from day to day ;
From morn till noon you both are bless'd—
From noon till eve; then sweetly rest
Till morn again.

SONG—BROMIUS.

You're in the right, sir,—this is the way
We poor folks live ;—At dawn of day
We rise and work, nor drink nor eat
Till we have earn'd our meat and drink
By sweat of brow ; and always think
Our meals seem them ten times as sweet—
Our labour gives them better zest,
And sweeter we retire to rest,
Till morn again.

RECITATIVE—CONJUROR.

Your lives are one continued round
Of sweet delight :
All that can charm
The senses, please the sight,
Or of intruding care the heart disarm,
In this retreat is found.

Brom. Why, yes, good sir ; I and my dame,
Thank Heav'n ! make no complaints ;
We live just as you see, always the same,
And pretty well we thrive.

Conj. And how long is 't, my gentle host,
This life has lasted, pray ?

Brom. This many a day—
I have forgot, almost.

Dorc. Stay, good man, Bromius, I can tell :
Since I for life to thy lot fell,
Next Lammas 'twill be forty years.

Brom. Good troth ! and so it will ;
And yet it only now appears
About so many days,—
I see the lads and lasses still,
With all their gamesome ways.

Con. What ! you had sports upon your wedding-day ?
Both. Sports !

SONG—BROMIUS.

Only suppose it the first of May,
And then that the nymphs, two and two,
So neat, so trim, and gay,
With garlands of various hue,
In procession advancing,
To minstrels dancing,
Lead of youths a restive crew ;
Who rest from their labours,
With pipes and with tabors
To join in their sports, dance and play ;
While the old ones appear
To bring up the rear,
Singing merrily—who but they ?

RECITATIVE—DORCAS.

And dost not thee remember, at the wake,
Palæmon ? that abominable rake,

Wanted my vartue to insnare ?

Ecod ! he got his trimmings !—I dare swear
He did not play in haste such pranks again ;
But most of all I can remember, when
The rest were dancing, how he stole
Into the jes'mine grove, where you, good soul,
Told me how much you lov'd, how long 'twould last.
Nay, I remember every thing that pass'd.

Conjuror. But you had other suitors ?

Dorc. By the la !

I had—I cannot tell how many—ah !

SONG—DORCAS.

When I was a young one, good Lord !
No girl, sure, was ever like me :
I'd lovers—I give you my word,
As thick as the leaves on a tree.

The first was our old parish clerk,
Who press'd me again and again
To let him once kiss me—'twas dark,
So I curtsied, and answered—Amen.

The 'squire would have had me be naught ;
But the moment I knew his intent,
I doubted, which set him at fault,
And he found himself on a wrong scent.

The sexton, a suitor in years,
Complain'd he'd too much of my tongue,
For I rung such a peal in his ears,
That my clapper, he said, was well hung.

I could remember you fifty or more,—
They us'd to come to me in shoals :
Some sigh'd, some protested, some swore,—
Nay, some were unhappy, poor souls !

Till at last thou didst come in my way ;
To consent you prevail'd on me soon ;
And in my mind, from that to this day,
Our lives have been one honeymoon.

INVOCATION TO SPIRITS.

Conjuror. Spirits ! I your presence need ;
Hither, with the lightning's speed,
Instant my commands attend—
My pleasure bear
To Nadir, Ariel, and the rest,
That float upon the ambient air ;
Then this way bend,
In shining robes of azure dress'd ;
Your course through seas of ether steer,
And in a thought appear.

RECITATIVE.

Bromius. Good sir, will all these things appear ?

Conjuror. Once more, I say, you'venaught to fear.

Dorc. And Bromius, to my words attend :
Your truth I honour, and your love command.

I was a stranger here—had lost my way,
And was with hunger and fatigue oppress'd ;
You both invited me to stay,
And now for sev'ral days I've been your guest ;

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBBDIN.

This hospitality—this kind regard—
I mean with large abundance to reward.
I'll grant whate'er three wishes you would have.
Bromius. Three wishes !
Conjuror. Three !
Bromius. Why, then, I crave—
Dorcus. A ladle for my silver dish
Is what I crave—is what I wish.
Brom. A ladle ! bless my stars, a ladle !
Odzoobs ! good Dorcas, you have pray'dill—
You're in the wrong.—Come, come—
Of serious things you make a joke ;
For having in this manner spoke,
I wish you may be dumb !
Conj. Your wishes are fulfill'd—'tis granted—
Both what you wish'd for, and she wanted.
Bromius. Hey ! what !
Dorcus. Ah ! oh !
Bromius. Good heaven ! what a day of woe !
And will she never speak again ?
Conjuror. Complain not, Bromius—
Bromius. Not complain ?
I never shall have peace or rest !
Conjuror. All this has turn'd out for the best.
You've yet a wish remains behind—
Let that at once, to ease your mind,
Restore her speech.
Bromius. With all my heart !
Conjuror. And now this lesson I'll impart—
Bromius. Nay, cease your lessons for a while—
How is 't, good Dorcas ? Canst thou smile ?
Dorcus. And speak, too, Bromius.
Bromius. Then my bliss is quite complete.

FINALE.

Brom. With my cottage, my farm, and my cattle,
Henceforward I'll e'en be contented ;
Nor, like a child pleas'd with a rattle,
Wish for what I should soon have repented.
The next year will heal
The cares I now feel,
If I reap well the crop I am sowing ;
And for sense, it appears
That a man of my years
If he's happy 's sufficiently knowing.
This life I'll embrace then, with pleasure,
Nor think that good Dorcas has pray'd ill ;
But own I'm possess'd of a treasure
Ev'ry time that I look on the ladle.

Dorc. I thought I should have no objection,
Had Fate giv'n us coaches and horses ;
And yet, had it been, on reflection,
We had met with abundance of crosses.
This old-fashioned coif,
I have worn all my life,
To leave off would have troubled me badly ;
And your furbelow'd sacks,
That look well on some backs,
Would on mine, I'm afraid, have look'd sadly.
My coach might o'rtturn,
Or my horses be sick,
Or my clothes might be made ill :

So the way to prevent all these crosses
Is to live here content with my ladie.
Conj. The world may be seen here in little,
And the hopes and the fears of each station ;
For in this life, how shallow and brittle !
Of our wishes we lay the foundation :
When possess'd of great store,
Still we want something more,
For our whim, our caprice, or our pleasure ;
Of which unpossess'd,
We regard not the rest,
Though in plenty we roll beyond measure.
This something, though' hard to obtain it,
We regret in the moment we gain it ;
And so, from the grave to the cradle,
This life is a wish and a ladle.

From England against Italy.

[A Musical Dialogue, written for Saddler's Wells, 1773.]

YOUR FINICKING SIRS.

YOUR finicking sirs may in fin'ry appear,
Disdaining such tars as can hand, reef, and steer ;
On the deck, spruce as sailors, may cautiously tread,
And live at the stern, without minding the head.
Old tough experienc'd sailors know,
Where'er they take their trip,
Whether rising on mountains or sinking below,
The forecastle mans the ship.

Your delicate fresh-water masters may treat
With dainties, and like guttling aldermen eat,
Turn cabins to drawing-rooms, sleep on a bed,
And despise English biscuit, to nibble French bread.
Old tough, &c.

THE FALCON TOW'RING HIGH.

THE falcon, tow'ring high in air,
Descries afar the turtle-dove,
Watching his nest with anxious care,
And waiting for his willing love.
Nor can the victim's harmless cries
His foe's insatiate vengeance stay :
On rapid pinions down he flies,
And pounces on his tender prey.

WHY! IS THE DEVIL IN YE?

Why ! is the devil in ye ?
Or are you such a ninny
To believe of you she'll ever think, persuade her
all you can ?
No, no—whate'er believe you,
Your hopes will all deceive you,
For a girl of sense will yield to—not a monkey,
but a man.

OPERAS AND DRAMATIC PIECES.

Zounds ! can that hat and feather,
Or the coxcomb altogether,
A 'squire of silk—a mandrake—a mere flash in
the pan—
His pretty self admiring,
Be aught but hate inspiring,
When a woman always yields to—not a monkey,
but a man.

Then give this folly over,
Nor longer play the lover,
For I plainly tell you 'tis a mighty silly plan ;
Or, in spite of all your vapouring,
I'll so finely spoil your capering,
You shall own this arm belongs to—not a monkey,
but a man.

ON CROTCHETINA LOVES ATTEND.

ON Crotchetina loves attend,
Each day some beauty to discover ;
In prudent age to find a friend,
And make of ev'ry youth a lover.

The ravish'd birds in throngs appear,
Where with her notes the woods are ringing ;
And nightingales with pleasure hear,
To borrow sweetness from her singing.

From None so Blind as those who wont See.
[A Musical Dialogue, written for Saddler's Wells, 1773.]

ADVANTAGE OF A BLIND HUSBAND.

SHE who, link'd by her fate
To a sour churlish mate,
And to some smart young flatterer dares not be kind,
Who a look fears to steal,
That her flame would reveal,—
What would that woman give, were her husband
but blind !

She in youth's early bloom,
By a too severe doom,
To decret old age whose hard parents have join'd—
How bless'd would she be,
Till death set her free,
Could she add to his gout that her husband were
blind !

In short, we all choose
With our different views,
And 'tis right each should pick out a mate to her
mind :
For me, let my dear,
Since men are so clear,
Be bless'd with a spanking' large fortune, and blind !

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THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

The what's-their-names at Uproars squall
With music fine and soft ;
But better sounds our boatswain's call,
All hands, all hands aloft.

Come, bustle, &c.

What's got at sea we spend on shore,
With sweethearts or our wives ;
And then, my boys, hoist sail for more :—
Thus passes sailors' lives.

Come, bustle, &c.

YE FREE-BORN SONS.

Ye free-born sons, Britannia's boast,
Firm as your rock-surrounded coast,

Ye sov'reigns of the sea !

On ev'ry shore where salt tides roll,
From east to west, from pole to pole,
Fair conquest celebrates your name,
Witness'd aloud by wond'ring Fame,—

The lads who dare be free.

Mistake me not, my hearts of oak,
I scorn with Liberty to joke,

Ye sov'reigns of the sea !

Assist, uphold your Church and State,
Your great men good, your good men great ;
Awe all abroad, at home unite,

And jolly join in faction's spite ;—

Then, then, my friends, you're free !

NOW SAFE MOOR'D.

Now safe moor'd, with bowl before us,
Messmates, heave a hand with me ;

Lend a brother sailor chorus,
While he sings our lives at sea.

O'er the wide wave-swelling ocean,
Toss'd aloft or humbled low,

As to fear, 'tis all a notion,—

When our time's come, we must go.

IF WE MUST DIE.

If we must die, why die we must—

'Tis a berth in which all must belay, mun,
When the debt's due, for Death won't trust ;—

All hands ready, then, to pay, mun.

As to life's striking its flag, ne'er fear—

Our cruse is out, that's all, my brother ;

In this world we've luff'd it up far and near,—

So ship ourselves off to another, &c.

HARK ! THE BOATSWAIN.

Hark ! the boatswain hoarsely bawling—

By topsail sheets and haulyards stand, boys ;

Down top-gallants, down be hawling ;

Down your stay-sails,—hand, boys—hand, boys !

Now set the braces—

Don't make wry faces—

But the lee topsail sheet let go.

Starboard here, larboard there;

Turn your quid, take a swear—yo, yo, yo !

As the tide flows, so time passes ;—

Life's too short to lose a day, boys :

Load your guns, lads,—charge your glasses ;

Point your bumpers—fire away, boys !

A full broadside pour

To those girls on shore

Who let sailors take them in tow.

Starboard here, &c.

Though the tempest swells the billows,

Clear the decks—come, drink about, boys ;

Punch-bowls here we'll make our pillows—

Never heed the wind without, boys !

Though the ship may roll,

Heave the lead, sound the bowl,

Mark above water thus we go.

Starboard here, &c.

DO YOU SEE AS A SAILOR.

Do you see, as a sailor I'll heave off

A bit of a song in my way ;

But if you don't like it, I'll leave off—

I soon can my bawling belay.

Odd lingo musicioners write in,

Concerning flats, sharps, and all that ;—

We seamen are sharps in our fighting ;

And as to the Frenchmen, they're flats.

Outlandish folks tickle your ears

With solos and such sort of stuff ;—

We tarz have no more than three cheers,

Which French folks think music enough.

Our instruments always do wonders ;—

From round-tops we give serenades ;

Our organs are twenty-four pounders ;

Our concerts are brisk cannonades.

At Havre we play'd well our parts,

Though our game they pretended to scoff :

For trumps we turn'd up English hearts,—

They threw down their cards, and sheer'd off.

They have met with their match—now they feel

Their shuffling and cutting we check :

They were lurch'd at Crown Point, and lost Deal,

And, faith ! they got slamm'd at Quebec.

For cooks, though the French folks are neater,

Our messes they never can beat—

Our dishes have so much saltpetre ;

And, as to our balls, they're forc'd-meat.

God bless our King George, with three cheers,

And God bless his consort, amen !

In past times we've drubb'd the mounseers,

For pastime we'll drub them again !

THE GIRL ASHORE.

The tar's a jolly tar that can hand, reef, and steer,

That can nimbly cast off and belay ;

Who in darkest of nights finds each halliard and gear,

And dead reck'ning knows well, and leeway.

But the tar to please me

More jolly must be :

He must laugh at the waves as they roam ;

COME, BUSTLE. BUSTLE.

ALLEGRO
MODERATO.

The musical score consists of four staves of music. The first staff begins with a dynamic of *mf*. The second staff starts with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The third staff continues the melody. The fourth staff concludes the section. The lyrics are as follows:

Come, bus-tle, bus-tle, drink a-bout, And
let us mer-ry be; Our can is full—we'll pump it out, And then all hands to

COME, BUSTLE, BUSTLE.

sea,— Our can is full—we'll pump it out, And then all hands to sea.

Fine Miss at dan-cing

school is taught The mi-nu-et to tread; But we go bet-ter when we've brought the

fore-tack to eat-head,— But we go bet-ter when we've brought the fore-tack to eat-

COME, BUSTLE, BUSTLE.

A musical score for 'COME, BUSTLE, BUSTLE.' featuring two staves: Treble and Bass. The music is in common time, key signature of one sharp (F#), and consists of eight measures. The lyrics are as follows:

head. Come, bustle, bustle, drink a-bout, And let us mer-ry
be; Our can is full—we'll pump it out, And then all hands to
sea,— Our can is full—we'll pump it out, And then all hands to
sea.

The score includes a treble clef, a bass clef, and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music features eighth and sixteenth note patterns, with dynamic markings like forte and piano. The bass staff provides harmonic support with sustained notes and chords.

COME, BUSTLE, BUSTLE.

When horns and hounds the fo - rest rend, His pack the hunts-man cheers;

As loud we hal-loo when we send A broad-side to Moun-

seers. Come, bustle, bustle, drink a - bout, And let us mer - ry

be; Our can is full—we'll pump it out, And then all hands to

The musical score consists of four staves of music in common time, key signature of two sharps, and treble clef. The first staff contains the lyrics "When horns and hounds the fo - rest rend, His pack the hunts-man cheers;". The second staff contains "As loud we hal-loo when we send A broad-side to Moun-". The third staff contains "seers. Come, bustle, bustle, drink a - bout, And let us mer - ry". The fourth staff contains "be; Our can is full—we'll pump it out, And then all hands to". The music features various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. Chords are indicated by vertical stems and dots. The vocal parts are supported by piano accompaniment.

COME, BUSTLE, BUSTLE.

sea,— Our can is full—we'll pump it out, And then all hands to
sea.

The what's-their-names at Up-roars squall with mu-sic fine and soft,— The
what's-their-names at Up-roarssquall With mu-sic fine and soft; But bet-ter sounds our

COME, BUSTLE, BUSTLE.

A musical score for 'COME, BUSTLE, BUSTLE.' featuring four staves of music. The music is in common time, key of G major (two sharps), and consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The score is divided into two systems by a vertical brace.

boat-swain's call,—but bet - ter sounds our boat-swain's call, All hands, all

hands a - loft. Come, bus-tle, bus-tle, drink a - bout, And let us mer - ry

be; Our can is full—we'll pump it out, And then all hands to

sea,— Our can is full—we'll pump it out, And then all hands to

COME, BUSTLE, BUSTLE.

sea.

What's got at sea we spend on shore—what's got at sea we spend on shore, With

sweet-hearts and our wives; And then, my boys, hoist sail for more—and

then, my boys, höist sail for more:—Thus pass-es sail-or's lives— thus pass-es sail-or's

The musical score consists of three staves of music in common time, key of G major (indicated by a treble clef and a sharp sign). The first staff contains a single note followed by a rest, then a sixteenth-note pattern. The second staff features a sixteenth-note pattern. The third staff shows eighth-note patterns. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The score is enclosed in a rectangular border.

COME, BUSTLE, BUSTLE.

A musical score for three voices (Soprano, Alto, Bass) and piano. The music is in common time, key signature of two sharps, and consists of four staves. The vocal parts are in soprano, alto, and bass clef, with lyrics written below them. The piano part is in bass clef and provides harmonic support. The lyrics describe a festive scene with drink, merriment, and a can being pumped.

lives. Come, bustle, bustle, drink a-bout, And let us mer-ry

be; Our can is full—we'll pump it out, And then all hands to

sea,— Our can is full—we'll pump it out, And then all hands to

sea.

NOW SAFE MOOR'D.

ALLEGRETTO.

ALLEGRETTO.

Now safe moor'd, with bowl be - fore us, Mess-mates heave a hand with
 me; Lend a bro - ther sai - lor cho - rus, While he sings our lives at

NOW SAFE MOOR'D.

A musical score for four voices (SATB) in common time, key of G major (two sharps). The score consists of eight staves of music, each with a different vocal line. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines, appearing below the staff where appropriate. The music features various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The vocal parts are separated by brace groups.

sea; Lend a brother sai - lor cho-rus, While he sings our lives at

sea— While he sings our lives at sea. O'er the

wide wave-swell-ing o - cean, Toss'd a - loft, Or tum-bled

low, As to fear, 'tis all a no-tion.— When our time's come, we must

NOW SAFE MOOR'D.

go. As to fear, 'tis all a no - tion, When our time's come, we must go.

Now safe moor'd, with bowl be - fore us, Mess-mates heave a hand with

me; Lend a bro - ther sai - lor cho - rus, While he sings our lives at

sea; Lend a bro - ther sai - lor cho - rus, While he sings our lives at sea, While he

NOW SAFE MOOR'D.

A musical score for three voices (Soprano, Alto, Bass) and piano. The music is in common time, key of G major (two sharps). The vocal parts are in treble, alto, and bass clefs respectively. The piano part is in bass clef. The vocal line includes lyrics: "sings our lives at sea." The piano part provides harmonic support with sustained notes and chords.

YE FREE-BORN SONS.

ANDANTE.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is for the piano, showing a basso continuo part with sustained notes and harmonic chords. The lower staff is for the voice, with lyrics appearing below the notes. The music is in common time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The vocal line begins with a forte dynamic (f) and includes eighth-note patterns and sixteenth-note grace notes. The lyrics are:

Ye free-born sons, Bri - tan - nia's boast,
Firm as your rock sur-round-ed coast, Ye sov'-reigns of the sea!—
Firm as your rock-sur - round - ed coast, Ye sov' - reigns of the sea! On

A crescendo marking (*cres*) is placed over the final notes of the vocal line.

YE FREE-BORN SONS.

A musical score for 'Ye Free-born Sons' featuring three staves of music and lyrics. The top staff uses a treble clef, the middle staff an alto clef, and the bottom staff a bass clef. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The score consists of eight measures of music, followed by a repeat sign and another eight measures.

ev' - ry shore where salt tides roll, From east to west, from pole to pole, Fair
con - quest ce - le - brates your name, Wit-ness'd a-loud by wond'-ring Fame,—The
lads who dare be free— The lads who dare be free— The
lads who dare be free— The lads who dare be free.

HARK, THE BOATSWAIN.

ALLEGRO.

The musical score consists of five staves of music. The first staff starts with a forte dynamic (f) and a piano dynamic (p). The second staff begins with a piano dynamic (p). The third staff starts with a piano dynamic (p). The fourth staff starts with a piano dynamic (p). The fifth staff starts with a piano dynamic (p). The lyrics are as follows:

Hark ! the
boat-swain hoarse - ly bawl - ing—By top-sail sheets and haul-yards stand, boys ; Down
top gal - lants, down be hawl-ing, Down your stay-sails ; hand, boys ; hand, boys.

HARK, THE BOATSWAIN.

Now set the braces— Don't make wry faces— But the

p *mf* *p*

lee top-sail sheet let go. Star-board here, Lar-board there— Turn your

quid, take a swear— yo, yo, yo! Turn your quid, take a swear— yo, yo, yo!

f

As the tide flows, so time passes;—
Life's too short to lose a day, boys;
Load your guns, lads,—charge your glasses;
Point your bumpers—fire away, boys!
A full broadside pour
To those girls on shore
Who let sailors take them in tow!
Starboard here, &c.

Though the tempest swells the billows,
Clear the decks—come, drink about, boys,
Punch-bowls here we'll make our pillows—
Ne'er heed the wind without, boys!
Though the ship may roll,
Heave the lead, sound the bowl,
Mark above water, thus we go.
Starboard here, &c.

OPERAS AND DRAMATIC PIECES.

He must rattle,
And in battle
Brave danger and dying,
Though bullets are flying,
And fifty things more :
Singing, quaffing,
Dancing, laughing,
Take it merrily,
And all for the sake of his girl ashore.

The tar's a jolly tar who his rhino will spend ;
Who up for a messmate will spring,
For we sailors all think he that's true to his friend
Will never be false to his King.

But the tar to please me
More jolly must be :—

He must venture for money galore :
Acting duly,
Kind and truly,
And nobly inherit
A generous spirit,
A prudent one more :
Singing, laughing,
Dancing, quaffing,
Take it merrily,
And save up his cash for his girl ashore.

The tar's a jolly tar who loves a beauty bright,
And at sea often thinks of her charms ;
Who toasts her with glee on a Saturday night,
And wishes her moor'd in his arms.

But the tar to please me
More jolly must be :
Though teas'd at each port by a score,
He must, sneering
At their leering,
Never study to delight 'em,
But scorn 'em and slight 'em,
Still true to the core :
Singing, laughing,
Dancing, quaffing,
Take it merrily,
And constant return to his girl ashore.

FINALE.

My messmates above, and my masters below,
Since pleas'd you accept of this pantomime show,
Our hopes are safe-harbour'd, unshipp'd are our
fears,
And, joyous, we gratefully give you three cheers.
Hurra, hurra, hurra !

Your musical folks may perhaps show their parts
By this song, or that song—but we show our hearts;
The song of all songs, fit for Englishmen's ears,
Is 'Britons strike home,' boys, with three jolly
cheers. Hurra, hurra, hurra !

This stage is our vessel—we actors the crew,
Who luff, or go large, or make trips, to please you ;
If, sirs, no offence in our last trip appears,
As we take our departure, accept of three cheers.
Hurra, hurra, hurra !

From the Deserter.

['THE Deserter,' a musical drama, was first acted at Drury Lane, Nov. 3, 1773. It is a translation from a French piece, then very popular, by Sedaine, with music by Monsigny. Dibdin retained so much of the original as he thought would answer his purpose. 'There was a Miller's Daughter' does not appear in the printed copies of the opera, nor was it sung at its first representation. Dibdin states that Garrick objected to it, and that it was at last introduced, with great success, without his (Garrick's) knowledge or consent. The opera altogether was so successful, that the performers gave twenty guineas, in addition to the usual expenses, to be permitted to have it for their benefits. A note of Dr. Kitchener, in his copy of the music of this opera, informs us that it was translated into three languages, and that one translation was performed at the King's Theatre, under the title of '*l'Il Desertoire*'. Yet it is certainly far from being as good as many of the pieces which proceeded entirely from Dibdin's own pen. Excepting 'The Miller's Daughter,' already alluded to, we have no means of ascertaining which of the songs are wholly his. The first among our extracts is set to a sweet and plaintive air, not unlike Dibdin's in expression.]

THOUGH PRUDENCE MAY PRESS ME.

THOUGH prudence may press me,
And duty distress me,
Against inclination, oh ! what can they do ?
No longer a rover,
His frolics are over,—
My heart, my fond heart, says my Henry is true.
The bee, thus, as changing,
From sweet to sweet ranging,
A rose should he light on, ne'er wishes to stray ;
With raptures possessing
In one ev'ry blessing,
Till, torn from her bosom, he flies far away.

THE NYMPH WHO IN MY BOSOM REIGNS.

THE nymph who in my bosom reigns,
With such full force my heart enchains,
That nothing ever can impair
The empire she possesses there.
Who digs for stones of radiant ray,
Finds baser matter in his way :
The worthless load he may contemn,
But prizes still, and seeks, the gem.

WHY MUST I APPEAR SO DECEITFUL ?

WHY must I appear so deceitful ?
I cannot, dear father, comply :
Ah ! could I think him so ungrateful,
With anguish I surely should die.
What so tender, at parting, he told me,
Which such joy to my bosom convey'd,
When next he was doom'd to behold me,
Could I think would be this way repaid ?

MY LIFE'S THREE PARTS DIMINISH'D.

My life's three parts diminish'd ;
And when the sum is finish'd,
The parish bell may toll,
Gramercy on my soul !

THOUGH PRUDENCE MAY PRESS ME.

ANDANTE.

A musical score for a voice and piano. The vocal part is in soprano clef, and the piano part is in bass clef. The tempo is marked 'ANDANTE.' The music consists of eight staves of music with lyrics underneath. The lyrics are:

Though pru-dence may press me, And du - ty dis-tress me, A-gainst in - cli-

na - tion, oh! what can they do? No lon-ger a ro - ver, His fro - lics are

o - ver,—My heart, my fond heart, says my Hen - ry is true. The

THOUGH PRUDENCE MAY PRESS ME.

bee, thus, as chang-ing, From sweet to sweet rang-ing, A rose should he

light on, ne'er wish-es to stray; With rap-tures pos - sess-ing In

one ev - ry bless-ing Till, torn from her bo - som, he flies far a-way.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBBDIN.

Ding dong !
Swing song !

Methinks my old companions say,
That though his hairs are now grown gray,
Old Russel, once upon a day,
When all was mirth and jollity,
When sports went round, and bells did ring,
Could briskly dance, and blithe could sing.
And then upon the green to see,
His rustic feats—'twas who but he ?
I'd give this bauble, life, away,
Without a sigh, could I but stay
To see a little infant care,
Like Henry brave, Louisa fair ;—
Could I see this, I'd yield, content,
A life, I hope, not badly spent.

I'LL FLY THESE GROVES.

I'LL fly these groves—this hated shade ;
Each sound I hear, each thing I see,
Reminds me, thou perfidious maid !
Of vows so often made by thee.
Blush, blush, Louisa, and look there ;
Where's now thy truth—oh ! tell me where ?
Thy constancy 's no more ;
And, like a wretch by tempest toss'd,
My peace is gone—my hope is lost ;—
I sink in sight of shore.

WOMEN AND WINE.

WOMEN and wine compare so well,
They run in a perfect parallel ;
For women bewitch us when they will—
And so does wine.
They make the statesman lose his skill ;
The soldier, lawyer, and divine ;
They put strange whims in the gravest skull,
And send their wits to gather wool :
Then, since the world thus runs away,
And women and wine
Are alike divine,
Let's love all night, and drink all day !

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

THERE was a miller's daughter
Liv'd in a certain village,
Who made a mighty slaughter ;—
For I'd have you to know,
Both friend and foe,
The clown and the beau,
She always laid low :
And her portion, as I understand,
Was three acres of land,
Besides a mill,
That never stood still,
Some sheep and a cow,
A harrow and plough,
And other things for tillage ;—
What d'y think of my miller's daughter ?

This miller's pretty daughter
Was a damsel of such fame, sir,
That knights and 'squires sought her ;
But they soon were told
That some were too bold,
And some too cold,
And some too old ;
And she gave them to understand,
That, though they were grand,

She'd never be sold ;
For says Betty, says she,
Since my virtue to me
Is dearer than gold,
Let 'em go from whence they came, sir :—
What d'y think of my miller's daughter ?

But when the miller's daughter
Saw Ned, the morris-dancer,
His person quickly caught her ;
For who so clean
Upon the green
As Ned was seen,
For her his queen :—
Then blithe as a king,
His bells he'd ring,
And dance, and sing,
Like any thing.
Says he, ' My life,
Woot be my wife ?'

A blush, and ' Yes,' was Betty's answer :
What d'y think of my miller's daughter ?

A PARALLEL.

ONE conduct's for
Both love and war,—
The point's to gain possession :
For this we watch
The enemy's coast,
Till we sleeping catch
Them on their post.
Then, good bye, form !
The port we storm,
Make towns or hearts
Surrender at discretion.

In love, the only battery
Which with success we play,
To conquer hearts, is flattery :
No fortress can its power withstand,—
Neither cannon, mortars, sword in hand,
Can make such way.
As 'tis in love, so 'tis in war,
We make believe,
Mislead, deceive ;—
Pray, what serve drums and trumpets for,
Cannons, and all our force of arms,
But, with their thundering alarms,
To tell, not cover our designs ?
Can these to trenches, breaches, mines,
Blockades, or ambuscades, compare ?
No : all agree
That policy
Is the true art militaire.

OPERAS AND DRAMATIC PIECES.

SOMEHOW MY SPINDEL I MISLAID.

SOMEHOW my spindle I mislaid,
And lost it underneath the grass ;
Damon, advancing, bow'd his head,
And said, ' What seek you, pretty lass ?'
A little love, but urg'd with care,
Oft leads a heart, and leads it far.

'Twas passing by yon spreading oak,
That I my spindle lost just now :
His knife then kindly Damon took,
And from a tree he cut a bough.
A little love, &c.

Thus did the youth his time employ,
While me he tenderly beheld :
He talked of love ; I leap'd for joy ;
For, ah ! my heart did fondly yield.
A little love, &c.

MR. SIMKIN.

MISTER SIMKIN, I'd have you to know,
That, for all your fine airs,
I'm not at my last pray'rs,—
Not put to it so
That of course I must take up with you :
For I really, sir, think, that, though husbands are few,
I need not go far off to seek
For a better than you, any day of the week.

To be sure, I must own, I was foolish enough
To believe all the tenderness, nonsense, and stuff,
Which for ever you dinn'd in my ears :
And when for a while you've been out of my sight,
And my only companions my tears :
But now that's all o'er ;—
I hate you, despise you, will see you no more.

THE WHIMS OF FOLKS IN LOVE.

THE whims of folks in love to know,
I believe, would fairly poze Old Nick ;—
This moment fast—next moment slow ;
Now consenting,
Now repenting,
Nor at this or that will stick ;
But, changing still,
They won't—they will—
When they mean Yes, they'll answer No ;
And fume and fret,
This hour, to get
What they dislik'd an hour ago.
If you expect to find them here,
To t'other side they quickly veer ;
The wind and tide
In the same mood will longer bide :
Like two fond turtles side by side,
This hour they woo,
And bill and coo ;
Then, by and by,
No reason why,
They make the devil and all to do.

TO DIE IS NOTHING.

To die is nothing : 'tis our end, we know,
But 'tis a sure release from all our woe ;
'Tis from the mind to set the body free,
And rid the world of wretched things like me.
A thousand ways our troubles here increase,
While care succeeding care destroys our peace :
Why fly we, then ? what can such comfort give ?
We cease to suffer when we cease to live.

THOUGH TO HAVE A BOUT AT DRINKING.

THOUGH to have a bout at drinking,
When I hear the glasses chinking,
There's nothing but I'd do or say,
Yet Skirmish shall ne'er run away.

For here is his motto, and so there's an end ;
He's none of your flatt'lers, who fawn and are civil,
But for country, his bottle, his king, and his friend,
Little Skirmish would go half-way to the Devil.

Soldiers often fickle prove ;
Who can know his mind for ever ?
We forgive you false in love,
But Deserters, never, never.

THE LITTLE COCK SPARROW.

ONCE a little cock sparrow a' top of a tree,
He chirrup'd and chatter'd, so merry was he ;
So this little cock sparrow a' top of a tree,
He chirrup'd and chatter'd, so merry was he ;
He chirrup'd, &c.
He chirrup'd, &c.
He chirrup'd, &c.

Did this little cock sparrow a' top of a tree.

Then a little boy came with his bow and reed arrow,
Determin'd to shoot this poor little cock sparrow ;
So this naughty boy came with his bow and reed
arrow,
Determin'd to shoot this poor little cock sparrow ;
Determin'd to shoot, &c.
Determin'd to shoot, &c.
Determin'd to shoot, &c.

Was this naughty boy with his bow and reed arrow !

Then this little boy cried, as his bow string he drew,
This little cock sparrow shall make me a stew,
And his giblets shall make me a little pie, too ;
But he miss'd his aim, broke his arrow in two !
Cries the little cock sparrow, I'll not make
your stew !
Cries the little cock sparrow, &c.
Cries the little cock sparrow, &c.
For I'll stay no longer—be d—n'd if I do !

FINALE.

Hen. My kind preserver, fain I'd speak,
Pain would I what I feel express ;
But language is too poor, too weak,
To thank this goodness to excess.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBBDIN.

Brothers, companions, age, and youth,
Oh tell to all the world her fame !
And when they ask for faith and truth,
Repeat my dear Louisa's name.

Lou. And have I sav'd my Henry's life ?
Dear father, in my joy take part :
I now, indeed, shall be a wife ;
Wife to the idol of my heart.
Thus, when the storm, dispersing, flies,
Through which the sailor's forc'd to steer ;
No more he dreads inclement skies,
But with the tempest leaves his fear.

Rus. Why, why, I pray you, this delay ?
Children, your hands in wedlock join,
That I may pass my hours away
In ease and peace, through life's decline.
This joy's too great; my pride, my boast !
Both, both in my affection share ;
May who delight the other most,
Henceforward be your only care.

Skir. I wish your joy may hold you long ;
But yet I am not such a sot
As not to see you are all wrong ;
Why is the king to be forgot ?
You had been wretched but for him :
Then follow Skirmish, dance and sing ;
Raise ev'ry voice, strain ev'ry limb,
Huzza ! and cry, ' Long live the king !'

From the Christmas Tale.

[Written for Drury-Lane Theatre, and first acted December 26, 1773.]

OH ! THE FREAKS OF WOMANKIND.
Oh ! the freaks of womankind !
As swift as thought we breed 'em ;
No whims shall starve in woman's mind,
For vanity will feed 'em.
Teasing ever,
Steady never,—
Who the shifting clouds can bind ?
Quick of ear and sharp of eye,
Another's faults we hear and spy,
But to our own
We are alone
Both deaf and blind.

MY EYES MAY SPEAK PLEASURE.

My eyes may speak pleasure,
Tongue flow without measure,
Yet my heart in my bosom lies still ;
The river is flowing,
The mill-clapper going,
But the miller's asleep in his mill.

Though lovers surround me,
With speeches confound me,
Yet my heart in my bosom lies still ;
Thus, the river is flowing,
The mill-clapper going,
But the miller's asleep in the mill.

The little god eyes me,
And thinks to surprise me,
But my heart is awake in my breast :
Thus, boys slyly creeping,
To catch a bird sleeping,
But the linnet's awake in his nest.

WOMAN SHOULD BE WISELY KIND.

WOMAN should be wisely kind,
Nor give her passion scope ;
Just reveal her inclination,
Never wed without probation,
Nor in the lover's mind
Blight the sweet blossom, hope.

Youth and beauty kindle love,
Sighs and vows may fan the fire ;
Sighs and vows may traitors prove,—
Sorrow then succeeds desire.
Honour, faith, and well-earn'd fame,
Feed the sacred lasting flame.

'TIS BEAUTY COMMANDS.

'Tis Beauty commands me,
My heart must obey,—
'Tis Honour that calls me,
And Fame leads the way
From the soft silken fetters of pleasure I fly,—
With my love I must live, or with honour will die.

I wake from my trance—
Bring the sword, shield, and lance,
My name shall be famous in story :
Now danger has charms,
For Love sounds to arms,
And love is my passion and glory.

CONQUER AND FORGIVE.

THOUGH strong your nerves to poise the spear,
Or raise the massy shield,
Though, swift as lightning, through the air
The sword of death you wield,
'Tis from the heart the pow'r must flow
To conquer and forgive the foe !

Though, edg'd by spells and magic charms,
Your sword may reap renown,
'Tis honour consecrates your arms,
And gives the laurel-crown,—
'Tis from the heart the pow'r must flow
To conquer and forgive the foe !

OPERAS AND DRAMATIC PIECES.

OH ! TAKE THIS WREATH.

Oh ! take the wreath this hand has wove,
The pledge and emblem of my love ;
These flow'rs will keep their brightest hue,
While you are constant, kind, and true.

But should you, false to love and me,
Wish from my fondness to be free,
Foreboding that my fate is nigh,
Each grateful flow'r will droop and die.

CHORUS OF EVIL SPIRITS.

MIGHTY master ! hear our sighs !
Let thy slaves be free !
With folded hands and lifted eyes
We call to thee.
Oh ! end the strife ;
You grant us life,—
Grant us, still more, sweet liberty !

LOVE'S TRIUMPHS.

THOUGH glory loudly strikes my ear,
The softer notes of love prevailing,
Ev'ry sense assailing,
Or swell with hope, or sink with fear ;
My heart, that points to fame,
Shall rise to love, as honour true,
And fan the double flame
With sighs which breathe a last adieu.
I go my faith and truth to prove—
Valour ne'er was foe to love ;
The bravest hearts obey the call—
Love's triumphant over all.

OH ! HEAR ME.

[DUET—Sung by two Females.]

OH ! hear me, kind and gentle swain,
Let Love's sweet voice delight you :
The ear of youth should drink each strain,
When Beauty's lips invite you.

As love and valour warm your heart,
And faith and honour guard you,
From wounded hearts extract the dart,
And Beauty shall reward you.

Our tear-stain'd eyes their wish disclose,—
Can cruel you refuse 'em ?
Oh ! wipe the dew from off the rose,
And place it in your bosom.

TRIO—MAY HEAVEN'S BLESSINGS.

[The words of the last stanza require a slight variation, the *my* being rendered *thy* by the second male and the female.]

Male. **MAY** Heaven's blessings blend with mine
To crown thy deeds at Virtue's shrine,—
Be Love's best gift, Camilla, thine.

Fem. May ev'ry sigh that's heav'd by me,
And ev'ry wish that's breath'd for thee,
Be prosp'rous gales on Fortune's sea.

All. Oh ! when my bark, the tempest o'er,
With pilot Love shall gain this shore,
May Heaven's blessings blend with thine :
Ambition cannot ask for more
To crown my deeds at Virtue's shrine.

LOVE THE SOURCE OF EVERY BLESSING.

Of every blessing Love 's the source—
Valour but an empty name,
Till Love and Justice guide its course,
And then it mounts to fame.

AH ! HOW WEAK !

AH ! how weak will power and reason
To my bosom tyrant prove !
Ev'y act is fancied treason
By the jealous sovereign, Love.

Passion urg'd the youth to danger,
Passion calls him back again ;
Passion is to peace a stranger—
Seek I must my bliss or bane.

So the fever'd minds that languish,
And in scorching torments rave,
Thus to ease or end their anguish,
Headlong plunge into the wave.

CRUEL FIENDS PURSUE ME.

CRUEL fiends pursue me,
Torment me, and undo me ;
My rising hopes are cross'd,
My sword and shield are lost.
My breast with valour glow'd,
Fame her temple show'd,
Fiends have interpos'd,
The gates are ever clos'd.

Away with despair—despair to the wind !
Nothing daunts the gen'rous mind ;
Crown'd with these flow'rs, I'll take the field,—
Love alone shall supply the place of helmet, sword,
and shield.

NO POWER CAN CALM THE STORM.

No power can calm the storm to rest,
No magic charm the father's breast,
Which beats with doubts and fears :
No more for active scenes I burn,
My power and strength to weakness turn,
And manhood melts to tears.

I will not doubt, through stormy skies
My son shall break his way—
Shall cloudless o'er his errors rise,
And Fame shall hail the day !

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBBDIN.

THE SOLDIER'S VOW.

By my shield and my sword,
By the chaplet that circles my brow.—
By a knight's sacred word,
Whatever you ask,
How dreadful the task,
To perform it 'fore Heaven I vow.

DUET—REMEMBER, YOUNG KNIGHT.

FEMALE.

REMEMBER, young knight, remember
The words that I say ;
Don't laugh at my age,
Nor scorn at my rage ;
Though I'm past my May,
I'm not frozen up in December.

MALE.

Remember,—I will remember
The words that you say ;
I honour your age,
Provok not your rage ;
For, though you are past your May,
Your heart is still warm in December.

TOUCH THE THRILLING NOTES.

TOUCH the thrilling notes of pleasure,
In the softest melting measure ;
Calm the conqueror's mind ;
Let myrtle be with laurel twin'd,
Beauty with each smiling grace ;
The sparkling eye and speaking face,
Attended by the laughing loves,
Around the hero play ;—
The toil and danger valour proves,
Beauty shall repay !

LET THE LOUD THUNDER RATTLE.

Let the loud thunder rattle ;
Play, lightning, round my head ;
Place me in the front of battle,
By rage and horror led.

Though death in all its various forms appear,
My heart, that knows no ill, shall know no fear.

DUET—WITH MYRTLE AND WITH ROSES CROWN'D.

Both. With myrtle and with roses crown'd,
The conqueror, Love, smiles all around,
Triumphant reigns by Heaven's decree.
And leads in chains grim jealousy.

Male. The storm shall beat my breast no more,
The vessel's safe—the freight on shore,
No more the bark shall tempt the sea,
Safe from the rock of jealousy.

Both. Bright are the flowers from this wreath,
And fresh the odours which they breathe ;
Thus ever may our loves be free
From cruel blights of jealousy.

FINALE.

CLOUDS that had gather'd o'er the day
Now leave the heavens more bright
Vice before Virtue's pow'ful ray
Sinks to the shade of night.

Those evil sprites that late rush'd forth,
Are now in darkness bound,
While honour, valour, matchless worth,
Spread with their sunshine round.

Chorus.

Honour is to beauty plighted,
Hearts with hands shall be united,
Hymen comes ! his torch is lighted !
Honour, Truth, and Beauty call,
T' attend the nuptial festival.

Love in my breast, no storm knowing,
Feels each tide is fuller growing,
And in grateful stream 's o'erflowing.

Chorus.

Honour is to beauty plighted ;
Hearts with hands shall be united ;
Hymen comes ! his torch is lighted !
Honour, Truth, and Beauty call,
T' attend the nuptial festival.

Let the written page
Through ev'ry age
Record the won'drous story ;
'Tis decreed above,
Beauty shall be crown'd with Love !

From the Waterman.

[A Ballad Opera, first brought out at the Haymarket in 1774. Dibdin sold the music of this opera for 30*l.* It remains a favourite to this day.]

A VILLAGE CHORUS.

LABOUR, lads, ere youth be gone,
For see apace the day steals on :
Labour is the poor man's wealth ;
Labour 'tis that gives him health ;
Labour makes us, while we sing,
Happier than the greatest king.
Then labour, lads, ere youth be gone,
For see apace the day steals on.

TOO YIELDING A CARRIAGE.

'Too yielding a carriage
Has oft, before marriage,
To ruin and misery pointed the way ;
You're shunn'd, if complying,
But your lover, once flying,
How eager he'll follow, and beg you to stay.

OPERAS AND DRAMATIC PIECES.

A coquette ne'er proclaim me,
Ye maids, then, nor blame me,
If I wish to be happy whene'er I'm a wife ;
Each lover's denial
Was only a trial,
Which is he that's most likely to love me for life.

MY COUNSEL TAKE.

[This is essentially an *acting* song, and suffers sadly by its divorce from the play. On the stage, and in the hands of a clever actress, it is a spirited and effective outburst. We had some doubts whether we should do it the injustice to place it in its present forlorn situation—‘blooming alone.’]

My counsel take,
Or else I'll make
The house too hot to hold you ;
Be rul'd, I pray,
I'd something say ;—
Did I e'er rout or scold you ?

But spite to wreak
On one so meek,
Who never raves or flies out ;
On me, who am
Like any lamb ;—
Oh ! I could *tear your eyes out !*

THE CHEATS OF LOVE.

I, just as eagerly as thee,
Thought, when I got a wife,
My joy of course so great would be,
It needs must last for life.

When she agreed to tie the knot,
I thought of nothing else :
Then all was glee
'Twixt her and me ;
Ne'er did I grudge the king his lot,
When ding dong went the bells.

But, ah ! our joys were fleeting soon ;
Words that did sweetly fall,
Ere we had pass'd the honeymoon,
To wormwood turn'd—to gall !
Whate'er of furies they invent,
Broke out of flaming cells,
You now may see
In her and me :
We fight and scold, and both repent,
That ding dong went the bells.

LOVE-REASONS.

CHEERIES and plums are never found
But on the plum and cherry-tree ;
Parsnips are long, turnips are round,
So Wilhelmina's made for me.

The scythe to mow the grass is made,
Sheds to keep close the straggling tree ;
The knife, to prune ; to dig, the spade :
So Wilhelmina's made for me.

THE JOLLY YOUNG WATERMAN.

[This, and the song which immediately follows, are the main attraction of ‘The Waterman.’ There is more merit in the music to which the verses are married, than in the verses themselves ; and the orchestra never strikes up the fresh and lively song of ‘The Jolly Young Waterman,’ without causing a stir of pleasure from pit to gallery. The plaintive and touching air of ‘Then Farewell, my trim-built Wherry, must always be equally a favourite. But both words and music are highly characteristic, and may be considered as belonging to the history of the Thames from Chelsea to Tower Stairs. The celebrated Charles Bannister was the original ‘Tom Tug’; Charles Incledon, Dignum, and Braham, have alike won golden opinions in the same character. Ranelagh was a kind of Vauxhall, situated near Chelsea, and was frequented by people of the first rank and fashion of the day. There were gardens laid out with walks hung with variegated lamps, and an amphitheatre of considerable dimensions, in which musical performances took place. The only refreshments allowed were tea and coffee. The site of Ranelagh has long since been covered with buildings, and Vauxhall seems not unlikely to be condemned to a similar fate.]

AND did you not hear of a jolly young waterman,
Who at Blackfriars Bridge us'd for to ply,
And who feather'd his oars with such skill and dexterity,
Winning each heart and delighting each eye.
He look'd so neat, and he row'd so steadily,
The maidens all flock'd in his boat so readily,
And he ey'd the young rogues with so charming an air,
That this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

What sights of fine folks he oft row'd in his wherry,
'Twas clean'd out so nice, and so painted withal ;
He was always first oars when the fine City ladies
In a party to Ranelagh went, or Vauxhall.
And oftentimes would they be giggling and leering,
But 'twas all one to Tom, their jibing and jeering,
For loving or liking he little did care,
For this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

And yet but to see now how strangely things happen,
As he row'd along, thinking of nothing at all,
He was ply'd by a damsel so lovely and charming,
That she smil'd, and so straightway in love he did fall.
And would this young damsel but banish his sorrow,
He'd wed her to-night, before to-morrow ;
And how should this waterman ever know care,
When he's married and never in want of a fare ?

THEN FAREWELL, MY TRIM-BUILT WHERRY.

THEN farewell, my trim-built wherry,—
Oars, and coat, and badge, farewell ;
Never more at Chelsea ferry
Shall your Thomas take a spell.

But, to hope and peace a stranger,
In the battle's heat I'll go ;
Where, exposed to ev'ry danger,
Some friendly bair shall lay me low.

Then, mayhap, when homeward steering,
With the news my messmates come,
Even you, the story hearing,
With a sigh may cry—‘Poor Tom !’

THE JOLLY YOUNG WATERMAN.

ALLEGRETTO.

And did you not hear of a jol - ly young wa-ter-man, Who at Black-fri - ars Bridge
used for to ply, And who fea-ther'd his oars with such skill and dex-te - ri - ty,
Win - ning each heart and de - light - ing each eye. He look'd so neat, and

THE JOLLY YOUNG WATERMAN.

The musical score consists of three staves of music in common time, key of G major (indicated by a sharp sign). The vocal line is in soprano range, accompanied by piano chords. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The score is divided into four systems by vertical bar lines.

row'd so stea - di - ly, The mai - dens all flock'd in his

Boat so rea - di - ly, And he ey'd the young rogues with so

charm-ing an air, he ey'd the young rogues with so charm-ing an air, That this

Wa - ter - man ne'er was in want of a fare.

f colla voce p

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBBDIN.

WHICH IS THE MAN?

Two youths for my love are contending in vain,
For, do all they can,
Their sufferings I rally, and laugh at their pain ;
Which, which is the man
That deserves me the most? Let me ask of my heart :
Is it Robin, who smirks, and who dresses so smart ?
Or Tom, honest Tom, who makes plainness his
plan ?
Which, which is the man ?

Indeed, to be prudent, and do what I ought,
I do what I can :
Yet surely papa and mamma are in fault,—
To a different man

They each have advis'd me to give up my heart.
Mamma praises Robin, who dresses so smart ;
Papa, honest Tom, who makes plainness his plan :
Which, which is the man ?

Be kind, then, my heart, and but point out the youth :
I'll do what I can
His love to return, and return it with truth ;
Which, which is the man ?
Be kind to my wishes, and point out, my heart,
Is it Robin, who smirks, and who dresses so smart ?
Or Tom, honest Tom, who makes plainness his plan ?
Which, which is the man ?

'TIS VAIN, DEAR FRIENDS.

[This song will be scarcely intelligible without the explanation that the singer is presumed to be addressing her parents, each of whom advocates the claims of a different lover.]

'Tis vain, dear friends, each art to try :
To neither lover's suit inclin'd,
On outward charms I'll ne'er rely,
But prize the graces of the mind.
The empty coxcomb whom you choose,
Just like the flower of a day,
Shook by each wind that folly blows,
Seems born to flutter and decay.

Your choice an honest aspect wears ;
To give him pain I oft have griev'd ;
But it proceedeth from my fears,—
Than me much wiser are deceived.
I thank you both, then, for your love, —
Wait for my choice a little while,
And him who most shall worthy prove,
My hand I'll offer with a smile.

A POPULAR FUNCTIONARY.

Did but the law allow us one,
Tir'd couples to release again,
What shoals of all degrees would run
To break their matrimonial chain !
The widow old,
Herself and gold,

Who to the healthy spendthrift gave,
And the rich churl,
Who took a girl,
Poor wretch ! with one foot in the grave.
Prudes, who at men would never look,
Yet silly tasted Hymn's joy ;
And wild coquettes who husbands took,
When they could get no other toy :
Millions would try
The knot to untie :
Towards the goal of liberty,
Lord ! what a throng
Would crowd along,—
And in the midst my wife and me !

AN HORTICULTURAL LOVE-SONG.

[There is evidently a line wanting in this song, at the place indicated by asterisks; for, as it stands, neither the rhyme nor the sense is complete. Probably something followed to this effect :

Like the violet sweet and low,
The reader, by the way, should understand that the lover who makes love in so floral a style is a gardener.]

Bid the blossoms ne'er be blighted,
Birds by scarecrows ne'er be frightened,
From the firm earth the oak remove,
Teach the holly-oak to grow,

* * * * *
Trees bear cherries,
Hedges berries,
But, prithee, teach me not to love.

Grass shall grow than cedars higher,
Pinks shall bloom upon the briar,
Lilies be as black as jet,
Roses smell no longer sweet,
Melons ripen without heat,
Plums and cherries
Taste like berries,
When Wilhelmina I forgot.

A TRUE LOVER.

INDEED, Miss, such sweethearts as I am,
I fancy you'll meet with but few ;
To love you more true I defy 'em,
I always am thinking of you.—

There are maidens would have me in plenty,
Nell, Cicely, Priscilla, and Sue ;
But instead of all these, were there twenty,
I never should think but of you.

False hearts all your money may squander,
And only have pleasure in view,—
Ne'er from you a moment I'll wander,
Unless to get money for you :

The tide, when 'ts ebbing and flowing,
Is not to the moon half so true,
Nor my oars to their time when I'm rowing,
As my heart, my fond heart, is to you.

FAREWELL, MY TRIM-BUILT WHERRY.

LARGHETTO.

Con molto espres

Then fare - well, my trim-built wher-ry,—Oars, and coat, and badge, fare-

well; Ne - ver more at Chel - sea fer - ry, Shall your Tho - mas take a

spell. Then fare - well, my trim - built wher - ry,—Oars, and coat, and badge, fare.

p

FAREWELL, MY TRIM-BUILT WHERRY.

A musical score for three voices (Soprano, Alto, Bass) in common time, key signature of one flat. The vocal parts are in treble, alto, and bass clefs respectively. The piano accompaniment is in bass and treble clefs. The music consists of two staves of eight measures each. The lyrics are integrated into the vocal parts. Measure 1: Soprano: well; Ne-ver more at Chel-sea fer - ry Shall your Tho - mas take a. Measure 2: Alto: spell, Shall your Tho - mas take a spell. Bass: piano accompaniment. Measures 3-8: Continuation of the melody and lyrics. Measure 9: Soprano: But, to hope and peace a stranger, In the battle's heat I'll go; Where, exposed to ev'ry danger, Some friendly ball shall lay me low. Measure 10: Alto: Then, mayhap, when homeward steering, With the news my messmates come, Even you, the story hearing, With a sigh may cry—' Poor Tom !'

But, to hope and peace a stranger,
In the battle's heat I'll go;
Where, exposed to ev'ry danger,
Some friendly ball shall lay me low.

Then, mayhap, when homeward steering,
With the news my messmates come,
Even you, the story hearing,
With a sigh may cry—' Poor Tom !'

OPERAS AND DRAMATIC PIECES.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN.

How can she thus low-minded be?
 A girl of her merit!
 What's become of her spirit?
 Would the baggage take pattern by me,
 She'd value the pleasure of no man;
 But hold up her head,
 And, in all that she said,
 Claim the privilege due to a woman.
 Our wills ought to be without measure;
 And the best thing that you
 Male creatures can do,
 Is to buckle to our will and pleasure.

TO BE MODISH, GENTEEL.

To be modish, genteel, and the true thing, my dear,—
 In short, to be monstrous well-bred,
 You must ogle and simper, and giggle and leer,
 And talk the first nonsense that comes in your head.

In grave, fusty, old-fashion'd times,
 Ere ease of deportment went hence,
 To be bold was the vilest of crimes,
 And deceit was an heinous offence.

But the fashions are now of another guess kind,—
 Our modes are by no means the same;
 For, bless'd with good eyes, we pretend to be blind,
 And with strength to run miles appear lame.

GIRLS DURING COURTSHIP.

GIRLS, during courtship, should at least
 No lover trust, but doubt him,
 Until they've sworn, before the priest,
 To find no fault about him.

Who venture all upon a stake,
 Undone if they miscarry,
 The risks they run from each mistake
 Behoves them to be wary.

I ROW'D FOR THE PRIZE.

[The waterman's coat and badge, bequeathed by Thomas Doggett the comedian, and friend of Congreve the dramatist, to be rowed for by six watermen on the 1st of August (the anniversary of the accession of George the First), against the stream, from the old Swan, London Bridge, to the White Swan, Chelsea.]

I row'd for the prize,
 To receive from those eyes
 A kind look, from those lips a sweet smile;
 But, lest I should lose,
 And you for that fault your poor Tom should refuse,
 My heart it went pit-a-pat all the while.
 When we came to the pull,
 How I handled my skull,—
 'Twould have done your heart good to have seen us:
 There was not a boat's length between us.
 But, the Swan once in view,
 My boat how it flew!
 And I verily believe 'twas all thinking of you

From the Cobbler, or a Wife of Ten Thousand.

[A Ballad Opera, first acted at Drury Lane, 1774.
 The idea taken from the *Blaise le Sénéchal* of Sedaine.]

OPENING DUET BETWEEN THE COBBLER AND HIS WIFE.

Snob. Three pegs, and then I've done my job!
Alice. Ah! do not jeer me:

Will you leave me to complain?

Snob. I'll go, as sure as my name's Snob.
Alice. Nay, prithee hear me,

Nor let poor Alice thus sue in vain:
 Don't say me nay.

Snob. My friends all stay,

Alice. And will you, will you go away?

A word or two, then, ere you go:

I pray you tell me who am I?

Far better, sir, than you, I trow,

For all you lift your head so high;

Would I had been the 'squire's miss!

Didn't he offer mountains?

Snob. Yes.

Alice. Then more brute you to use me so;
 For didn't I refuse him?

Snob. No.

Alice. Why, villain, varlet, to my face

To tax me falsely with disgrace!

I can most patiently endure,

For you, to be neglected—poor;

But this, I swear,

Is more than I can bear.

Snob. Why, what's all this, you brazen quean?

Are you bewitch'd, or mad, or what?

Your wits are gone, sure, quite and clean:

Last week, you jade, have you forgot?

Didn't I, with a strap like this,

Trim well your jacket, hussy?

Alice. Yes!

Snob. Then how can you provoke me so?

For didn't you deserve it?

Alice. No.

Snob. Why, saucy baggage—oh, disgrace!

The lie direct! and to my face!

I've borne—'tis now the seventh year,

That vixen tongue of yours, my dear;

But this, I swear,

Is more than I can bear.

Alice. You to the alehouse, then, will go,

And leave poor me afflicted here?

Snob. Only to drink a pot or so

Of Nipikin's delicious beer.

Alice. You shan't, sir!

Snob. What, I shant? Oh, oh!

Will you be quiet, hussy?

Alice. No,

I won't. What sort of treatment's this?

Snob. What! still you brave me, do you?

Alice. Yes,

Shall you thus squander ev'ry shilling,

While I'm asragged as a colt?

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBBDIN.

Snob. Why, vixen !
Alice. Varlet !
Snob. Baggage !
Alice. Villain !
Snob. Hussy !
Alice. Numskull !
Snob. Slattern !
Alice. Dolt !
Both. This, this I swear,
Is more than I can bear.

CATCH—COME, WILL YOU GO ?
COME, will you go, or will you not ?
We'll only call for t'other pot :
'Tis a cold night, 'twill keep us warm,—
Another pot will do no harm.
No : let's begone—
The clock strikes one !
Well, let it strike, and strike again ;
'Tis time enough to count it when
Our money's spent and liquor gone :
Then tell me not the clock strikes one.
Here, waiter, bring us t'other pot :
Come, will you stay, or will you not ?

THE TRUE PHILOSOPHER.

LIKE a tennis-ball am I,
Now sinking low, now bounding high ;
Banded here, and banded there,
To and fro, and every where.
Now on the topmost round
Of Fortune's wheel I fly ;
Now am I grovelling found,
Beneath her feet to lie.
Still like a tennis-ball I fare,
Now on the ground, now in the air,—
Banded here, and banded there,
To and fro, and every where.
Contentment, health, and competence,
Are rarely found in any lot ;
And therefore will I learn from hence
To keep and prize the one I've got.

AH ! HAVE YOU FORGOT.

AH ! have you forgot, then, unkind as you are,
When housemaid I liv'd at the 'squire's,
All the wine and good things that I cribb'd with
such care,
Every morn when I lighted the fires ?
And have you forgot how I lean'd on my broom,
And in rapture heard all that you said,
Till scolded I got for not sweeping the room,
And beat for not making the bed ?
When you told me you'd have me, my brush and
my mop
Kept time while with pleasure I'd sing ;
And soon 'twas the talk at the chandler's shop,
You had vurchas'd the licence and ring

But when, with such joy, we return'd from the church
And with truth I could call you my own,
You swore that I ne'er should be left in the lurch,
And I envied no queen on her throne.

SUCH USAGE AS THIS.

SUCH usage as this is, what wife but myself
Would put up with, and not sigh and sob ;
No cross in her pocket, no food on the shelf,
Or what husband would let her but Snob ;
And yet, let me hope, though for every crime
He had more than there's days in a year,
That his heart is so good, I should still see the time
When a different man he'd appear.
But if I'm deceiv'd, while another guess wife,
So treated, would scold and revile,
Though poor, though confin'd in a prison for life,
With him I'd endeavour to smile.
I love him, and every way I'll pursue,
That I can, his affections to keep ;
And if then he should slight me, I've nothing to do,
But to wish he was kinder, and weep.

GLEE.—NOW WIVES AND CHILDREN.

Now wives and children make no noise,
And care with mirth we season,
Let's push about the bowl, my boys,
For drinking is no treason.
Here's love and friendship—hand and heart ;
To worth here's health and freedom ;
May every rogue have his desert ;
More friends to those who need them !

A COBBLER'S LOVE-SONG.

WHEN'ER I am mending a shoe,
Every thing in my stall that I view
To my doting remembrance brings you,
While my heart in my bosom goes throb.
The best upper leather's your hair ;
Your skin is the lining so fair ;
My awl to your eyes I compare,
Which wounded the heart of poor Snob.

Your teeth, which like ivory show,
Are the pegs in a white even row,
Which I drive, while at every blow
My heart in my bosom goes throb.
Each object of you bears a part,—
Your wit, that's so piercing and smart,
Is my knife : but my lapstone your heart,
Which will ne'er let you pity poor Snob !

A MAXIM.

Be easy, can't you—fie ! for shame !
Dear me, how I am treated !
I'm sure you'd not be so to blame,
But that you're 'toxicated.

OPERAS AND DRAMATIC PIECES.

Pray, pray be quiet, neighbour Snob,—
Don't act, now, so contrary :
Make love to me—a pretty job !
I'm quite in a quandary.

Surely, the man's beside his wits,—
I won't then, sir, be tumbled :
You'll really fright me into fits,—
Oh dear ! how I am humbled !
Again !—There's no enduring this ;
Well, there—are you contented ;
Better to give a fool a kiss,
Than with him be tormented.

GOOD NEWS FOR WIVES.

From henceforth only prove, dear wife,
That what you say be true :
Like any child, through all my life,
Will I be rul'd by you.
In all professions, ev'ry trade,
They always think it best
For gen'ral good, that one be made
A chief above the rest.
So from henceforth, &c.

Your counsel only strokes his band,
Until the judge appears ;
The captain may the ship command—
The pilot 'tis that steers.
So from henceforth, &c.

THE WHOLE DUTY OF MAN.

When you meet with a woman deserted,
Expos'd to the world and its cares,
Abandon'd, forlorn, tender-hearted,
And fearful, each step, of new snares,—
'Tis of every man but the duty,
Whilst he sees her oppress'd with her fears,
By soothing
And smoothing,
And vowing
And bowing,
And ogling and sighing,
And melting and dying,
To give consolation to beauty,
And to persuade her to dry up her tears.
Behold, then, your champion in me, ma'am :
With pity I find you distress'd ;
Confide, then—you quickly shall see, ma'am,
How gladly I serve the oppress'd.
Believe me, I think it my duty,
While I see you o'ercome with your fears,
By soothing, &c.

AN IRRESISTIBLE.

I KNOW not how to say you nay,—
There's something in your air so gay,
So smart, genteel, and degagé,—
In short, sir, so uncommon,
That e'en the most obdurate fair
For such perfection must declare.
Alas ! then, sir, my blushes spare,
For I'm a very woman.

Some fancy personal graces,
Some graces of the mind ;
Her love on you who places,
Will all the graces find.

From the Quaker.

(This charming little Opera was first produced, May 3, 1775, at Drury-Lane. It was written after its author had determined to relinquish the stage as an actor; and finding, as he himself tells us, he should, in consequence, have occasion 'to make his pen perform double duty,' he turned to, as the sailors call it, and in a very short time wrote and composed 'The Quaker.' He sold it to Brereton for £70, who again disposed of it to Garrick for a hundred. The tender melody of 'I Locked up all my Treasure,' the vivacious 'Women are Will o' the Wisps,' and the lively pastoral rondeau of the kind-hearted Quaker—"While the Lads of the Village," have always been popular, and will probably continue to be so as long as any relish exists for the simplicity of the old Bahad Opera.)

I LOCK'D UP ALL MY TREASURE.

I LOCK'D up all my treasure,
And journey'd many a mile,
And by my grief did measure
The passing time the while.

My business done and over,
I hasten'd back amain,
Like an expecting lover,
To view it once again.

But this delight was stifled,
As it began to dawn :
I found my casket rifled,
And all my treasure gone.

THE LADS OF THE VILLAGE.

WHILE the lads of the village shall merrily, ah !
Sound their tabors, I'll hand thee along ;
And I say unto thee, that verily, ah !
Thou and I will be first in the throng.

Just then when the swain who last year won
dower,
With his mates shall the sports have begun,
When the gay voice of gladness resounds from
each bower,
And thou long'st in thy heart to make one.
While the lads, &c.

I LOCK'D UP ALL MY TREASURE.

A musical score for a voice and piano. The top staff is for the piano, showing a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and common time. It features dynamic markings *p* (piano) and *f* (forte). The bottom staff is for the voice, showing an bass clef, a key signature of one flat, and common time. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The music consists of eight staves of music, with the lyrics appearing in the middle section.

I lock'd up all my trea - sure, And jour-ney'd ma - ny a mile, And
by my grief did mea - sure The pass - ing time the while. I
lock'd up all my trea - sure, And jour-ney'd ma - ny a mile, And

I LOCK'D UP ALL MY TREASURE.

A musical score for three voices (Soprano, Alto, Bass) and piano. The vocal parts are in treble, alto, and bass clefs respectively. The piano part is in bass and treble clefs. The music consists of four staves. The first two staves are for the vocal parts, with lyrics: "by my grief did mea - sure The pass-ing time the while— And by my grief did" and "mea - sure The pass-ing time the while." The third and fourth staves are for the piano. The lyrics are in a 2/4 time signature. The vocal parts enter at measure 1, and the piano parts enter at measure 2. There are dynamics like 'cres' (crescendo) and 'f' (fortissimo) indicated in the piano part.

My business done and over,
I hasten'd back amain,
Like an expecting lover.
To view it once again.

But this delight was stifled,
As it began to dawn :
I found my casket rifled,
And all my treasures gone.

THE LADS OF THE VILLAGE.

MODERATO

Moderato

While the Lads of the Vil - lage shall mer - ri - ly, ah! Sound their

THE LADS OF THE VILLAGE.

ta-bors, I'll hand thee a - long; And I say un-to thee, that ve - ri - ly, ah!

fz

ve - ri - ly, ah! Thou and

I will be first in the throng - - - Thou and I will be first in the throng.

Just then when the swain who last

THE LADS OF THE VILLAGE.

A musical score for 'The Lads of the Village' featuring four staves of music and lyrics. The music is in common time, G major (indicated by a G with a sharp), and consists of measures 1 through 12. The lyrics are as follows:

year won the dow'r, With his mates shall the sports have be - gun, When the
gay voice of glad - ness re - sounds from each bow'r, And thou long'st in thy heart to make
one. Those joys which are harm-less what mor - tal can blame? 'Tis my
max - im that youth should be free; And to prove that my words and my

The score includes three treble staves and one bass staff. The first two staves begin with a treble clef, the third with an alto clef, and the fourth with a bass clef. The key signature is one sharp. Measure 12 concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots, indicating a return to a previous section or ending.

THE LADS OF THE VILLAGE.

deeds are the same; to prove that my words and my deeds are the same, Be-

lieve me, thou'l pre - sent - ly see. *D.C.*

D.C.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

Those joys which are harmless what mortal can blame?

'Tis my maxim that youth should be free,
And to prove that my words and my deeds are the same,

Believe me thou 'lt presently see.

While the lads, &c.

THE CAPTIVE LINNET.

THE captive linnet, newly taken,
Vainly strives and vents its rage,
With struggling pants, by hope forsaken,
And flutters in its golden cage ;—
But, once releas'd, to freedom soaring,
Quickly on some neighbouring tree
It sings, as if its thanks 'twere pouring,
To bless the hand that set it free.

AGAIN I FEEL MY BOSOM BOUND.

AGAIN I feel my bosom bound,
My heart sits lightly in its seat ;
My griefs are all in rapture drown'd,
In ev'ry pulse new pleasures beat.

Upon my troubl'd mind, at last,
Kind Fate has pour'd a friendly balm ;
So, after dreadful perils past,
At length succeeds a smiling calm.

A KERNEL FROM AN APPLE-CORE.

[The infallibility of the love-spells alluded to in the following song, was implicitly believed in by the peasantry in the days of our great-grandmothers. Education has not yet made so great a progress in the more secluded villages, as to prevent many a lass from giving it more than a half-assent at the present time.]

A KERNEL from an apple-core
One day on either cheek I wore :
Lubin was plac'd on my right cheek,
That on my left did Hodge bespeak.
Hodge in an instant dropp'd to ground,—
Sure token that his love's unsound ;
But Lubin nothing could remove,—
Sure token his is constant love.

To find the man who loves me best,
'Fly,' said I, 'south, north, east, and west ;'
The lady-bird is westward flown,
For westward is my Lubin gone.
Last Valentine, at break of day,
Before the stars were chas'd away,
I met, or may he faithless prove,
Lubin, my valentine, my love !

Last May I sought to find a snail
That might my lover's name reveal ;
Which finding, home I quickly sped,
And on the hearth the embers spread ;
When, if my letters I can tell,
I saw it mark a curious L.
Oh ! may this omen lucky prove !
For L's for Lubin and for Love.

I SAID TO MYSELF.

I SAID to myself, 'Now, Floretta,' says I,
'Supposing the case were your own,—
Would you not be the first ev'ry method to try,
To get rid of this canting old drone ?
You well know you would ; and you're worse than
a Turk.

If one minute you hesitate, whether
In justice you should not your wits set to work,
To bring Lubin and Gillian together.

'To be certain, old Formal will frown and look blue,
Call you Baggage, Deceitful, Bold-face,
With all manner of names he can lay his tongue to,
And perhaps turn you out of your place.
What of that ?—Let him frown ; let him spit all his
spite :
Your heart, still as light as a feather,
With truth shall assure you 'tis doing but right,
To bring Gillian and Lubin together.'

THE FACE WHICH FREQUENTLY DISPLAYS.

THE face, which frequently displays
An index of the mind,
Dame Nature has her various ways
To stamp on human kind.

Purs'd brows denote the purse-proud man,
Intent on some new scheme ;
Clos'd eyes the politician,
For ever in a dream :

But features of ingenuous kind,
Which semblance bear of truth,
Display, methinks, in face and mind,
The portrait of this youth.

DUET—HOW, LUBIN.

FLORETTA AND LUBIN.

Flo. How ! Lubin sad ?—this is not common ;
What do ye sigh for ?

Lub. A woman.

Flo. How fair is she who on your brow
Prints care ?

Lub. Just such a toy as thou.

Flo. What has she done ?

Lub. For ever lost my love.

Flo. That's sad, indeed ! And can no prayers
move ?

Lub. None : 'tis too late, —that folly is o'er :
My love's turn'd to hate, and I'll see her no
more.

The time has been, when all our boast
Was who should love the other most,—
How did I count without my host !
I thought her mine for ever.

OPERAS AND DRAMATIC PIECES.

But now I know her all deceit,—
Will tell her so whence'er we meet ;
And, were she sighing at my feet—

Flo. You would forgive her :

Lub. Never !

Flo. Then I may e'en go back, I find ;
To serve you, sir, I was inclin'd :
But to your own advantage blind,
'Twould be a vain endeavour.
'Tis certain she does all she can ;
And we had form'd a charming plan
To take her from the Quaker-man.

Lub. Nay, pr'ythee tell it—

Flo. Never !

WITH RESPECT, SIR, TO YOU.

With respect, sir, to you, be it spoken,
So well do I like your advice,
He shall have it ; and by the same token,
I don't much intend to be nice.

There's something so comical in it,
I ne'er was so tickled by half ;
And was I to die the next minute,
I verily think I should laugh.

Affairs happen better and better,
Your worship,—but mind the old put ;
When first he looks over the letter,
I say, what a figure he'll cut !

IN VERITY, DAMSEL.

In verity, damsel, thou surely wilt find
That my manners are simple and plain ;
That my words and my actions, my lips and my
mind,
By my own good-will never are twain.
I love thee—umph !
Would move thee—umph !
Of love to be a partaker.
Relent then—umph !
Consent then—umph !
And take thy upright Quaker.

Though vain I am not, nor of fopp'ry possess'd,
Wouldst thou yield to be wedded to me,
Thou shouldest find, gentle damsel, a heart in my
breast,
As joyful as joyful can be.

I love thee, &c.

CATCH—LET NIMBLE DANCERS.

Let nimble dancers beat the ground ;
Let tabor, flageolet, and fife,
Be heard from ev'ry bow'r ;
Let the can go round :
What's the health ?—Long life
To the donor of the dower.

THE QUAKER.

Thou man of firmness, turn this way,
Nor time by absence measure,—
The sportive dance, the sprightly lay
Shall wake thee into pleasure :
Spite of thy formal outward man,
Thou 'rt gay, as we shall prove thee :
Then cheer thee—laugh away thy span,
And let the spirit move thee.

None are more just, more true, more fair,
More upright in their dealings,
Than men of thy profession are—
But are they without feelings ?
E'en now I know thy honest heart
Full sorely doth reprove thee ;—
Be gay, then—in our joy take part,
And let the spirit move thee !

A BUNDLE OF OLD PROVERBS.

[The two following ballads were intended for, but were never actually introduced into, 'The Quaker']

Thou'st heard those old proverbs,—ne'er lean on
a rush ;
A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush ;
'Tis the money paid down that decides who's the
winner ;
Who waits upon Fortune's ne'er sure of a dinner ;
Out of sight out of mind ; delaying breeds danger ;
He ought to be cozen'd who trusts to a stranger ;
Heaven take my friends and the Old One my brother ;
Promising's one thing, performing another ;

Much may fall out 'twixt the cup and the lip ;
The builder's receipt 's the best sail in the ship ;
'Tis a good thing to lend, but a better to borrow ;
Pay me to-day, and I'll trust you to-morrow ;
Brag is a good dog, but Hold-fast a better ;
You may guess at a word when you know the first
letter ;
There's not the most fire when you see the most
smother ;
Promising's one thing, performing another.

WOMEN ARE WILL O' TH' WISPS.

Women are Will o' th' Wisps, 'tis plain,—
The closer they seem, still the more they retire ;
They tease you and jade you,
And round about lead you,
Without hopes of shelter,
Ding-dong, helter-skelter,
Through water and fire ;
And, when you believe every danger and pain
From your heart you may banish,
And you're near the possession of all you desire,
That instant they vanish,
And the devil a bit can you catch them again.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

By some they're not badly compar'd to the sea,
Which is calm and tempestuous within the same
hour ;
They're a sweet race of angels, o'er man that have
power,
His person, his heart—nay, his reason, to seize,
And lead the poor devil wherever they please.

From the Impostor; or, All's not Gold that Glitters.

[A Musical Dialogue, written for Saddler's Wells, 1776.]

THE IRISH CHAIRMAN.

I AM a chairman, my name's M'Gee,
No flower in May was so blithe as me,
Till that bastard Cupid lodg'd, in disguise,
In pretty Bridget's two good-looking eyes ;
'Arrah ! is't you ?' the urchin cried,
'I've a strong bow I never tried :'
Like a shilelah then he chose a dart,
And what a whack it gave my heart !
And since that time I grunt and sigh,
And sob, and moan, *because* as why—
I strive to hate, but am ne'er the nigher,—
By her frosty looks I'm all on fire.
Oh ! Bridget, Bridget, ease my pain,
Or give me back my heart again ;
Or else, in truth, do all I can,
My partner 'll soon be an odd man.

A WORD IN YOUR EAR.

A WORD in your ear, if you please, Mr. Fop—
No more in this pickle be roaming ;
But pull off your fool's jacket, step home to your
shop,
And gentlemen's pigtails be combing.
Be advis'd by a fool, by my soul ! and dat's me :
Though we fancy it never so greedy,
'Tis not for the likes of such people as we
To be aping my lord and my lady.
For you, Mrs. Bridget, if just in the room
Of being dress'd out like an actor,
You were twirling your mop round, or handling
your broom,
'Twould be more, I believe, in character.
Be advis'd by a fool, &c.

From the Metamorphosis.

[A Comic Opera, first performed at the Haymarket, 1776. Some of the incidents are taken from Molière's Sicilian, and one of the characters is borrowed from another comedy. In other respects, the piece is altogether Dibdin's.]

AH ! DEAR MARCELLA.

Ah, dear Marcella ! maid divine,
No more will I at fate repine,
If I this day behold thee mine,
For dearly do I love thee.

Thy ease shall be my sweet employ,
My constant care, my every joy ;
May, then, no chance my hopes destroy,
For dearly do I love thee.

Sweet is the woodbine to the bee,
The rising sun to every tree ;
But sweeter far art thou to me,
For dearly do I love thee.

And let me but behold thee mine,
No more will I at fate repine ;
But, while I live, thou maid divine,
With rapture will I love thee.

THE TINKER.

I AM a tinker by my trade,—
Each day I live I mend ;
I'm such a universal friend,
I hide the faults by others made,—
Work for the tinker, ho ! good wives :—
'Twere well, while I your kettles mend,
If you'd amend your lives.

The best that's going is my trade,
'Tis even better than the laws ;
By them are breaches wider made,—
I daily stop up many a flaw.

That we should mend, is each man's story—
A doctrine 'tis that all will teach ;
Then how much better, pray, am I,
Who practise what they only preach ?

WHAT EXCUSE.

AND for you, Sir,
Tell me true, Sir,
Are you not a graceless wretch ?
For this abuse now,
What excuse now,
Can you trump up—what new fetch ?

Come, protest now
'Twas all jest now,—
Let me see some signs of grace ;
How ?—Nay then, Sir,
Ne'er again, Sir,
Dare to look me in the face.

JEALOUSY.

WHAT state of life can be so bless'd
As love that warms a lover's breast,
Two souls in one the same desire,
To grant the bliss, and to require ?
But if in heaven a hell we find,
'Tis all from thee,
Oh ! jealousy,
Thou tyrant of the mind.

THE MEETING.

MODERATO.

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff is for voice and piano, and the bottom staff is for piano only. The key signature is A major (one sharp). The time signature starts at 3/4 and changes to 4/4. The vocal part begins with a dynamic of *p*. The lyrics are:

The bu-sy crew the sails un-bend-ing, The ship in har - bour safe ar-

riv'd, The bu - sy crew the sails un - bend-ing, The ship in

The piano accompaniment features chords and rhythmic patterns that provide harmonic support for the vocal line.

THE MEETING.

har - bour safe ar - riv'd, Jack Oak-um, all his pe-rils end-ing, Jack Oak-um,

all his pe-rils end-ing, Had made the port where Kit - ty liv'd— Had made the

port where Kit - ty liv'd.

3

p

64

OPERAS AND DRAMATIC PIECES.

False in thy glass all objects are,
Some set too near, and some too far ;
Thou art the fire of endless night,
The fire that burns, and gives no light.
All torments, ev'ry ill we find
In only thee,
Oh ! jealousy,
Thou tyrant of the mind.

THE MEETING.

THE busy crew the sails unbending,
The ship in harbour safe arriv'd,
Jack Oakum, all his perils ending,
Had made the port where Kitty liv'd.

His rigging no one durst attack it,
Tight fore and aft, above, below,
Long-quarter'd shoes, check'd shirt, blue jacket,
And trowsers like the driv'n snow.

And thus his heart with pleasure stowing,
He flew like lightning o'er the side ;
And scarce had been the boat's length rowing
When lovely Kitty he espied.

A flowing penant gayly flutter'd
From her hat all made of straw,
Red, like her cheeks, when first she utter'd—
'Sure, 'twas my sailor that I saw !'

And now the thronging crew surround her ;
And now, secure from all alarms,
Swift as a ball from a nine-pounder,
They dart into each other's arms.

'TWAS IN A VILLAGE, NEAR CASTLE-BURY.

'Twas in a village, near Castlebury,
A cobbler and his wife did dwell ;
And for a time no two so merry,—
Their happiness no tongue can tell :
But to this couple, the neighbours tell us,
Something did happen that caus'd much strife ;
For, going to the nasty alehouse,
The man got drunk, and beat his wife.

But though he treated her so vilely,
What did his wife, good creature, do ?
Kept snug, and found a method sly
To wring his heart quite through and through ;
For Dick the tapster, and his master,
By the report that then was rife,
Were both in hopes, by this disaster,
To gain the cobbler's pretty wife.

While things went on to rack and ruin,
And all their furniture was sold,
She seem'd t' approve what each was doing,
And got from each a purse of gold :
So, when the cobbler's cares were over,
He swore to lead an alter'd life,
To mind his work, ne'er be a rover,
And love no other than his wife.

BEFRIEND ME, EV'RY TENDER POWER.

BEFRIEND me, ev'ry tender power,
A lover's hopes befriend ;
Be this the bright auspicious hour,
When all my cares shall end ;
When dread suspicion's far away,
So sweetly I'll beguile,
In rapture, ev'ry passing day,
To see Marcella smile.

The heaviest chains are easy borne,
The culprit once repriev'd ;
And though I'm from my fair one torn
My bosom is reliev'd ;
For, dread suspicion far away,
I sweetly shall beguile,
In rapture, ev'ry passing day,
To see Marcella smile.

AH ! DROOP NO MORE.

AH, droop no more,
The thunder's roar,
That sounded deep and loud,
Thank heaven ! at last
Is gone and past,
With every threat'ning cloud.

Calm is the air,
The morning's fair,
The sun begins to shine ;
A smiling day
Now seems to say,
Marcella shall be mine.

GREAT HERCULES.

GREAT Hercules, we've heard, was a slave to Omphale,
And all sorts of hardships submitted to daily ;
Still advent'ring, in hopes to have her for his pains,
What giants and monsters and snakes did he slay !
What stables clean out, and what birds drive away !
Even lions, that fool hardy, at him shook their manes,
With his club
Would he drub,
'Till he dash'd out their brains.

So having an Omphale too, sir,
Like him I have nothing to do, sir,
But to ward off some evil design :
Nay—what with sailors and madmen, and singers
and friars,
And Jezebel jades, braggadocios and liars,
To neither side lean,
And 'twill quickly be seen,
That his labours were nothing to mine.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

From the Seraglio.

[A Comic Opera, first acted at Covent Garden Theatre,
Nov. 14, 1776.]

HERE EACH MORN.

HERE each morn and ev'ry eve,
In dewy ray returning,
Shall share the sorrows that I breathe,
Shall witness to my mourning :
Echo, catch the plaintive lay,—
To her heart discover
How, for her, forlorn I stray ;
How well, how true, I love her !

If forbidden to renew
The vows which once we plighted,
My Lydia's fate I will pursue,
In death, at least, united :
The latest breath that warms this clay
At parting shall discover—
How I sigh my soul away,
How well, how true, I love her.

RONDEAU—BLOW HIGH, BLOW LOW.

[This, the first, and one of the most celebrated of Dibdin's Sea-Songs, was written in a gale of wind, on a thirteen hours' passage from Calais, whither he had been on a party of pleasure with some friends. 'It arose,' he says, 'out of reflections that I was on my return to her who has since lent inspiration to so many similar sentiments, of which this was a specimen.']

Blow high, blow low, let tempests tear
The mainmast by the board ;
My heart, with thoughts of thee, my dear,
And love, well-stor'd,
Shall brave all danger, scorn all fear,
The roaring winds, the raging sea,
In hopes on shore
To be once more
Safe moor'd with thee.

Aloft while mountains high we go,
The whistling winds that send along,
And the surge roaring from below,
Shall my signal be,
To think on thee,
And this shall be my song :
Blow high, blow low, &c.

And on that night when all the crew
The mem'ry of their former lives
O'er flowing cans of flip renew,
And drink their sweethearts and their wives,
I'll heave a sigh, and think on thee ;
And as the ship rolls through the sea,
The burden of my song shall be—
Blow high, blow low, &c.

THE BASHAW.

HAIL to Sadi Abdallah Chiquaw,
Of ev'ry village, port, and town,
City and province of renown,
In fifty leagues, the Grand Bashaw.

Whose steps a thousand slaves attend,
Whose power with wonder we behold,
Whose mighty treasure's without end,
Whose palace shines with massy gold.

His sword is like the morning ray,
His helmet a beam of the sky ;—
Where he comes, he casts round him perpetual day,
And his prostrate slaves lift their voices and cry
Hail, &c.

THE LITTLE BIRDS.

The little birds, as well as you,
I've mark'd with anxious care—
How free their pleasures they pursue,
How void of ev'ry care.
But birds of various kinds you'll meet,
Some constant to their loves :
Are chatt'ring sparrows half so sweet
As teader cooing doves ?

Birds have their pride, like human-kind :—
Some on their notes presume ;
Some on their form ; and some you'll find
Proud of a gaudy plume ;—
Some love a hundred ; some you'll meet
Still constant to their loves :—
Are chatt'ring sparrows half so sweet
As tender cooing doves ?

THE QUEEN OF THE HAREM.

If it was not that such a meek creature as you
They'd imagine to have a concern in't,
Before I'd be pent, like a bird in a mew,
I'd set it on fire, and burn in't.

Why, child, what d'ye talk ?—Over ev'rything here
I absolute hold a dominion ;
And I'll lay you my life, let to-morrow appear,
That you'll own yourself of my opinion.

I command at my will ev'ry slave, ev'ry mute,
His retinue and all his regalia ;
And I'll come and I'll go,
Say yes, or say no,
Just as fancy, or whim, or caprice, it shall suit ;
Or I'll take ev'ry key,
Set all the slaves free,
And turn out of doors the seraglio.

AH! WHAT AVAILS.

Ah ! what avails the brightest worth
That in Abdallah's bosom flows ?
Though truth and reason there have birth,
Though there each radiant virtue glows !
Must I, at distance plac'd, survey
The beam that other hearts inspires,
While, with unkind averted ray,
From me its cheering warmth retires ?

BLOW HIGH, BLOW LOW.

The musical score consists of two staves of piano music in common time, key of G major (indicated by a sharp sign). The top staff uses a treble clef, and the bottom staff uses an bass clef. The music features various dynamics and articulations, including forte (f), piano (p), and mezzo-forte (mf). The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes in two sections. The first section of lyrics is: "Blow high, blow low, let tem-pests tear the main-mast by the board; My". The second section of lyrics is: "heart, with thoughts of thee, my dear, And love, well stor'd, Shall". The music concludes with a dynamic marking of *mf*.

Blow high, blow low, let tem-pests tear the main-mast by the board; My

heart, with thoughts of thee, my dear, And love, well stor'd, Shall

BLOW HIGH, BLOW LOW.

cres for p

brave all dan - ger, scorn all fear, The roar - ing winds, the ra - ging sea, In

f

hopes on shore To be once more Safe moor'd with thee. A-

loft while moun-tains high we go, The whist - ling winds that scud a-long, And the

surge roar - ing from be - low, Shall my

f

BLOW HIGH BLOW LOW.

sig - nal be, To think on thee, Shall my sig - nal be, To

think on thee, And this shall be my song: Blow

high, blow low, let tem-pests tear the main-mast by the hoard: My

heart, with thoughts of thee, my dear, And love, well stor'd, Shall

mf

BLOW HIGH, BLOW LOW.

cres for p

brave all dan - ger, scorn all fear, The roar - ing winds, the ra - ging sea, In

f

hopes on shore To be once more Safe moor'd with thee. And

on that night when all the crew The mem'ry of their for - mer lives O'er

flow - ing cans of flip re-new, And drink their sweet-hearts and their wives,

BLOW HIGH, BLOW LOW.

I'll heave a sigh, I'll heave a sigh, and think on thee : And as the

ship rolls through the sea, The bur-den of my song shall be— Blow

high, blow low, let tem-pests tear the main-mast by the board; My

heart, with thoughts of thee, my dear, And love, well stor'd, Shall

mf

BLOW HIGH, BLOW LOW.

The sheet music consists of two staves of musical notation. The top staff uses a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics for this section are: "brave all dan - ger, scorn all fear, The roar - ing winds, the ra - ging sea, In". The bottom staff uses a bass clef and a key signature of two sharps. The lyrics for this section are: "hopes on shore To be once more Safe moor'd with thee.". The music includes dynamic markings such as *cres*, *for*, *p*, and *f*. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

THE SIGNAL TO ENGAGE.

ALLEGRO.

The musical score consists of two staves of piano music. The top staff uses a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The bottom staff uses a bass clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The time signature is 2/4 throughout. The first section of the music features eighth-note patterns and sixteenth-note chords. The second section begins with a vocal line, with lyrics appearing below the notes. The lyrics are:

The sig - nal to en - gage shall be A whis - tle and a hol - lo!— a
whis - tle and a hol - lo!— a whis - tle and a hol - lo! The

THE SIGNAL TO ENGAGE.

The musical score consists of four systems of music, each with three staves: Treble, Bass, and Alto. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats), and the time signature is common time (indicated by a 'C').

System 1: The lyrics are "sig - nal to en - gage shall be A whis - tle and a hol - lo! Be". The music features eighth-note patterns in the treble and bass staves, with sixteenth-note patterns in the alto staff.

System 2: The lyrics are "one and all but firm like me, And con - quest soon will fol - - low.". The music continues with eighth-note patterns in the treble and bass staves, and sixteenth-note patterns in the alto staff.

System 3: The lyrics are "You, Gun-nel, keep the helm in hand,— You," followed by a dynamic instruction "f". The music includes eighth-note patterns in the treble and bass staves, and sixteenth-note patterns in the alto staff.

System 4: The lyrics are "Gun-nel, keep the helm in hand; Thus, thus, boys, stea - dy, stea - - dy,— Thus," followed by a dynamic instruction "f". The music concludes with eighth-note patterns in the treble and bass staves, and sixteenth-note patterns in the alto staff.

THE SIGNAL TO ENGAGE.

A musical score for 'The Signal to Engage'. The music is in common time and consists of two staves: Treble and Bass. The Treble staff uses a treble clef and the Bass staff uses a bass clef. The key signature is one flat. The lyrics are integrated into the musical notes. The first section of lyrics is: 'thus, boys—stea-dy, stea - - dy, Till right a - head you see the land;'. The second section starts with 'Then soon as we are rea - dy,' followed by 'The sig - nal to en-' and 'gage shall be A whis-tle and a hol - lo!—a whis - tle and a'. The third section continues with 'hol - lo!— a whis - tle and a hol - lo! The'. The music features various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. There are dynamic markings like 'mf' (mezzo-forte) and performance instructions like 'hollo!' and 'whistle' placed above the notes. The score is enclosed in a rectangular border.

thus, boys—stea-dy, stea - - dy, Till right a - head you see the land;

Then soon as we are rea - dy, The sig - nal to en-

gage shall be A whis-tle and a hol - lo!—a whis - tle and a

hol - lo!— a whis - tle and a hol - lo! The

THE SIGNAL TO ENGAGE.

sig - nal to en - gage shall be A whis - tle and a hol - lo! Be

one and all but firm like me, And con - quest soon will fol - - low.

Keep, boys, a good look out, d'ye hear?—'Tis

for old En-gland's ho - our: Just as you've brought your low - er tier Broad-

The musical score consists of four staves of music in common time and G major. The first staff features a treble clef, the second a bass clef, the third an alto clef, and the fourth an bass clef. The music includes various note values such as eighth and sixteenth notes, rests, and dynamic markings like *f* (fortissimo), *mp* (mezzo-forte), and *p* (pianissimo). The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines, with some words appearing above the staff and others below it. The score is enclosed in a decorative rectangular border.

THE SIGNAL TO ENGAGE.

The musical score consists of four staves of music in common time, key signature of one flat. The vocal parts are in soprano and alto voices, with piano accompaniment. The lyrics are:

side to bear up - on her,—Just as you've brought your low - er tier Broad-

side to bear up - on her, The sig - nal to en - gage shall be A

whis - tie and a hol - lo!— a whis - tie and a hol - lo!— a

whis - tie and a hol - lo! The sig - nal to en-

THE SIGNAL TO ENGAGE.

The musical score consists of four staves of music in common time and G major. The vocal parts are in soprano and alto voices, with piano accompaniment. The lyrics are as follows:

gage shall be a whis - tle and a hol - - lo! Be
 one and all but firm like me, And con - quest soon will fol - - low.
 All hands then, boys, the ship to clear,—
 All hands then, boys, the ship to clear; Load all your

Accompaniment dynamics include *f*, *mp*, and *f*.

THE SIGNAL TO ENGAGE.

A musical score for 'The Signal to Engage' in common time and F major. The score consists of four staves, each with a treble clef and a bass clef. The first staff contains lyrics: 'guns and mor-tars; Si - lent as death th' at-tack pre - pare,' with a dynamic marking 'pp' below the staff. The second staff continues the lyrics: 'And, when you're all at quar - ters, - -' The third staff continues: 'and when you're all at quar - ters, The' The fourth staff concludes the lyrics: 'sig - nal to en - gage shall be A whis - tie and a hol - lo! - a'

THE SIGNAL TO ENGAGE.

The musical score consists of four systems of music, each with three staves: Treble, Bass, and Alto. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats), and the time signature is common time (indicated by a 'C').

System 1: The lyrics are "whis-tle and a hol-lo! — a whis-tle and a hol-lo! The". The music features eighth-note patterns in the treble staff and quarter-note patterns in the bass staff.

System 2: The lyrics are "sig - nal to en - gage shall be A whis - tie and a hol - lo! Be". The music includes eighth-note chords in the treble staff and eighth-note patterns in the bass staff.

System 3: The lyrics are "one and all but firm like me, And con - quest soon will fol - low.". The music features eighth-note patterns in the treble staff and eighth-note chords in the bass staff.

System 4: The lyrics are omitted for this system. The music concludes with a dynamic marking 'f' (fortissimo) over the treble staff, followed by a double bar line and repeat dots.

OPERAS AND DRAMATIC PIECES.

WHAT SHALL I DO.

WHAT shall I do ? oh, la ! oh, la !
I am all over quite one thaw ;
I only saw an aged yew,
Through which the wind but whistling blew,
And thinking it a horrid Turk,
Who swore he to the wall would pin me,
For fear lest he should fall to work,
I ran as if the devil was in me.

I am a very drowning rat,—
I dread each breath of air I hear,—
I dare not look—Oh, Lord ! what's that ?—
I believe 'twas nothing but my fear.
What wretch would now be in my coat ?
This frolic dearly we shall rue :
I feel the bowstring at my throat !
What shall I do ?—What shall I do ?

PEACE OR WAR.

I SIMPLY wait for your command, sir,—
Is it peace, or is it war ?
Shall we quarrel, or shake hands, sir ?
Which, good Signior, are you for ?

You've naught to do but speak your mind, sir ;
Only give me, then, my cue :
If for scolding you're inclin'd, sir,
I can scold as well as you.

But did you give a single hint, sir,
That peace and quiet you preferr'd,
There'd be no obligation in't, sir,—
I would not speak another word.

THE PIous PILGRIM.

THE pious pilgrim, who from far
Has journey'd, weak and faint,
The hallow'd fabric to revere,
That holds some fav'rite saint,
Not deeper plunges in despair,
If all his toil is vain,
Than does the hopeless suff'r here,
Nor feels severer pain.

MY TRUE LOVE.

My true love the cruel sea
From me did sever ;
Then my poor heart was rent in twain,
For much I fear'd, ah ! woe to me !
That he would never
To my arms return again.

What must I feel, then, at this hour,
If I love, if I esteem him,
To see him bound, and have no pow'r
But sighs and wishes to redeem him ?

RONDEAU—THE SIGNAL TO ENGAGE.

THE signal to engage shall be
A whistle and a hollo !
Be one and all but firm like me,
And conquest soon will follow.

You, Gunnel, keep the helm in hand ;
Thus, thus, boys—steady, steady,
Till right a-head you see the land ;
Then soon as we are ready,
The signal, &c.

Keep, boys, a good look-out—d'y'e hear ?
'Tis for old England's honour :
Just as you've brought your lower tier
Broadside to bear upon her,
The signal, &c.

All hands then, boys, the ship to clear ;
Load all your guns and mortars ;
Silent as death th' attack prepare,
And, when you're all at quarters,
The signal, &c.

THE MOON.

How beautiful, and how serene,
Shines, yonder, Night's resplendent Queen.
Kindly to comfort those who roam,
And light the trav'ler to his home !
Oh ! thou, whose beams so sweetly play,
Bestow one kind, one cheering ray ;
One sympathetic gleam impart,
To heal the anguish in my heart.

FINALE.

AWAY with rough tyrannic rules,
From Reason's precepts that depart ;
Be mine the pow'r that not controls,
But mildly wins the pliant heart :
When gen'rous dictates lead the mind,
Then, then alone of bliss possess'd,
In others' joys our own we find,—
In blessing others truly bless'd.

Beneath such kind protecting care,
Rich Commerce spreads his golden wings,
And Science doth her banner rear,
And rugged Labour toils and sings ;
The virtuous maid and constant youth
Their mutual wishes free obtain ;
And love, and innocence, and truth,
In undisturb'd enjoyment reign :

The ready sailor quits the shore,
His sov'reign's honour to maintain ;
And when the dang'rous toil is o'er,
Partakes the blessings of the plain,
Where mirth, amid the rural throngs,
The triumphs of his pow'r imparts,
And carols from a thousand tongues
Speak lively thoughts and grateful hearts.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBBDIN.

From the Vineyard Revels.

[A Pantomime acted at Saddler's Wells, 1777.]

CHORUS OF BACCHANALS.

COME away, come away, come away ;
Sons of rapture ! come away ;
Love and laugh, and sport and play,—
This is Bacchus' holyday.

Now, ere yet the golden sun
All his fiery course hath run,
Ere from the Atlantic steep
His steeds have plung'd into the deep,
Painting, with celestial red,
A blush about his wat'ry head,—
Festive satyrs, nymphs, and fawns,
Through the woods and o'er the lawns
Dance the fleeting hours away,
And carol the departing day !

HOPPICKERS' SONG.

COME, neighbours, away to the hopgrounds, away !
Behold the bright season invite,
Where pleasure attends on the toils of the day,
And labour is crown'd with delight.
Haste, haste, then, and strip, as it bends from the pole,
The fruit that gives vigour and strength to the soul :—
Our hearts and our spirits to cheer,
It warms and enlivens the true British beer.
Let innocent mirth to loud harmony raise,
And rapture pour forth all our songs in its praise,—
'Tis the liquor we love—"tis the juice we revere ;
'Tis the spring of our courage—the true British beer.
Content with the riches of Britain's fair isle,
Let the subjects of Britain rejoice ;
May no foreign vintage our senses beguile,
No stream of the grape have our voice.
Rich harvests of corn shall their full measure yield,
And the flavour of hops crown the juice of the field ;
Sport, pleasure, and love, banish sorrow and fear,
While we toss off our cans of the true British beer !

ANACREONTIC.

EVEN BANISH'D TILL TO-MORROW.

EVEN banish'd till to-morrow
Be the thought of pain and sorrow :
Bacchus ! child of Jove, to thee
All the present I decree—
In thy still-replenish'd bowl
Let me lave my thirsty soul ;
Bid thy wreaths my temple twine ;
Give me rivers—floods of wine !

CATCH—WHAT IS WINE.

WHAT is wine ?—O tell us !
Name its pow'r, ye jovial felows.
Wine 's a great, a mighty treasure,—
'Tis riches, courage, pleasure !

From She is Mad for a Husband.

[Written for Saddler's Wells, 1777.]

THE CHINK.

OH money ! thou master of all things below,
Of each chain thou'rt the principal link ;
What can purchase a friend, or can buy off a foe,
Or make black appear white, like the chink ?
Your lawyers, physicians—in short, ev'ry tribe,
Who to eat dip the pen in their ink,
Would they write, or advise, or consult, or prescribe,
Were it not for the sake of the chink ?
Of men and of women, high, low, great, and small,
'Tis the life, 'tis the victuals, the drink ;
'Tis a good universal acknowledg'd—all, all
Revive at the sound of the chink.
No more talk of Cupid,—for thine, far above,
His power to nothing can sink :
I doat to distraction, could have her I love,
Alas ! if I had but the chink.

MAD WOMEN.

To be mad for a husband is not a thing new :
The widow who swore to her first to be true,
And the moment he's dead at a rout goes to cards,
And a week after marries Dick Trim, of the Guards,
Because truly Dick was a lusty young lad ;—
What a plague ! do you call such a woman but mad ?
The young lady, brim full of the last new romance,
Who ogles the footman, as if 'twere by chance ;
Who gets out of her room by a ladder of ropes,
And at last, with her John, who to Scotland elopes,
Leaving, sore in affliction, her worthy old dad ;—
What a plague ! do you call such a woman but mad ?
She, because he is rich, and because she is poor,
Who weds with a batter'd old rake of fourscore ;
She at seventy-seven who marries a boy ;
For title and rank, she who barters all joy ;
Those who marry for motives like these, or as bad,—
What a plague ! do you call all such women but mad ?

YOUNG DOLL.

YOUNG Doll, a comely village girl,
Was courted by a huge rich 'squire,
Who offer'd diamonds, gold, and pearl,
Or gossip Fame 's a woundy liar ;
But to honest Doll
Virtue was all,
So he could ne'er get nothing by her ;
And for all his gear,
With a flea in his ear,
She packing sent this huge rich 'squire.
One day, as he had hunting been,
Came 'cross the fields this huge rich 'squire,
On the finest horse that e'er was seen,
And, spying Doll, was all on fire.

WHILE UP THE SHROUDS.

Moderato.

While up the shrouds the sai-lor goes, Or
ven-tures on the yard, The lands-man, who no bet-ter knows, Be-lieves his lot is
hard—be - lieves his lot is hard; But Jack with smiles each dan - ger meets, Casts

WHILE UP THE SHROUDS.

The musical score consists of two staves of music in common time, key signature of one flat. The top staff uses a treble clef and the bottom staff uses an bass clef. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing between the staves and under specific notes. The first section of lyrics is: "an - chor, heaves the log, Trims all the sails, be - lays the sheets, And". The second section starts with "cres" (crescendo) and continues with "drinks his can of grog. But Jack with smiles each dan - ger meets, Weighs". The third section repeats the first lyrics: "an - chor, heaves the log, Trims all the sails, be - lays the sheets, And". The fourth section ends with "drinks his can of grog.". The music features various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The bass staff includes some bass clef variations and rests.

an - chor, heaves the log, Trims all the sails, be - lays the sheets, And

cres

drinks his can of grog. But Jack with smiles each dan - ger meets, Weighs

for

an - chor, heaves the log, Trims all the sails, be - lays the sheets, And

drinks his can of grog.

OPERAS AND DRAMATIC PIECES.

Doll, in a fright,
Saw him alight,
And ran o'er bramble and o'er brier ;
But in the nick,
What a cunning trick
The gipsy play'd this huge rich 'squire !
Finding herself quite overtook,
She cried out to this huge rich 'squire,
I fear my father sees us—look
Over the hedge—a little higher.
While he upon
This work was gone,
Doll mounts his horse, and in the mire
Of hope bereft,
She fairly left,
To curse his stars, this huge rich 'squire.

ALAS! WHERE IS MY LOVER ?

ALAS! where is my lover gone ?
In all the world I have but one,—
Near to my heart his image sits,
And 'twas for him I lost my wits.
Where art thou fled, my only dear ?
To find thee they have sent me here ;
Thou'l cure, they say, these love-sick fits,
And give me back again my wits.
Haste, then : to pleasure show the way,
For now in doubt and fear I stray,—
My brain with dubious torment splits ;
Haste, then, and give me back my wits.

HYDROPHOBIA.

He ran to the farmyard, and there bit a hog,
That, in less than ten minutes, bark'd just like a dog ;
The hog bit a horse that was just come from hunting,
And presently after the horse fell a grunting.
Such grunting and barking, and barking and
grunting,
And grunting and barking, and barking and grunting !
The village will never have done with the talk on't,
Though the wisest man there cannot make hog or
dog on't.

A fine brindle cow near a haystack was straying,
Which, bit by the horse, was soon after heard
neighing ;
The cow bit a man, who was driving a plough,
When he walk'd on all-fours, and low'd just like
the cow.
Such lowing and neighing, and barking and grunting,
And grunting and barking, and neighing and lowing !
The village will never have done with the talk on't,
Though the wisest man there cannot make hog or
dog on't.

The man bit a jackass, that soon after ran
Half a mile on two legs, and talk'd just like the man;
The jackass encounter'd a sheep in his way,
And 'tis not to be mention'd how loud he did bray.

Such braying and talking, and talking and braying,
And barking and grunting, and lowing and neighing !
The village will never have done with the talk on't,
Though the wisest man there cannot make hog or
dog on't.

The sheep bit a wolf, which was soon heard to bleat,
The wolf more dumb things than I've time to repeat !
But the worst that was bit was, alas ! my poor wench :
Heav'n keep us, I say, from mad dogs and the French !
Such bleating and talking, and barking and braying,
And grunting and bleating, and lowing and neighing !
The village will never have done with the talk on't,
Though the wisest man there cannot make hog or
dog on't.

YEA, OR THE FRIENDLY CARS.

[Another of the numerous Musical Dialogues written for Saddler's Wells during the season 1777. It is rich in good and deservedly popular songs.]

WHILE UP THE SHROUDS.

WHILE up the shrouds the sailor goes,
Or ventures on the yard,
The landsman, who no better knows,
Believes his lot is hard ;
But Jack with smiles each danger meets,
Casts anchor, heaves the log,
Trims all the sails, belays the sheets,
And drinks his can of grog.

When mountains high the waves that swell
The vessel rudely bear,
Now sinking in a hollow dell,
Now quiv'ring in the air—
Bold Jack, &c.

When waves 'gainst rocks and quicksands roar
You ne'er hear him repine ;
Freezing near Greenland's icy shore,
Or burning near the line—
Bold Jack, &c.

If to engage they give the word,
To quarters all repair,
While splinter'd masts go by the board,
And shots sing through the air—
Bold Jack, &c.

YO, YEA.

I SAIL'D in the good ship, the Kitty,
With a smart blowing gale and rough sea,
Left my Polly, the lads call so pretty,
Safe here at an anchor, Yo Yea !

She blubber'd salt tears when we parted,
And cried, 'Now be constant to me,'
I told her not to be down-hearted,
So up went the anchor, Yo Yea !

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBBDIN.

And from that time, no worse nor no better,
I've thought on just nothing but she ;
Nor could grog nor flip make me forget her,—
She's my best bower-anchor, Yo Yea !

When the wind whistled larboard and starboard,
And the storm came on weather and lee,
The hope I with her should be harbour'd
Was my cable and anchor, Yo Yea !

And yet, my boys, would you believe me,
I return'd with no rhino from sea :
Mistress Polly would never receive me,—
So again I heav'd anchor, Yo Yea !

IF 'TIS TO LOVE.

If 'tis to love to wish you near,
To tremble when the wind I hear,
Because at sea you floating rove :
If to dream of you at night,
To languish when you're out of sight,
If this be loving—then I love.

If, when you're gone, to count each hour,
To ask of ev'ry tender pow'r
That you may kind and faithful prove :
If, void of falsehood and deceit,
I feel a pleasure now we meet,—
If this be loving—then I love.

To wish your fortune to partake,
Determin'd never to forsake,
Though low in poverty we strove :
If so that me your wife you'd call,
I'd offer you my little all,—
If this be loving—then I love.

THE HEART OF A TAR.

[Dibdin's versatile genius, accommodating itself readily, as it did, to almost everything that he attempted, is never so thoroughly at home as in a sea-song. His sailors are sailors in good truth; not fellows of that hybrid class which ordinarily figure in nautical melodramas, and who know nothing of the sea or its dwellers, 'more than a spinster,' but such as haunt Wapping Old Stairs and the Dock-yards, a race *sui generis*—of the water, watery—amorous, groggy, and maritime.' He paints from nature, and never attempts to produce that ugliest monster, a *beau ideal*. A heartier lovesong than the 'Heart of a Tar' was never written; but it belongs exclusively to a sailor, and will never endure being profaned to the purposes of a 'land-lubber.]

YET, though I've no fortune to offer,
I've something to put on a par ;
So come, then, accept of my proffer,—
'Tis the kind honest heart of a tar.

Ne'er let such a trifle as this is,
Girls, be to my pleasure a bar :
You'll be rich, though 'tis only in kisses,
With the kind honest heart of a tar.

Besides, I am none of your ninnies :
The next time I come from afar,
I'll give you a lapful of guineas,
With the kind honest heart of a tar.

Your lords, with such fine baby-faces,
That strut in a garter and star,
Have they, under their tambour and laces,
The kind honest heart of a tar ?

I've this here to say, now—and mind it :
If love that no hazard can mar
You are seeking, you'll certainly find it
In the kind honest heart of a tar.

From the Old Woman of Eighty.

[Written for Saddler's Wells, 1777, and founded on a passage in the life of Frederick the Great, of Prussia. The monarch had a favourite regiment of remarkably tall men, and travelling in the provinces, he saw a fine young woman of almost gigantic height, hay-making. It occurred to him, that by marrying her to one of his tall grenadiers, he should probably found a race, of proportions equal to his wishes. He accordingly gave her a letter, containing an imperative command for the marriage of the bearer to one of the tallest of his tall soldiery. The young woman, totally ignorant of its contents, delegated her commission to a decrepit old dame of eighty, who, as the bearer of the letter, was accordingly married to the finest man in the regiment. The reader will detect the story in the second song, which used to be a great favourite,—a popularity owing as much to the music as the words. Nothing could better describe the tremulous chirrup of doting senility.

COME HERE, YE RICH.

Come here, ye rich,—come here, ye great,—
Come here, ye grave,—come here, ye gay ;—
Behold our bless'd, though humble fate,
Who, while the sun shines, make our hay.

The gay-plum'd lady, with her state,
Would she in courts a moment stay,
Could she but guess our happy fate,
Who, while the sun shines, make our hay ?

Nature we love, and art we hate,
And, blithe and cheerful as the day,
We sing, and bless our humble fate,
And, while the sun shines, make our hay.

Hodge goes a courting to his mate,
Who ne'er coquets, nor says him nay,
But shares, content, an humble fate,
And, while the sun shines, they make hay.

The captain puts on board his freight,
And cuts through waves his dang'rous way ;
But we enjoy a gentler fate,
And, while the sun shines, make our hay.

See Hodge, and Dick, and Nell, and Kate,
In the green meadow brisk and play,
And own that happy is our fate,
Who, while the sun shines, make our hay

Come then, and quit each glitt'ring bait—
Simplicity shall point the way,—
To us, who bless our humble fate,
And, while the sun shines, make our hay.

YO, YEA.

A musical score for 'YO, YEA.' featuring two staves of music. The top staff uses a treble clef and a 6/8 time signature, starting with a forte dynamic. The bottom staff uses a bass clef and a 6/8 time signature. The music consists of eight measures of music followed by lyrics. The lyrics are:

I sail'd in the good ship, the Kit - ty, With a
smart blow-ing gale and rough sea, Left my Pol - ly, the lads call so
pret-ty, Safe here at an an-chor, Yo Yea!— Yo Yo Yea!— Yo

YO, YEA.

She blubber'd salt tears when we parted,
And cried, 'Now be constant to me ;'
I told her not to be down-hearted,
So up went the anchor, Yo Yea !

And from that time, no worse nor no better,
I've thought on just nothing but she ;
Nor could grog nor flip make me forget her,—
She's my best bower-anchor, Yo Yea !

When the wind whistled larboard and starboard,
And the storm came on weather and lee,
The hope I with her should be harbour'd
Was my cable and anchor, Yo Yea !

And yet, my oys, would you believe me,
I return'd with no rhino from sea :
Mistress Polly would never receive me,—
So again I heav'd anchor, Yo Yea !

OPERAS AND DRAMATIC PIECES.

THE OLD WOMAN OF EIGHTY.

How kind and how good of his dear majesty,
In the midst of his matters so weighty
To think of so lowly a creature as I,—
A poor old woman of eighty.

Were your sparks to come round me, in love with
each charm,
Says I, I have nothing to say t'ye :
I can get a young fellow to keep my back warm,
Though a poor old woman of eighty.

John Strong is as comely a lad as you'll see,
And one that will never say Nay t'ye :
I cannot but think what a comfort he'll be
To me, an old woman of eighty.

Then fear not, ye fair ones, tho' long past your youth,
You'll have lovers in scores beg and pray t'ye ;—
Only think of my fortune, who have but one tooth,
A poor old woman of eighty.

TO EV'RY FAVOURITE VILLAGE SPORT.

To ev'ry fav'rite village sport
With joy thy steps I'll guide :
Thy wishes always will I court,
Nor c'er stir from thy side ;

But when the sprightly fife and drum,
With all their dread alarms,
Echo afar
The cry of war,
When chiefs are heard to cry, 'We come !'
And honour calls—To arms !
Thy pain and pleasure will I share,
For better and for worse ;
And if we have a prattling care,
I'll be its tender nurse ;
But when, &c.

THE SOLDIER'S LOVE.

I've health, and I have spirits too ;
Of work I've had my share ;
And when you go, for love of you,
I will your knapsack bear.

Nor this resolve e'er will I rue,—
We both alike will fare ;
And still content, for love of you,
I will your knapsack bear.

Though thunders growl, and lightnings blue
In dashes cleave the air,
I'll march content, for love of you,
And will your knapsack bear.

All dangers, hazardous and new,
One smile shall make me dare ;
Rememb'ring 'tis for love of you,
That I your knapsack bear.

From the Razor-Grinder.

[A Musical Dialogue, written for Saddler's Wells, 1777.]

TOM TURNWELL, THE GRINDER.

TOM TURNWELL is my name, my boys,—
I'll strike a stroke with any ;
The trade that all my time employs,
To get an honest penny,
As good and as just as most you'll find.
With rubbing-stone,
And strop and hone,
I whet the sharpest steel ;
And cry, the while I turn my wheel,—
Penknives, scissors,
Cleavers, razors,
Chopping-knives, to grind.

I'm useful throughout all the town :
The smooth and pamper'd glutton,
Whene'er to dinner he sits down,
Can never carve his mutton,
Unless his knife is to his mind.
With rubbing-stone, &c.

The pretty dame who sweet can smile,
Who is for ever smirking,
And who the minutes can beguile
With love as well as working,
Would she her scissors sharpen'd fine—
With rubbing-stone, &c.

My friend, the barber, o'er the way,
Who daily lathers many,
And picks up pretty well each day,
By shaving for a penny ;
To me his razors are consign'd—
With rubbing-stone, &c.

COME ALL YOU MAIDS.

COME, all you maids who fain would—marry,
Learn, learn of me the way to—choose :
Rather by half till doomsday—tarry,
Than beauty on an old man—lose.

Ah ! tell me how can wrinkles—charm you,
What joys can age excite, or—prove :
Let, then, your dang'rous state—alarm you,
And choose a young man, that can—love.

An old man always will be—wheezing,
No feeling, hearing, taste, or—sight ;
A young man always will be—pleasing,
Sprightly ali day, and kind at—night.
Ah ! tell me how, &c.

From Poor Vulcan.

[A Burletta produced at Covent-Garden, Feb 4, 1778, and belonging to the class of which Kane O'Hara's 'Midas' is a well-known specimen, and in many respects resembling that capital burlesque. The songs were chiefly parodies on the popular ditties of the day. Dibdin was in France when this piece was produced, and he complains that terrible liberties were taken with]

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBBIN.

his MS. One of his happy hits, he tells us, was to make Adonis a burlesque shepherd. The character, however, was altered 'by the melancholy pen' of a Mr. Hull, who substituted new songs for the part. Of this opera, from which we have not only collected all the songs, but all those written for it by Dibdin, but not sung, Dr. Kitchener wrote on the title-page of his copy as follows:—'This opera is so extremely rare, that in the course of twenty-one years' collecting, I have only seen two other copies.—W. KITCHENER, 1816.]

CATCH—JOIN YOUR HANDS.

Join your right hands to your glasses, my boys,
And let the bowl go round :

Fill a bumper—higher !
Steady, steady,
Charge your glasses—poise !
Recover ! make ready !
Present ! fire !

VULCAN'S PETITION.

THE humble prayer and petition
Of Vulcan, who, his sad condition,
In hopes of satisfaction meeting,
To the god Jupiter sends greeting.
That your petitioner has a wife,
The plague and torment o' his life :
That, prudent, kind, and constant, wishing her,
Humbly sets forth your said petitioner,
That, might they but reside on earth,
The many ills that hence have birth
Would then subside ; and Mars, Adonis,
And divers others of her cronies,
At distance, all his cares might end,
And she, his wife, take up and mend :
To this request don't say him nay,
And your petitioner shall ever pray.

GLEE—THOSE MORTALS SAY RIGHT.

THOSE mortals say right, in their jovial abodes,
That a glass of good punch is the drink of the gods.
Take only a smack of
The nectar we crack of,
You'll find it is punch, and no more :
Th' ingredients they mingle
Are contraries single,
So are ours—they're the elements four.
Then, Bacchus ! for thou art the drunkard's protector,
I have instant a fiat,
And let who dare deny it,
That nectar's good punch, and that good punch
is nectar.

THE CUCKOO.

TELL me, am I laugh'd to scorn ?
Have I on each brow a horn ?
This I suspect ; and if 'tis true,
Quickly answer me—Cuckoo !
I have my cue—
Alas ! 'tis true !

Hark, she answers me—Cuckoo !

That answer's Yes—the murder's out,—
At least, I shall no longer doubt ;
But tell me if to one or two,
Or more, I am oblig'd—Cuckoo !

What ! more than two ?

Alas ! 'tis true !

Hark, she answers me—Cuckoo !

In vain, then, do I beat my pate,—
A cuckold am I dubb'd by fate,—
Behold, here are my antlers—boo !
Am I not right, my friend—Cuckoo ?

Then, plain to view,

My fears are true ;—

Hark ! she answers me—Cuckoo !

VENUS NOW NO MORE BEHOLD ME.

VENUS now no more behold me,
But our humble village dame ;
Coarse and homely trappings fold me,
And Mistress Maudlin is my name.

Yet here no less is paid that duty
Ever due to Venus' worth ;
Nor more insensible of beauty,
Than gods in heaven, are men on earth.

LOVE AND SMITHERY.

WHEN I've been working in my shop,
You many a time have seen me drop
Some water on the doubtful fire.

When I've been, &c.
Which, damp'd at first, more dead has grown,
But quickly, by the bellows blown,
Has chang'd from brown to dusty red,
Then brighter heat and lustre shed,
And fann'd, and sparkled up the higher.
Which, damp'd at first, &c.

Thus, trickling tears from you that part
Have often damp'd my doubtful heart,
And quench'd awhile my passion's heat.
Thus, trickling tears, &c.

But soon arous'd by kindling eyes,
While sob and sigh, and sigh and sob,
Have made my bosom throb and throb,
And like sledge-hammers on it beat,
But soon arous'd, &c.

The iron, too, from the fire when ta'en,
I've thump'd, and thump'd, and thump'd again,
And shap'd by sure, though slow degrees,
The iron, too, &c.

So you, by persevering well,
Have found a means my strength to quell,
And all by dint of practis'd art
Have thump'd, and thump'd, and thump'd my
heart,
And moulded just which way you please.
So you, by persevering, &c.

OPERAS AND DRAMATIC PIECES.

NATURE EVERY WHERE THE SAME.

THAT nature's ev'ry where the same,
Each passing day discovers ;
For that in me
Some charms they see,
Behold me, though a country dame,
Leading a crowd of lovers.

My sporting 'squire to keep at bay,
The course I'll double over ;
Whilst he, intent
On a wrong scent,
Shall always find me stole away
When he cries, ' Hark to cover.'

With new-coin'd oaths my grenadier
May think to storm and bluster,
And swear, by Mars,
My eyes are stars

That light to love :—he'll soon find here
Such stuff will ne'er pass muster.

Thus will I serve those I distrust ;
First laugh at, then refuse 'em :
But, ah ! not so
My shepherd Joe :
He like Adonis look'd, when first
I press'd him to my bosom.

THE MOMENT AURORA PEEP'D.

THE moment Aurora peep'd into my room,
I put on my clothes, and I call'd to my groom :
And, my head heavy still from the fumes of last night,
Took a bumper of brandy to set all things right :
And now we were saddled, Fleet, Dapple, and Grey,
Who seem'd longing to hear the glad sound, Hark
away !

Will Whistle by this had uncoupled his hounds,
Whose ecstasy nothing could keep within bounds :
First forward came Jowler, then Scentwell, then
Spare, —

Three better staunch harriers ne'er started a hare ;
Then Sweetlips, then Driver, then Staunch, and
then Tray, —

All ready to open at—Hark ! hark away.

'Twas now by the clock about five in the morn,
And we all gallop'd off to the sound of the horn :
Jack Gater, Bill Babbler, and Dick at the Gun,
And by this time the merry Tom Fairplay made one,
Who, while we were jogging on, blithesome and gay,
Sung a song, and the chorus was—Hark ! hark away.

And now Jemmy Lurcher had ev'ry bush beat,
And no signs of madam, or trace of her feet ;
Nay, we just had begun our hard fortune to curse,
When all of a sudden out starts Mistress Puss :—
Men, horses, and dogs, all the glad call obey,
And echo was heard to cry—Hark ! hark away.

The chase was a fine one ; she took o'er the plain,
Which she doubled, and doubled, and doubled again ;
Till at last she to cover return'd out of breath,
Where I and Will Whistle were in at the death :—
Then in triumph for you I the hare did display,
Andercried to the horns, ' My boys, hark ! hark away.'

COME ALL YE GEM'MEN VOLUNTEERS.

COME, all ye gem'men volunteers,
Of glory who would share,
And, leaving with your wives your fears,
To the drum-head repair ;
Or to the noble Sergeant Pike,
Come, come, without delay ;
You'll enter into present pay,—
My lads the bargain strike.
A golden guinea and a crown,
Besides the Lord knows what renown,
His Majesty the donor :
And if you die,
Why then you lie
Stretch'd on a bed of honour.

Does any 'prentice work too hard ?
Fine clothes would any wear ?
Would any one his wife discard ?—
To the drum-head repair.

Or to the, &c.

Is your estate put out to nurse ?
Are you a cast-off heir ?
Have you no money in your purse ?—
To the drum-head repair.

Or to the, &c.

ADONIS TURN'D SHEPHERD.

A SHEPHERD become, with my pipe and my crook,
What pleasure to loiter beside the clear brook !

While carelessly lying,
Fond birds round me flying,
The sun's glowing fervour allay'd by the breeze ;—
Oh ! who would forego such enjoyments as these !

Ye roses and woodbines, so sweetly that bloom,
Preserve all your charms till my fairest shall come :

With beauty inviting,
With fragrance delighting,
Your brightest perfections to greet her display, —
Oh ! say 'tis for her you look lovely and gay !

YOUNG HEBE SLEPT.

YOUNG Hebe slept on verdant bed,
An arm thrown here, an arm thrown there ;

Leaves were the pillow for her head, —
And thus how free one rests from care !

Colin, watching when she'd wake,
His tired patience scarce could keep,
But close did creep, but close did creep,
Then touch'd her hand, and then drew back,
Then close did creep, then close did creep,
And cried—She will for ever sleep !

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBBDIN.

Suppose we on the sleeper throw
 The flowers here, the flowers there ;
 Alas ! I have no more to strow,
 And yet how free she rests from care !
 Sure, should I give a tender kiss,
 Thus sound she could no longer sleep :—
 Let's gently creep, let's gently creep,—
 One, two, three !—What, not wake at this !
 No need to creep, no need to creep,
 Alas ! she will for ever sleep !

But Love, who to the shepherd's aid
 Came flutt'ring here, came flutt'ring there,
 Cried—Lance an arrow to the maid,
 And see if then she'll rest from care.
 Here, Colin, take my sharpest dart,
 Your arm in this position keep ;
 Now near her creep, now near her creep.
 Well done ! you've shot her through the heart !
 No need to creep, no need to creep,—
 You've wak'd her, Colin, from her sleep !

Young Hebe, startled with the fright,
 An arm threw here, an arm threw there ;
 And cried to Colin—Quit my sight,
 And let me rest again from care.
 In truth, cried he, I've seen the morn
 Less beautiful rise from the deep :
 Ah ! let me creep, ah ! let me creep,
 While you, sweet Hebe, put off scorn ;
 Near let me creep, near let me creep,
 And watch you while again you sleep.
 By this time, Hebe, quite awake,
 Ran wildly here, ran wildly there ;
 And cried—This mixture what can make,
 Of pain and pleasure, joy and care.
 'Tis love, tis love, the shepherd cried,
 And swore he'd true for ever keep ;
 Then close did creep, then close did creep,
 And begg'd and pray'd ;—she only sigh'd,
 And let him creep, and let him creep,
 Till both together fell asleep !

A BUNDLE OF TOASTS.

[Each verse sung by a different character.]

LET ev'ry man now give his toast !
 Fill up the glass, I'll tell you mine :
 Wine is the mistress I love most :
 This is my toast—now give me thine.

Well said, my lad, ne'er let it stand,—
 I give my Chloe, nymph divine ;
 May love and wine go hand in hand :
 This is my toast—now give me thine.

Fill up your glasses to the brink !
 Hebe let no one dare decline ;
 'Twas Hebe taught me first to drink :
 This is my toast—now give me thine.

Gem'men, I give my wife, d'ye see ;
 May all to make her bless'd combine,
 So she be far enough from me :
 This is my toast—now give me thine.

Let constant lovers at the feet
 Of pale-fac'd wenches sigh and pine ;
 For me, the first kind girl I meet
 Shall be my toast—now give me thine.

You toast your wife, and you your lass,
 My boys, and welcome ; here's the wine ;
 For my part, he who fills my glass
 Shall be my toast—now give me thine.

Spirit, my lads, and toast away !
 I have still one with your's to join—
 That we may have enough to pay :
 This is my toast—now give me thine.

THE BARMAID'S CATECHISM.

To shine in the bar, all drawn out in my best ;
 To be told I am handsome by every guest ;
 To be civil to all, and yet listen to none ;
 And, when making a bill out, to score two for one ;
 And if told of the error, though ever so small,
 Break off with—Dear me, did not somebody call ?
 Lord bless me, where are all my people humdrum-ming !

I must e'en go myself—coming, sir, coming !

When a company comes in, on ven'son to dine,
 Be sure, after dinner, to set the best wine ;
 But when they, once in for 't, begin to be merry,
 Instead of champagne, send up cider or perry.
 And if told of the error, &c.

Say you'll get a good supper, when trav'lers arrive,
 Though your fish is not catch'd, and your fowls
 are alive,
 And you've naught in the larder but mutton that's
 warm,
 For their appetite's good, and 'twill do them no
 harm.

And if told of the error, &c.

In short, with a pattern like you for a guide,
 I shall score well, and cater, and store, and provide,
 Taking care still to put something by on the shelf,
 Give my master one half, and take 'tother myself.
 And if told of the error, &c.

WHAT ARE PLUTUS' GILDED TOYS ?

WHAT are Plutus' gilded toys ?
 What, compar'd to lovers' joys ?
 Toys that worldly mortals prize,
 Souls of finer sense despise ;—
 Free together let us rove,
 Heart for heart, and love for love.

THE TOAST.

CON SPIRITO.

A musical score for 'The Toast'. The score consists of three systems of music. The first system starts with a forte dynamic (f) in common time (indicated by a '4'). The vocal part begins with a melodic line consisting of eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line with eighth-note chords. The second system begins with a piano dynamic (p) in common time. The vocal part continues with a melodic line. The third system begins with a piano dynamic (sfz) in common time. The vocal part concludes with a melodic line. The lyrics are as follows:

Let ev'ry man now give his toast! Fill up the
glass, I'll tell you mine: Wine is the mis-tress I love most: Wine is the

THE TOAST.

mis-tress I love most: This is my toast, this is my toast, this is my
cres

toast—now give me thine.

f

Well said, my lad, ne'er let it stand,—
 I give my Chloe, nymph divine ;
 May love and wine go hand in hand :
 This is my toast—now give me thine.

Fill up your glasses to the brink !
 Hebe let no one dare decline ;
 'Twas Hebe taught me first to drink ;
 This is my toast—now give me thine.

Gem'men, I give my wife, d'ye see ;
 May all to make her bless'd combine,
 So she be far enough from me :
 This is my toast—now give me thine.

Let constant lovers at the feet
 Of pale-fac'd wenches sigh and pine ;
 For me, the first kind girl I meet
 Shall be my toast—now give me thine.

You toast your wife, and you your lass,
 My boys, and welcome ; her's the wine ;
 For my part, he who fills my glass
 Shall be my toast—now give me thine.

Spirit, my lads, and toast away !
 I have still one with your's to join—
 That we may have enough to pay :
 This is my toast—now give me thine.

OPERAS AND DRAMATIC PIECES.

I'free from tumult, frowns, and strife,
Free from all that burdens life,
Blithely let us seek the plains
Where eternal pleasure reigns ;
Free together let us rove,
Heart for heart, and love for love.

OH! THAT A GEMMAN.

OH! that a gemman should thus be tied
Unto a vixenish wanton wife !
I would to heav'n that she had died,
And never seen this life :
Flirting, flirting, flirting ;
Sporting, sporting, sporting ;
Courting, courting, courting ;
All, by turns,
With Sped or with Pike,
Coqueting alike ;
While this poor little head
Dreams nightly in bed,
Of something here that burns and burns,
And feels like sprouting horns.

MADAM, YOU KNOW MY TRADE.

MADAM, you know my trade is war ;
And what should I deny it for ?
Whene'er the trumpet sounds from far,
I long to hack and hew.
Yet, madam, credit what I say ;
Were I this moment call'd away,
And all the troops drawn in array,
I'd rather stay with you.

Did drums and sprightly trumpets sound,
Did death and carnage stalk around,
Did dying horses bite the ground,
Had we no hope in view ;
Were the whole army lost in smoke,
Were they the last words that I spoke,
I'd say,—and dam'me if I joke,—
I'd rather stay with you.

Did the foe charge us front and rear,
Did e'en the bravest face appear
Impress'd with signs of mortal fear ;
Though never vet'ran knew
So terrible and hot a fight ;
Though all my laurels it should blight ;
Though I should lose so fine a sight ;—
I'd rather stay with you.

LET THUNDERING JOVE.

LET thundering Jove lead a boisterous life,
Out-thunder'd, each hour, by the voice of his wife ;
Like a harlequin let him, disguis'd, play the fool,
A swan, or a whirlwind, a crow, or a bull ;
Of such shifts in no need, of no wife's tongue afraid,
Hereafter, I mean to take up with my maid.

Let Apollo sonatas humstrum on his harp,
To please list'ning gods, who can't tell flat from
sharp ;
Let him follow his Daphne, and welcome for me,
And, instead of a bedfellow, clasp a cold tree ;
My Daphne, thank Heav'n, I can quickly persuade,
And I'm wisely resolv'd to take up with my maid.

Let Mars and let Bacchus, two birds of a feather,
Of wine talk and war, till they're both drunk together,
The terror of all who live peaceable lives,
Beating watchmen, and picking up other men's wives ;
I've no wife, and care not if such projects be play'd,—
Who would not, like me, then, take up with his maid.

Henceforth, then, my wife may parade through
the skies,
Like nymphs in the Strand to pick up some new
prize ;
Of Mars and Adonis and Jove at the call,
For now, thank my stars, I have done with them all ;
Of your tricks and your fancies no longer afraid,
Good night, all ye gods ! I'll to bed with my maid.

FINALE.

Jupiter. ONCE on a time, when men complain'd
They were with ills too tightly stain'd,
I publish'd in a certain town
That each might lay his burden down,
And take up that, more to his mind,
Some other mortals left behind ;
When soon (to see the ways of men)
Each begg'd to have his own again.
Then be content, ye mortal race,
Nor wish to change nor fate nor place ;
You must of good and ill have share,
And nature's nature ev'ry where.

Mars. I heard you once the tale unfold,—
A son took up his dad's estate ;
But when the youngster had found out
The packet held old age, the gout,
The rheumatism, and the stone,
He quickly begg'd to have his own ;
And swore he'd never ask for wealth,
So he might have again his health.
Then be content, &c.

Venus. A lady, too, who at a rout
(Dire chance) had dropp'd her false teeth out,
O'erwhelm'd with shame, soon chang'd her lot
With the poor inmate of a cot ;
But when she found, on a strange bed
She must repose, and eat brown bread,
Wear a plain coif and russet gown,
She wanted false teeth and the town.
Then be content, &c.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBBDIN.

[The three following are some of the songs which were written for 'Poor Vulcan,' but expunged by the manager. The first was a parody on 'Dear Chloe, come give me sweet kisses,' and is supposed to be sung by Adonis. Maudlin is 'Venus,' and Old Crump of course 'Poor Vulcan.' The second is the first verse of a parody on another popular song of the day,—'When forc'd from dear Hebe to go.' The remainder of the MS. was lost. The last is the mock-heroic dialogue between Venus and Adonis.]

DEAR MAUDLIN.

DEAR Maudlin, come give me bright guineas,
For brighter none sure ever gave ;
Nor think that I'm one of those ninnies,
That can tell you how many I'd have.
I'm not to be stinted in pleasure,
So to me if you mean to be kind,
You must ransack old Crump's rusty treasure,
And give me whatever you find.

With a large heavy purse so I fold thee,
I then, my dear Maudlin, am thine ;
In satins and silks I'll behold thee,
No duchess e'er dress'd half so fine.
But our pocket at present but thin is,
And soon what we have will be spent ;—
Then, prithee, give many more guineas,
Or you'll find I shall ne'er be content.

Count the rouleaus at Almack's they're staking,
Count the bets laid in Newmarket fields,
Count the cash at the bank they are taking,
Count the gold that rich Lombard Street yields,
Give a peep at the India-House coffer,
Go number the treasury's store ;
And when so many guineas you offer,
I still shall be asking for more.

WHEN FORC'D FROM DEAR MAUDLIN. PARODY ON 'WHEN FORC'D FROM DEAR HEBE TO GO.'

WHEN forc'd from dear Maudlin to go,
Of a large bumping glass she drank part,
And I thought, but it might not be so,
That the poor creature took it to heart.
We guzzled till tipsy we grew,
For my path I could scarcely discern ;
And, for her, 'stead of saying, Adieu,
She hiccup'd out,—'Prithee, return.'

DUET—SERGEANT BELSWAGGER.

JOE.

WHEN Sergeant Belswagger, that masculine brute,
One day had been drinking to swear a recruit,
He kiss'd you—I saw him, or else may I die,
And you, cruel Maudlin, ne'er once cried O fie !
Again, when the 'squire had come home from the
chase,
You receiv'd him, O gods ! with a smile on your face :
Henceforth, then, my sheep harum-scarum may run,
For Maudlin is faithless, and I am undone.

MAUDLIN.

Ah, Joe ! you're a good one : one day in my place—
My husband at home—I was forc'd to send Grace ;
I know for a truth, which you cannot gainsay,
You touzled her well on a cock of new hay.
Nay, swore you'd be her's—and, what is worse yet,
That you only lov'd me just for what you could get ;
As for charms, then, I ne'er will believe I have one,
For Joey is faithless, and I am undone.

JOE.

Will you know, then, the truth on't ? I touz'd her, I
own,
Though I rather by half would have let it alone ;
But I did it to see if you jealous would prove,
For that, people say, is a sure sign of love.

MAUDLIN.

And for me, if the 'squire said soft things in my ear,
I suffer'd it, thinking he'd call for strong beer ;
And as to the sergeant, 'tis always a rule,
One had better be kiss'd than be teas'd by a fool.

From the Gypsies.

[Written in France, and performed at the Haymarket in 1778. The music was composed by Dr. Arne. Dibdin often supplied music for the libretto of other writers; but this is, we believe, the only instance of his own words being set by another composer.]

A SERVANT'S DISASTERS.

THOUGH up to the ears in sore disasters,
Poor servants must obey their masters ;
Still born to move at their command,
Must neither lie, nor sit, nor stand,
Nor speak, nor think, but as they're told,

But headlong go,
Through hail and rain,
And frost and snow,
Nor once complain,
Though trembling, quaking,
Shiv'ring, shaking,
They catch their death with cold.

'Tis now eight days since here we come :
I thought to have been quite at home ;
But for a whim,
To pleasure him,
Slap dash am I sent back to Rome :
But pleasure is his only guide,
While I am bruis'd, head, back, and side.

LOVE'S A CHEAT.

LOVE's a cheat ; we overrate it ;
A flatt'ring, false, deceitful joy :
A very nothing can create it,
A very nothing can destroy.

The lightning's flash, which wond'ring leaves us,
Obscur'd and darker than before ;
The glow-worm's tinsel, which deceives us
A painted light, and nothing more..

OPERAS AND DRAMATIC PIECES.

WHY AM NOT I THAT FRAGRANT FLOWER?

Why am not I that fragrant flow'r,
Near to her heart Spinetta plac'd;
Whieh, proudly living a sweet hour,
Died on that bosom it had grac'd?
Why am not I that gentle gale
That plays around her coral lips,
Her breath like violets to exhale,
Which there eternal nectar sips?

Why am not I that crystal wave,
At sultry noon with pride that heav'd;
To which her heav'nly form she gave,
Which thought 'twas Venus it receiv'd?
Gods! had I been that limpid stream!—
But whither do my senses rove?
Sunk in a dear delicious dream,
All things seem possible to love.

YES, YES, THANK HEAVEN.

Yes, yes, thank Heav'n, I've broke my chain;
And, while my liberty I gain,
While I my heart redeem,
Indifference succeeds at last,
And my egregious follies past
Appear an idle dream.

Thus, from a false injurious snare,
The linnet, timid, unaware,
Hardly escapes with pain;
The feathers he has left behind
Are lessons to him to remind
Not to be caught again.

The warrior bravely counts each scar,
Describes the peril of the war,
Well-pleas'd his danger's o'er;
The slave at last, exempt from pain,
With smiles beholds that very chain
Which held him to the oar.

PRAISE IS A MIRROR.

PRAISE is a mirror that flatters the mind,
That tells us of goodness, and virtues, and graces;
As that on our toilet instructs us to find
The dimples and smiles which appear on our faces;
To which our attention we cannot refrain,
Though we draw off confus'd, yet but see its attraction:

In spite of ourselves we return back again,
Regard, are abus'd, and yet feel satisfaction.

I know I'm deceiv'd, and I say to my heart,
You believe that sincere which is naught but profusion;
Call pleasure what soon will severe make you smart,
And hug that for a substance you'll find but delusion.

Your praises are flatt'ry, I know it as plain
As if you had said, 'I am false and deceive you';
But truth, reason, ev'ry thing, argues in vain;
For suchis my weakness, I blush and believe you.

GO, PROUD LOVER.

Go, proud lover, go!
Take your heart back again:
For me 'tis too low,
Too unworthy a chain.

Be haughty, imperious, this gipsy despise:
You rise but to fall, while I fall to rise.

True love, never erring,
Has no selfish fears;
But the more 'tis conferring,
The nobler appears:

It has no sordid views, no vile ends for its guide,—
'Tis ungovern'd by int'rest, uninfluen'e'd by pride.

OUR SOCIETY.

OTHERS with splendour and parade
Their new-chosen members usher in;
Flags, banners, noise, cars, cavalcade,
Spears, halberds, tumult, dirt, and din.
Members of our society

Are chosen on a diff'rent plan:
We bid them welcome with a glee,
And swear them o'er the flowing can;

Freemasons with mysterious rites
Their new-elected members hail;
And talk by signs, and brood whole nights
O'er compass, trowel, mop, and pail.
Members of, &c.

Members of Parliament, in air
On brawny shoulders lifted high,
Sit lolling in a great arm-chair,
While roaring thousands rend the sky.
Members of, &c.

To choose Lord Mayor, upon the Thames
Squadrons of barges scare the swans,
While turf-gallants, and country dames,
Are sopp'd and sous'd with city dons.
Members of, &c.

Courtiers and lords, preferr'd, kiss hands;
Sheriffs and aldermen carouse;
Doctors harangue, to gain their bands;
Judges and counsellors make bows.
Members of, &c.

HOW TO TELL FORTUNES.

WHEN we promise an heir or a miser,—
This, gold—that, his father's free land,
We pause, and look grave, to seem wiser,
And his fortune we read in his hand.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBBIN.

If Miss at fifteen would discover
When she'll like her mother be wise,
To promise a handsome young lover,
Her fortune we read in her eyes.

But if husbands, with jealousy quaking,
Would know if they are—you know how
We consider—our heads gravely shaking—
And their fortunes we read on the brow.

CONTENTMENT.

CONTENTMENT lost, each other treasure,
To ease the mind essays in vain ;
Riches and pomp take place of pleasure,
And mis'ry leads the splendid train.

Fortune possessing, not enjoying,
Feasting the senses, not the mind,
In vague pursuits our time employing,
We grasp at all and nothing find.

THE GIPSY'S INVITATION.

COME here, ye fair ; come here, each lover ;
That lot Dame Fortune would conceal,
But cross my hand, and I'll discover—
I'm mistress of her and her wheel.

To trembling age we boldly promise,
In spite of nature, years of health ;
Widows receive new husbands from us,
And young men all their fathers' wealth.

We give the fair, Love's influence under,
Young lovers, constant all their lives ;
Nay, we e'en dare—a greater wonder—
To promise husbands faithful wives.

GIPSIES.

SIR, we are gypsies, as you see—
A sect the world despises ;
Though honour, virtue, probity,
Are under our disguises.
Then hey for the gypsies, nor condemn,
If gay in ev'ry season
They lead their lives ; for who, like them
Blend with their pleasure reason ?

We have a priest who never swears,
But who is always ready,
With fortune, or advice, or pray'rs,
To help the poor and needy.
Then hey, &c.

A magistrate, upright and wise,
To whom no bribe is given,
And who between two charming eyes
Can hold the balance even.
Then hey, &c.

A country squire, who hates the smell
Of stingo or October ;
A modern poet, who can spell,
And a musician sober.
Then hey, &c.

Then do not our distress despise —
Reproaches would be cruel ;
Virtue is often in disguise—
The mine conceals the jewel.
Then hey, &c.

ZOUNDS! WAS THERE EVER.

Zounds ! was there ever such a whelp
As I am, to be gull'd so long ?
Here ! murder ! fire ! help, help, help !
I'll listen to no siren's song.
Master ! mistress ! madam ! sir !
Ah ! you may wink and make a stir :
Louder and louder will I bawl.
Murder ! help ! I'll raise the house ;
We have offended 'gainst the laws,
Justice will get us in her claws,
And will not fail to crush us all,
Just as a cat would crush a mouse.
Why have I thus been gull'd so long ?
Zounds ! was there ever such a whelp ?
I'll listen to no siren's song :
Thieves ! murder ! fire ! help, help, help !

FINALE.

Isabella. Our vessel has its port in view,
If here no hov'ring tempest lours ;
We've others' fortune told—but you
Must be the arbiters of ours.

Do not our wishes disapprove,
But let them have their freest scope ;—
Our piece has the effects of love
For subject and for moral—hope.

Lelio. Hope scorns misfortunes the most rude ;
With hope the veriest wretch is bless'd ;
And poets write that ev'ry good
Is better hop'd for than possess'd.—
Hope cheers the most dejected hearts,—
Can e'en despair itself control ;
'Tis on that course the lover starts
Of his desires to reach the goal.

Spinetta. Of sand, a poor neglected grain,
Bewailing, did its fortune curse,—
'I am the vilest atom lain
Upon the face o' th' universe.'

OPERAS AND DRAMATIC PIECES.

From Rose and Colin.

[A comic opera, in one act, the first attempt of the author to introduce on the English stage a taste for the French vaudeville—first acted at Covent Garden, September, 18, 1778.]

POOR COLIN.

Poor Colin ! ah, me ! how I fear
Lest he should rashly venture here.
I'm quaking like a timid mouse,—
My father runs through all the house,
O'erturning ev'ry chair and table—
The barn, the outhouse, and the stable—
Across the farm-yard—in the streets,
Threat'ning ev'ry thing he meets.
Poor Colin, &c.

What the deuce can be come to him ?
If with tears I would subdue him,
With anger he directly burns,
And raves, and scolds, and swears, by turns ;
Crying, since Eve, better nor worse,
Women were born to be a curse.

Poor Colin, &c.

A MAIDEN IN LOVE.

WITH neither dog, nor scrip, nor staff,
I rather, by half,
A flock of sheep would guard,
Than a puling wench, sighing, up and abed,
With love in her head ;
Nor would the task be half so hard.
All counsel's thrown away and lost,
Advice is out of season ;
Nor the devil a bit, no more than a post,
Can you get her to hear reason.

Whining,
Pining,
Groaning,
Moaning !
It is her way,
Each hour o' th' day :
Ask her why,
She heaves a sigh—
Tell her to disclose her fears,
Her answer is a show'r of tears.

I LOST MY POOR MOTHER.

I lost my poor mother
When only a child ;
And I fear'd such another,
So gentle and mild,
Was not to be found :
But I saw my mistake,
For scarce was she gone,
But I prov'd I had mother and father in one :
And tho' at this minute he makes my heart ache,
There's not such another, search all the world round.

I'd reach'd my teens fairly,

As blithe as a bee,
His care, late and early,
Being all to please me :

No one thing above ground—

Was too good for his Rose ;

At wake, or at fair,

I was dress'd out so gaily, Lord ! people would
stare ;

And I say it again, though he's peevish, God
knows,

There's not such another, search all the world round.

But Love, who, they tell us,

Does many strange things
Makes all the world jealous,
And mad—even kings,

They say, he can wound ;

This Love is the sore :—

Since Colin came here,

This father, so kind, is a father severe :

Yet still will I say, though he scolds more and
more,

There's not such another, search all the world round.

HERE'S ALL HER GEAR.

HERE's all her gear, her wheel, her work ;
These little bobbins to and fro
How oft I've seen her fingers jerk,—
Her pretty fingers, white as snow !
Each object is to me so dear,
My heart at sight on't throbbing goes ;—
'Twas here she sat her down, and here
She told me she was Colin's Rose.

This posey for her, when she's dress'd,
I've brought—alas ! how happy I,
Could I be like these flow'r's caress'd,
And, like them, on her bosom die.
The violet and pink I took,
And ev'ry pretty flow'r that blows ;
The rose, too—but how mean 'twill look !
When by the side of my sweet Rose !

THERE WAS A JOLLY SHEPHERD LAD.

THERE was a jolly shepherd lad,
And Colin was his name ;
And, all unknown to her old dad,
He sometimes to see Peggy came—
The object of his flame.
One day, of his absence too secure,
Her father thunder'd at the door ;
When, fearing of his frown,
Says she, ' Dear love, the chimney climb :'
' I can't,' cries he, ' there is not time ;
Besides, I should tumble down.'

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBBDIN.

What could they do, ta'en unawares ?
They thought, and thought again ;
In closets underneath the stairs
To hide himself 'twere all in vain,—
He'd soon be found, 'twere plain :
'Get up the chimney, love, you must,'
Cried she, 'or else the door he'll burst,—
I would not for a crown—'
Young Colin, seeing but this shift,
E'en mounted up—Peg lent a lift,
And cried, 'Dont tumble down.'

With throbbing heart now to the door
Poor Peggy runs in haste,
Thinking to trick her father sure :
But haste (the proverb says) makes waste,
Which proverb's here well plac'd.
Her father scolded her his best,
Call'd names, and said, among the rest,
'Pray have you seen that clown ?'
She scarce had time to answer 'No,'
When, black all over as a crow,
Poor Colin tumbled down.

EXCUSE ME, PRAY YE DO.

Excuse me, pray ye do, good neighbour ;
But Rose, you know, and I
Have oft partook one sport or labour,
While you have pleas'd stood by.
And since from little children playing,
You've kindly call'd me son,
I thought to Rose I might be saying,
'Good day,' and no harm done.

When you and father gravely counted,
One morning in the barn,
To how much in a day it mounted
That both of us could earn ;
Since then you down the law were laying
And calling me your son,
I thought to Rose I might be saying,
'Good day,' and no harm done.

LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY.

NEVER talk of the care of a father,
Vain
Pain,
And argument poor !
Your children make much happy rather.
Nor even the old crabbed Mentor
Attempt to be playing,
But think of the saying,—
Love in at the window will enter,
If you shut it out at the door.

Never, maids, should the fit of love seize you,
Pine,
Whine,
But take, for a cure,
A kind constant youth that can please you.

In that will your happiness centre,—
Not Cupid still shunning,
For, spite of your cunning,
He in at your window will enter,
If you shut him out at the door.

This Cupid, sly rogue, how he teases !
All
Fall
Plump into his lure,
And he makes just whatever he pleases
Of those in his trammels who venture :
From a clown up to Pliny,
And he was no ninny,
Who said at the window he'll enter,
If you shut him out at the door.

From *Wives Revenged*.

[Another of the trifles of the vaudevilles kind. It was first performed on the same night as 'Rose and Colin,' contrary to Dibdin's suggestion, who wrote the pieces as interludes. The *refrain* of the first song, at the time, gave a very popular currency to the old adage.]

CURTIS WAS OLD HODGE'S WIFE.

CURTIS was old Hodge's wife,—
For virtue none was ever such ;
She led so pure, so chaste a life,
Hodge said 'twas virtue over much ;
For, says sly old Hodge, says he,
'Great talkers do the least, d'ye see.'

Curtis said, if men were rude,
She'd scratch their eyes out, tear their hair ;
Cried Hodge, 'I believe thou'r wondrous good,
However, let us nothing swear.'

For, says, &c.

One night she dream'd a drunken fool
Be rude with her in spite would fain ;
She makes no more, but with joint-stool
Falls on her husband, might and main.
For, says, &c.

By that time she had broke his nose,
Hodge made a shift to wake his wife :
'Dear Hodge,' says she, 'judge by these blows,
I prize my vartue as my life.'

For, says, &c.

I dream'd a rude man on me fell ;
However, I his project marr'd :
'Dear wife,' cried Hodge, 'tis mighty well,
But next time don't hit quite so hard.'

For, says, &c.

At break of day Hodge cross'd the stile,
Near to a field of new-mown hay,
And saw, and curs'd his stars the while,
Curtis and Numps in am'rous play :
'Wasn't I right,' says Hodge, says he ;
'Great talkers do the least, d'ye see.'

MASTER JENKINS

ALLEGRETTO.

The musical score consists of four staves of music in common time, key signature of one sharp (F#), and dynamic *mf*. The first staff contains a melodic line with eighth-note patterns. The second staff features a harmonic bass line. The third staff continues the melodic line. The fourth staff provides harmonic support with sustained notes. The lyrics are integrated into the music:

for
Mas-ter Jen-kins smok'd his pipe, And swore he'd ne'er be
mar - ried; But 'gainst each hus - band threw some wipe, Or dry-jest drol - ly

MASTER JENKINS.

car - ried. Mas - ter Jen - kins thought a wife The great - est mor - tal

e - vil, And swore to lead a hus - band's life Must be the ve - ry

de - vil, the de - vil, must be the ve - ry de - vil.

for

OPERAS AND DRAMATIC PIECES.

AN ALDERMAN'S LOVE-MAKING.

THAT form, and all those charms, odd fish !
Are, I protest, a dainty dish ;
And of your eyes, the very sight
Really creates an appetite,—
 Grace, prithee, let me say.
I'm at a feast—and, ma'am, would you
Digest a perfect man of goût,
Who'd drink you as a toast each sup,
And who, for love, could eat you up,
 Take Alderman Tokay.

A DRAPER'S LOVE-MAKING.

IN me you think to find, perhaps,
One of those linsey-woolsey chaps
Who of despair and daggers puff,
And all such worn-out threadbare stuff ;—
 No, no, ma'am—not in me,—
I'm of another cloth cut out,
Well-wearing, durable, and stout ;
And would you in a lover find
A fair outside, honestly lin'd,
 Take Dicky Dimity.

GLEE—YOUNG PARIS.

YOUNG PARIS was bless'd just as I am this hour,
When proud Juno offer'd him riches and pow'r,
When stately Minerva of war talk'd, and arms,
When Venus beam'd on him a smile full of charms
Venus' charms gain'd the prize—what an idiot
 was he !
The apple of gold I'd have parted in three ;
And, contenting them all by this witty device,
Given Juno, and Pallas, and Venus, a slice.

GLEE.

OUR wives at home, your husbands gone,
To them leave care and thinking,
While gaily we the hours pass on
In laughing and in drinking.
The real joys of love are shar'd
 By those who are discreetest ;—
And here's his health who first declar'd
Stol'n pleasures are the sweetest.

THE DEDICATION TO LOVE.

LOVE, to thee myself I give,
In thee I breathe, by thee I move ;
My fleeting hours, while yet I live,
To thee shall be devoted, Love !
Thou art the charm of ev'ry mind,—
The young, the old, thy influence prove ;
Tender, jealous, roving, kind,
We all are happy—so we love.

In earliest youth how time did glide,—
Chloe might well have tempted Jove ;
And I—what bliss ! was Chloe's pride :—
 Then how I sung thy praises, Love !
A smile, a nothing from my fair,
I priz'd all blessings far above ;
I knew not e'en the name of care,
Nor aught but thy sweet transports, Love.

[Omitted in Representation.]

WHEN, ardour damp'd, youth shall be pas' ;
From fair to fair still will I rove ;
And, from this moment to my last,
Untir'd, I'll sing thy praises, Love !
Each friend in this some folly sees,—
Will, then, such transports thee behove,
Will, when thou canst no longer please ?—
 What ! is it nothing, then, to love ?

THE NEW RECRUITING-PARTY.

COME here, all wives,
Who lead your lives
With dreary jarring,
 Bawling,
 Squalling,
 Swearing,
 Tearing,
Who in the dumps are left to pine
In spite of all your charms,—
 At the sight of my drum,
 Come hither—come ;
While honour's rub-a-dub you're hearing,
To my standard quick repairing,
To fight alike your cause and mine,
Behold me under arms.

Rouse, rouse ! and brave them to the field,
Your tongue the weapon that ye wield :
 Laurels shall crown your brow !
But if they hold out 'gainst this force,
Talk, as a dernier resource,
 Of vengeance—you know how.

TO CRUELTY A STRANGER.

To cruelty a stranger,
How shall I 'scape this danger ?
You woo with too much art !
 While, tender and obliging,
 Thus slyly you're besieging
A poor defenceless heart.

The reason you may guess
 Why thus it flutters so ;—
'Tis Love says—Yes, yes, yes !
 And Virtue—No, no, no !

MASTER JENKINS.

MASTER JENKINS smok'd his pipe,
And swore he'd ne'er be married ;
But 'gainst each husband threw some wine,
Or dry jest drolly carried.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

Master Jenkins thought a wife
The greatest mortal evil,
And swore to lead a husband's life
Must be the very devil.

Master Jenkins smok'd his pipe,
At home content, and married,
Regardless of each sneer or wipe,
Or dry jest drolly carried ;
Master Jenkins swore a wife
Was not so great an evil,
And any but a husband's life
Was now the very devil.

Master Jenkins smok'd his pipe,
And had been some months married ;
Severely now he felt each wipe,
For horns the poor man carried :
Master Jenkins curs'd his wife,
And swore of such an evil
To get well quit he'd part with life,
Or send her to the devil.

CATCH.

WHEN husbands from their duty stray,
Their wives should be reveng'd some way :—
Courage, then, dames, nor mope at home :—
What ! sit and cry, and let them roam ?
Your honour's wounded—rouse, defend it,
And cuckold them—or else pretend it.

From Annette and Lubin.

[Another of the same set, and perhaps the archest and most French of the three. The duet between the Bailiff and Annette is a treasure to a clever actress of the Kelly school.]

YOUNG, AND VOID OF ART.

YOUNG, and void of art or guile,
From ill intention free,
If love I've cherish'd all this while,
It came in spite of me.
When you've to me, and I've to you,
Tried who could kindest prove,
If that was love—What then to do
To fly from this same love ?

When absent from you, I have mourn'd,
And thought each hour a score ;
When on a sudden you return'd,
I've thrill'd with joy all o'er :
They say 'twas love—I thought 'twas you
Had made my heart thus move ;—
Alas ! what can a poor girl do,
To fly from this same love ?

To ev'ry thing that you can ask,
What should I say but Yes ?
It is because I like the task,
I freely grant each kiss.

You're all to me—I'm all to you—
This truth our deaths would prove,
Were we to part : What then to do
To fly from this same love ?

DUET—THEY TELL ME YOU LISTEN.

BAILIFF.

THEY tell me you listen to all that he says ;
That each hour of the day you are full of his praise ;
That you always together your flocks lead to graze :
Is this true, damsel ?

ANNETTE.

Yes, Mister Baily.

BAILIFF.

They tell me, also, you are so void of grace
As to brag that dear form, and that sweet pretty
face,
That young dog shall be welcome to kiss and embr—
brace :—
Is this true, damsel ?

ANNETTE.

Yes, Mister Baily.

BAILIFF.

The neighbours all say, though I credit them not,
They have heard you declare, that, content with
your lot,
Any king you'd refuse for that lout and a cot :—
Is this true, damsel ?

ANNETTE.

Yes, Mister Baily.

BAILIFF.

But one thing, I vow, frights me out of my life :
'Tis allow'd on all hands—that is, barring the strife,
That you both live together just like man and
wife :—
Is this true, damsel ?

ANNETTE.

Yes, Mister Baily.

DUET—'TIS TRUE THAT OFT.

LUBIN.

'Tis true that oft in the same mead
We both have led our flocks to feed,
Where by each other's side we've sat :

ANNETTE.

Alas ! there was no harm in that.

LUBIN.

'Tis true for thee this cot I rose,
Where thou tak'st pleasure to repose ;
For which I found the greenest plat :

ANNETTE.

Alas ! there was no harm in that.

OPERAS AND DRAMATIC PIECES.

LUBIN.

'Tis true, when tir'd thou fain wouldest rest
And thy dear lips to mine I've press'd,
Thy breath so sweet I've wonder'd at :

ANNETTE.

Alas ! there was no harm in that.

LUBIN.

Ah ! but 'tis true, when thou hast slept,
Closer and closer have I crept ;
And while my heart went pit-a-pat—

ANNETTE.

Alas ! there was no harm in that.

A PLAGUE TAKE ALL GRUMBLING ELVES.

A PLAGUE take all such grumbling elves,

If they will rail, so be it :
Because we're happier than themselves,
They can't endure to see it.
For me, I never shall repine,
Let whate'er fate o'ertake us ;
For love and Annette shall be mine,
Though all the world forsake us.

Then, dear Annette, regard them not ;
The hours shall pass on gaily,
In spite of ev'ry snare and plot
Of that old doting Baily.
No ! never, Annette, thou'l repine,
Let whate'er fate o'ertake us :
For love and Lubin shall be thine,
Though all the world forsake us.

MY LORD, AND PLEASE YOU.

My Lord, and please you, he and I,
Morn, noon, and night, in ev'ry weather,
From little children, not this high,
In the same cottage liv'd together .
Our parents left me to his care,
Saying, 'Let no one put upon her :'
'No, that I won't,' says he, 'I swear ;'
And he ne'er lies, an't like your Honour.

As I was saying, we grew up,
For all the world sister and brother,—
One never had nor bit nor sup,
Unless it was partook by t'other.
And I am sure, instead of me,
Were it a duchess, he had won her ;
He is so good ; and I've, d'y'e see,
A tender heart, an't like your Honour.

But, woe is ours—now comes the worst—
To-day our sorrows are beginning ;
What I thought love—oh, I shall burst—
That nasty Baily says was sinning.
With Lubin, who, of all the bliss
I ever tasted is the donor,
I took delight to toy and kiss,—
Till—I'm with child—an't like your Honour.

From the Touchstone.

[This piece, which Dibdin calls a speaking pantomime, was produced at Covent Garden, Jan. 3, 1779. "It is inconceivable," says the author, "how many persons were permitted to blot this production. I found, in one morning, interlineations in the hand-writing of four different persons, in my own copy. Mr. Pilon, Mr. Cumberland, and Mrs. Cowley, were all permitted to figure away upon it. Garrick was the fourth, whose suggestions I was proud to adopt. They consisted, however, of two smart points, which kind of hits no man ever threw in with more ability than he did. Everything else I insisted upon rejecting; but, as fast as I threw down one objection, another was raised up. Mr. Lee Lewis was permitted to foist in whatever nonsense he thought proper." "In this way," he continues, "it went on, till it was tortured into so many forms, and so many monsters were introduced, that I remember that Richards, who painted some beautiful scenery for it, asked me if I had not better, at once, call it *Noah's Ark*. In consequence of all this, it was Mr. Pilon's pantomime, and it was Mrs. Cowley's pantomime,—I never heard it attributed to Mr. Cumberland; but it was not two years ago, that a very particular friend, and an excellent theatrical critic, asked me if I remembered Garrick's pantomime of "The Touchstone." Dibdin recurs to the period with gratification, notwithstanding these vexations, as it was the means of producing a reconciliation between him and Garrick. He adds, that the last time that eminent actor was ever on the stage, was during an evening repetition of "The Touchstone," a night or two before its performance. The next morning he left town for Lord Spencer's, and returned in a few days to breathe his last in the Adelphi. "The Touchstone" was never printed; and many of the songs now presented to the reader have been transcribed from the only copy of the music we believe to be in existence.]

LOVE'S TEARS.

FORGIVE if, sometimes pensive,
My cheerfulness forgot,
Of shadows apprehensive,
I fear I know not what.

My very love alarms me ;—
Its failings, then, excuse,
If your's, which so much charms me,
I so much dread to lose.

This life has little pleasing ;
What wonder, then, in pain,
We're every moment seizing,
That little to retain.

PARENTS MAY FAIRLY THANK THEMSELVES.

PARENTS may fairly thank themselves,
Should love our duty master :
Checking his pow'r, the senseless elves
But tie the knot the faster.
To trick such dotards, weak and vain,
Is duty and allegiance ;
Whilst love, and all his pleasing train,
To fly were disobedience.

As fickle fancy, or caprice,
Or headlong whim, advises,
Children, and all their future peace,
Become the sacrifices :

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBBDIN.

Then trick these dotards, weak and vain,—
'Tis duty and allegiance ;
Whilst love, and all his pleasing train,
To fly, were disobedience.

A TRIP AMONG THE PLANETS.

Such tumbling and such tossing, sir ;
Such jolting and such crossing, sir ;
Soon overturn'd lay,
And topsyturvy, the poor Milky Way ;
We rode Aquitarius,
Knock'd down Sagittarius,
Quench'd stars as thick as bees in hives ;
Whilst I in such a taking, sir,
From head to foot was quaking, sir ;
Though, had I burst,
I knew needs must,
When the devil drives.
Rams, Virgins, Bulls, and Lions, sir,
Now bid us all defiance, sir,
A very swarm,
Myriads of worlds, in ev'ry shape and form,
Flat, square, oblong, and spherical.
Sir, we escap'd by miracle :—
I thought, had we a thousand lives,
We must to pot have gone, sir,
So fiercely they came on, sir.
But the proverb's just,
For, faith ! needs must,
When the devil drives.

ST. GEORGE AND GLORY.

Your champion now his falchion draws—
See laurels strew'd before ye ;—
Come, then, and fight the noble cause,—
The words, St. George and glory.
Assur'd of honour and success,
We take the field with spirit ;
Each British heart the cause will bless,
When courage ranks with merit.
To join our bands, each British youth
Would muster, did we need 'em ;
The very soil is valour's growth,
The air itself breathes freedom.

THE VAUXHALL WATCH.

My name's Ted Blarney, I'll be bound,
And, man and boy, upon this ground,
Full twenty years I've beat my round,
Crying—Vauxhall watch.
And as that time's a little short,
With some small folks that here resort,
To be sure I have not had some sport,
Crying—Vauxhall watch.
Oh ! of pretty wenches dress'd so tight,
And macaronies what a sight,
Of a moonlight morn I've bid good night !
Crying—Vauxhall watch.

The lover cries, 'No soul will see.'
'You are deceiv'd, my love,' cries she :
'Dare's that Irish taef there'—meaning me—
Crying—Vauxhall watch.
So they goes on with their am'rous talk,
Till they gently steal to the dark,
While I steps aside, no sport to balk.
Crying—Vauxhall watch.
Oh ! of pretty wenches, &c.

THIS LIFE IS LIKE A TROUBLED SEA.

THIS life is like a troubled sea,
Where, helm a-weather or a-lee,
The ship will neither stay nor wear,
But drives, of ev'ry rock in fear :

All seamanship in vain we try,—
We cannot keep her steadily ;
But, just as Fortune's wind may blow,
The vessel's tosticated to and fro :
Yet, come but Love on board,
Our hearts with pleasure stor'd,
No storm can overwhelm.

Still blows in vain
The hurricane,
While he is at the helm.

HAPPY BRITAIN.

HAPPY Britain ! matchless isle,
Whose natives, like the sturdy oak,
Secure in inborn force, may smile,
And mock the tempest's heaviest stroke.

Whilst smiling peace shall bless the land,
Her couching lion shall in dalliance sport ;
Arts and fair science, hand in hand,
Their monarch's patronage shall court.

But, rous'd by war, shall dreadful move,
Britannia's vengeance on her foes ; to prove,
Where'er again her banners are unfurl'd,
The dread and envy of the wond'ring world.

From the Chelsea Pensioners.

[Produced May 6, 1779, at Covent Garden, 'Brother Soldiers, why cast down?' is an evident imitation of General Wolfe's fine song.—'Why stands the Glass around?' and greatly inferior to the original. 'The Loves of John and Jean' was very popular in its day.]

BROTHER SOLDIERS.

BROTHER soldiers, why cast down ?
Never, boys, be melancholy :
You say our lives are not our own ;—
But, therefore, should we not be jolly ?
This poor tenement, at best,
Depends on fickle chance ; meanwhile,
Drink, laugh, and sing ; and for the rest,
We 'll boldly brave each rude campaign ;
Secure, if we return again,
Our pretty landlady shall smile.

OPERAS AND DRAMATIC PIECES.

Fortune his life and yours commands ;
 And this moment, should it please her
 To require it at your hands,
 You can but die,—and so did Cæsar.
 Our span, though long, were little worth,
 Did we not time with joy beguile :
 Laugh, then, the while you stay on earth,
 And boldly brave, &c.

Life's a debt we all must pay,—
 'Tis so much pleasure, which we borrow ;
 Nor heed if on a distant day
 It is demanded, or to-morrow.
 The bottle says we're tardy grown,—
 Do not the time and liquor spoil ;
 Laugh out the little life you own,
 And boldly brave, &c.

GLEE—SWEETLY, SWEETLY.

SWEETLY, sweetly let's enjoy
 The smiling moments made for Love ;
 And while we clasp the dimpled boy,
 The glass to you, to you shall move ;
 And drinking, laughing, jesting, neatly,
 The time shall pass on sweetly—sweetly.
 Love's arrows, dipp'd in rosy wine,
 To the charm'd heart like lightning pass ;
 And Mars feels transport more divine,
 When smiling Venus fills his glass.

RONDEAU—IF DEEP THY PONIARD.

If deep thy poniard thou wouldest drench
 In blood, t' avenge old Blenheim's woes,
 My enemies, boy, are the French,
 And all who are my country's foes.
 Shall I receive an added day
 Of life, when crimes your name shall brand !
 No : never let detraction say
 That virtue arm'd a murderer's hand.
 If deep, &c.
 Of anger, then, no single breath
 Respire for my poor sake ; but since
 You've spirit to encounter death,
 Die for your country and your prince.
 If deep, &c.

GLEE—THE RECRUITING PARTY.

With mingled sound of drum and fife,
 We follow the recruiting life ;
 And as we march through ev'ry fair,
 Make girls admire, and bumpkins stare.
 With bumpers full we ply Sir Clown,
 Or else produce the well-tim'd crown ;
 And, listing first the sturdy elves,
 We gain their sweethearts for ourselves.

FIILIAL LOVE.

'TWAS not her eyes, though orient mines
 Can boast no gem so bright that glows ;
 Her lips, where the deep ruby shines ;
 Her cheeks, that shame the blushing rose ;
 Nor yet her form, Minerva's mien ;
 Her bosom, white as Venus dove,—
 That made her my affection's queen,
 But 'twas alone her filial love,

The ruby lip, the brilliant eye,
 The rosy cheek, the graceful form,
 In turn for commendation vie,
 And justly the fir'd lover charm :
 But transient these ;—the charm for life,
 Which reason ne'er shall disapprove,
 Which truly shall insure a wife
 Faithful and kind, is filial love.

THE LOVES OF JOHN AND JEAN.

SING the loves of John and Jean,
 Sing the loves of Jean and John ;
 John, for her, would leave a queen,
 Jean, for him, the noblest don.
 She's his queen,
 He's her don ;
 John loves Jean,
 And Jean loves John.

Whate'er rejoices happy Jean,
 Is sure to burst the sides of John ;
 Does she for grief look thin and lean,
 That instant he is pale and wan :

Thin and lean,
 Pale and wan ;
 John loves Jean,
 And Jean loves John.

'Twas the lily hand of Jean
 Fill'd the glass of happy John ;
 And, heaven ! how joyful was she seen
 When he was for a license gone !

Joyful seen,
 They'll dance anon,
 For John weds Jean,
 And Jean weds John.

John has ta'en to wife his Jean,
 Jean's become the spouse of John ;
 She no longer is his queen,
 He no longer is her don.
 No more queen ;
 No more don ;—
 John hates Jean,
 And Jean hates John.

Whatever 'tis that pleases Jean,
 Is certain now to displease John :
 With scolding they're grown thin and lean,
 With spleen and spite they're pale and wan.
 Thin and lean,
 Pale and wan ;
 John hates Jean,
 And Jean hates John.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBBDIN.

John prays Heav'n to take his Jean,
Jean at the devil wishes John ;
He 'll dancing on her grave be seen,
She 'll laugh when he is dead and gone.
They 'll gay be seen,
Dead and gone,
For John hates Jean,
And Jean hates John.

PHILOSOPHY.

THE world 's a strange world, child, it must be
confess'd,
We all of distress have our share :
But since I must struggle to live with the rest,
By my troth ! 'tis no great matter where.
We all must put up with what Fortune has sent,—
Be, therefore, one's lot poor or rich,
So there be but a portion of ease and content,
By my troth ! 'tis no great matter which.
A living 's a living, and so there 's an end ;
If one honestly gets just enow,
And something to spare for the wants of a friend,
By my troth ! 'tis no great matter how.
In this world about nothing we busied appear,
And I've said it again and again,
Since quit it one must, if one's conscience is clear,
By my troth ! 'tis no great matter when.

WHEN THOU SHALT SEE.

WHEN thou shalt see his bosom swelling,
When soft compassion's tear shall start,
As my poor father's woes thou 'rt telling,
Come back and claim my hand and heart.
The cause bless'd eloquence will lend thee ;
Nay, haste, and ease my soul's distress ;
To judge thy worth, I'll here attend thee,
And rate thy love by thy success.

FINALE TO FIRST ACT—GOOD NIGHT.

Nancy. Good night, good night, thou noble youth;
And if thy tenderness and truth
Should a propitious influence need
To make thy gen'rous views succeed,
From grief to set my father free,
Oh ! for a moment think of me.
Oh ! for a moment, &c.

Lively. Good night, good night, the cheerful hour
If sad remembrance should sour,—
If, as the joyful glass goes round,
One single drop of care be found,
Your cup from the intruder free,
And for a moment think of me.
Oh ! for a moment, &c.

Esther. Good night, good night, try all you can
To save, I pray you, my good man ;
His fortune has been very rough,
But, if his griefs are not enough

To melt your heart, and set him free,
Oh ! for a moment think of me.
Oh ! for a moment, &c.

Blenheim. Goodnight, good night, and if henceforth
Thou see'st proud vice, neglected worth,
Abuse of power, perverted laws,
Bad men's prosperity the cause,
And art from indignation free,
Oh ! for a moment think of me.
Oh ! for a moment, &c.

'TIS BETTER TO LAUGH THAN TO CRY.

NEIGHBOUR, neighbour,
Work away :
What like labour
Makes us gay ?
The world is sad,
It knows not why ;
Your poets in rhymes
May rail at the times,
But, since they 're so bad,
And no cure 's to be had,
'Tis better to laugh than to cry.

But look behind,
And you shall find,
For one poor pleasure, plagues a score ;
Nor is, I fear,
One whit more clear
The prospect, should you look before ; —
Then, far beyond blind Fortune's pow'r,
Live and enjoy the present hour.

GLEE—TELL ME, NEIGHBOUR.

TELL me, neighbour, tell me plain,
Which is the best employ ?
Is it love, whose very pain,
They say, is perfect joy ?
Is it war, whose thund'ring sound
Is heard at such a distance round ?
Is it to have the miser's hoard ?
Is it to be with learning stor'd ?
Is it gay Pegasus to rein ?
Tell me, neighbour, tell me plain.
No, no, will answer ev'ry honest soul :
The best employ 's to push about the bowl.

A HEARTY FELLOW.

WHY, thanks be prais'd, I'm pretty free
From sickness, though I'm old ; —
Indeed, an asthma teases me,
Now I have got a cold ;
The gout, too, plays me tricks ;
Then I've the rheumatics,
And a sort of a wheezing,
That 's sometimes teasing,
In the morning, do you see ;
But 'tis over soon,
For by that time 'tis noon,
The deuce a thing ails me !

BRIGHT GEMS THAT TWINKLE.

ANDANTE.

The sheet music consists of two staves. The top staff is for the voice, starting with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps, and common time. The bottom staff is for the piano, starting with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and common time. The vocal part begins with eighth-note patterns, followed by a melodic line with lyrics. The piano part features harmonic support with chords and sustained notes. The lyrics describe celestial bodies and their twinkling light.

Bright gems that twin-kle from a - far, Pla-nets, and ev' - ry less - er star, That

mf

dart-ing each a down-ward ray, Con-sole us for the loss of day! Con-

sole us for the loss of day! Be - gone! e'en Ve - nus, who so bright Re-

BRIGHT GEMS THAT TWINKLE.

The sheet music consists of eight staves of musical notation for three voices (Soprano, Alto, Bass) and piano. The key signature is A major (two sharps). The tempo is indicated by a 'f' (forte) symbol above the first staff. The lyrics are as follows:

flects her vi - sions pure and white, pure and white,
Quick dis-ap-pear, and quit the skies, For lo! the moon be - gins to rise! For
lo! the moon be - gins to rise! Quick dis - ap - pear, and
quit the skies, For lo! the moon be - gins to rise!

OPERAS AND DRAMATIC PIECES.

BRIGHT GEMS THAT TWINKLE.

BRIGHT gems that twinkle from afar,
Planets, and ev'ry lesser star,
That, darting each a downward ray,
Console us for the loss of day !
Begone ! e'en Venus, who so bright
Reflects her visions pure and white,
Quick disappear, and quit the skies,
For lo ! the moon begins to rise !

Ye pretty warblers of the grove,
Who chant such artless tales of love,—
The thrush gurgling in his throat,
The linnet with his silver note,
The soaring lark, the whistling thrush,
The mellow blackbird, goldfinch, hush !
Fly, vanish, disappear, take wing !
The nightingale begins to sing.

THE COBBLER'S RESOLVE.

TWERE better, I took your advice, my good neighbour,—
My conduct henceforward I'll mend ;
With joy and content to my last will I labour,
Still striving to make a good end.
And then, as to love, I'll ne'er think of a woman,—
I will not—I swear it by goles !
But, like Methodist preachers on Kennington Common,
I'll live but by mending of soles.

Many battles I'll fight—o'er a pot of good porter
Whole armies I'll kill—in my stall ;
To no sole—of a shoe, will I ever give quarter,
And what hides will I pierce—with my awl.
And then as to love, &c.

WHEN WELL ONE KNOWS.

WHEN well one knows to love and please,
What distresses can one prove ?
What can rob that heart of ease
Possess'd of pleasure, rich in love ?

Alas ! without this sov'reign good,
Whose pow'r no emperor can stay,
Richest, rank, or noble blood,
Honour, titles—what are they ?
One tender look's to lovers worth
More treasure than the Indies own ;
Smiles are the empire of the earth ;
The arms of those we love—a throne !

LET YOUR COURAGE, BOY, BE TRUE.

LET your courage, boy, be true t'ye,—
Hard and painful is the soldier's duty :
'Tis not alone to bravely dare,
To fear a stranger,
Each threat'ning danger,
That whistles through the dusky air ;
Where thund'ring jar

Conflicting arms,
All the alarms,
And dreadful havoc of the war.

Your duty done, and home returning,
With self-commended ardour burning,
If this right pride
Foes should deride,
And from your merit turn aside,—
Though than the war the conflict's more severe,
This is the trial you must learn to bear.

FINALE TO LAST ACT.

Lively. Love, joy, and harmony
Shall henceforth here abound ;
While with the glass the jovial glee
Shall merrily go round.

Chorus. Drums shall beat, and fifes shall sound,
And love, and joy, and harmony
Shall henceforth here abound ;
While with the glass the jovial glee
Shall merrily go round.

Esther. Dame Fortune my good man and me
Has done, then, playing pranks ;
Accept, good sir, for this bounty,
My humble mite of thanks.

Drums shall beat, &c.

Nancy. Wond'ring, I here transported stand ;
How most t' admire the worth
Of him to whom I give my hand,
Or him who gave me birth.
Drums shall beat, &c.

Blenheim. Fortune, as now, is often just ;
Yet we'll not take our due
Till of success this sudden gust
Is ratified by you.
Drums shall beat, &c.

From the Mirror, or Harlequin Everywhere.
[A Pantomime produced at Covent Garden, Nov. 30, 1779.]

HELL'S TENANTS.

THAT gentleman whom there you see,
The vulture gnawing his liver,
A very wicked wight was he,
A judge and great lawgiver.
More orphans' goods than tongue can tell,
On earth devour'd this limb ;
And now, for punishment, in hell
A vulture devours him.

That figure on the wheel you see,
I'd have you to understand,
A noted minister was he,
And lord of a certain land :
The nation who did cheat and trouble,
And roast, to gain his pelf ;
And who, at last, made his own bubble,
Is roasting here himself.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBBDIN.

He who the chymist's stone purs'd,
Which makes such rant and pother,
Here rolls a stone which doth elude
His search, as did the other ;
T'other, who lack of charities
Did gormandize and Guzzle,
On dainties feasts but with his eyes—
The punishment is subtle.

These harmless ladies o'er their tea
With scandal time did kill,
That well must empty, as you see,
In sieves that never fill.
That miser, who the heart had ne'er
To lay his ill-gotten gains out,
Now shrinking, trembling, quakes, for fear
That rock should knock his brains out.

PUNCH.

CAN'T you see by my hunch, sir—Faddledy, dad-dledy dino,
I am Master Punch, sir—Riberi, biberi, bino ;
Fiddledy diddledy, faddledy daddledy, robbery bob-
bery, ribery biberi, faddledy daddy dino,
ribery biberi bino.
That merry fellow, Punchinello,
Dancing here, you see, sir,
Whose mirth not hell itself can quell,
He's ever in such glee, sir.
Niddlety noddlety, niddlety noddlety, niddlety nod-dlety nino.
Then let me pass, old Grecian—Faddledy daddledy
dino,
To the Fields Elysian—Riberi, biberi, bino.
Fiddledy, diddledy, &c.

My ranting, roaring Pluto—Faddledy daddledy
dino,
Just to a hair will suit, oh !—Riberi biberi bino.
Faddledy, &c.
Each jovial fellow,
At Punchinello,
Will laughing o'er his cup roar ;
I'll rant and revel,
And play the devil,
And set all hell in an uproar.
Niddlety noddlety nino.
Then let me pass, &c.

WHENEE'R I'VE SEEN HER JEERING.

WHENEE'R I've seen her jeering,
Coquetting, ogling, leering,
In absence of papa,
In wishes sweet confounded,
Oh ! how my heart has bounded,
To be as wise as my mama.
Thump a thump.

Or when, the captain's way in,
I have been sent out playing,
While through the key-hole peeping
Oh ! how my heart was leaping
To be wise as my mama.
Thump a thump, &c.

THE ANTIPODEANS.

OH ! the bibby bobby fellows—topsy turvy,
Of manners rare,
Who live in air,
Carousing in jovial bands !
Who are never shabby, stingy, mean, nor scurvy,
Who no friends betray,
But who, happy and gay,
Neatly feately, neatly feately, neatly feately,
Foot it away with their hands.
Their lawyers do no ill ;
Their physicians never kill ;
Their wives are never shrill ;
Their taverns make no bill ;
Their great men are of skill ;
Their Cockneys never swill.
Til lil de ril lil lil lil lil.

They neither swear nor lie ;
From their promise never fly ;
To friends are never shy ;
Ne'er backbite nor decry :
Good friends, this side the sky ;
Do, pray, a little try
The Antipodean fry.
Turum tidum, tidem tidem, tidem tidem ti.

THE FARMER.

My beehives are furnish'd with bees,
Quickset hedges my fences adorn ;
My woods are all planted with trees,
And my fields yellow over with corn.
I seldom have found any tares,
Of such use are my harrow and plough ;
In my orchard grow apples and pears,
In my dairy there's milk from my cow.
Not an oak in my grove is there seen,
But an ivy around it does creep ;
Not a yew-tree 's more reverend green,
Whence a reverend owl does not peep :
Not a blossom have I, or a bud,
But in time fruit or flower reveals ;
Not a river that's bottom'd with mud,
But produces me plenty of eels.

From the farmyard, the stable, the pens,
What strains drown the thrasher's rude stroke !
How sheep, ducks and geese, cocks and hens,
Cackling love, parade dunghills that smoke !
Other farms may, perhaps, be more clean,
Outhouses and hovels more fine ;
Other owners more courtly be seen,
But their profit 's not equal to mine.

OPERAS AND DRAMATIC PIECES.

From the Shepherdess of the Alps.

[A Comic Opera, first acted at Covent Garden Theatre, Jan. 18, 1780.]

OPENING CHORUS.

PRESS the vine, press the vine—
Our annual harvest is begun ;
Red as a rose,
The liquor flows,
And shortly we shall drink the wine,
To cheer our hearts when labour's done.
'Tis the right body, strong and rough,—
Let us the hogsheads fill ;—
Come, neighbour, come,—you've work'd enough,
Now let us make a spill.

THE CHARMS OF WOMEN.

THERE'S something in women their lovers engage,
Of whatever complexion, or stature, or age ;
And she who would frighten a mere stander-by,
Is a Venus herself in the fond lover's eye.
If she's pale, never swan was a tenth part so fair;
If tawny, like jet are her eyes and her hair ;
If Xantippe herself, her scolding's thought wit ;
If meek, all good wives to their husbands submit.

If a pygmy, how neat are her air and her mien !
If a steeple, she's graceful, and walks like a queen ;
If a girl in her teens, all's handsome that's young ;
If eighty, her fortune says—World, hold your tongue !
In short, to dear woman 'tis given to please,
And tho' the whim often should take them to tease,
To perplex, to torment, and a thousand things more,
They're the deities men were all born to adore.

HOW UNLIKE TO THESE FOPS.

How unlike to these fops were our fathers of old !
Brave, manly, heroic, intrepid, and bold ;
Who had spirits like fire, and of health such a stock,
That their pulse struck the seconds as true as a clock,
Without bridle or saddle who'd mount on a nag,
And kill before sunrise a boar or a stag ;
Who, hunger provok'd by the keen wholesome air,
Would eat you for breakfast a pound of a bear.

But a fine mincing modern comes into the room,
A lump of pulvilio, a walking perfume ;
In his tricks and his shape
A direct human ape ;
Who ogles and flushes,
And simpers and blushes,
And patches and paints,
And expires and faints,
And stammers and trips,
Takes snuff, bites his lips,
Lisps, coughs, and lolls ;—
But, to cut the thing short,
Our men now at court
Are nothing but so many sixpenny dolls.

WHEN JEALOUS OUT OF SEASON.

WHEN jealous out of season,
When deaf and blind to reason,
Of truth we've no belief ;
With rage we're overflowing,
Nor why nor wherefore knowing,
And the heart goes throb with grief.

But when the fit is over,
And kindness from the lover
Does every doubt destroy,
Away fly thoughts alarming,
Each object appears charming,
And the heart goes throb with joy.

SWEET MELANCHOLY BIRD.

SWEET melancholy bird, again,
As thou art wont at ev'ry eve,
My hopeless sorrow, in soft strain,
Ah ! echo to me, and relieve.

Alas ! to answer my sad woe,
In sympathy all nature grieves :
The rivers seem with tears to flow,
The zephyr sighs amidst the leaves.

THE LITTLE BARK.

THE little bark may safely ride
Where neither rocks nor quicksands lie ;
But, driv'n to sea by wind and tide,
As swift as swallows skim the sky,
The horror of the foaming main,
The lightning's glare, the thunder's roar,
Give little prospect that again
Poor bark shall ever reach the shore.

BY LOVE AND FORTUNE GUIDED

By love and fortune guided,
I quit the busy town ;
With cot and sheep provided,
And vestments of a clown.
Thus have I barter'd riches
For a shepherd's little stock ;
A crook to leap o'er ditches,
And well to climb each rock :
A faithful dog my steps to guide,
A scrip and hautboy by my side ;
And my horn to give th' alarm,
When wolves would harm
My flock.

Ah ! say, then, who can blame me ?
For beauty 'tis I roam ;
But if the chase should tame me,
Perhaps I may come home.
Till then I'll give up riches, &c.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBBDIN.

THE RISING SUN.

THE rising sun Lysander found,
Shedding tears o'er Phillis' tomb,
Who swore he ne'er would leave the ground,
But pass his life in that dear gloom.
Tearing his hair, the frantic youth
Cried, 'Food and raiment I deny;
And with my life shall end my truth,—
For love of Phillis will I die.'

The radiant god made half his tour,
The kine sought shelter from his heat,
Which pass'd within the cottage-door,
Where poor Lysander drank and eat.
His dinner finish'd, up he rose,
Stalk'd, sighing, silently and slow,
To where were hung his Sunday's clothes,
Then took a walk to chase his woe.

The sun to Thetis made his way,
When, underneath a friendly shade,
A shepherd sung, in accents gay,
His passion for a gentle maid.
O lovers! what are all your cares?
Your sighs? your suff'rings? tell me what!
To Daphne 'tis Lysander swears,
And lovely Phillis is forgot.

A COURTING SCENE.—

FIRST, Sir:—May I perish, dear creature—
Fall down, and expire at your feet,
If, in air, stature, mien, shape, and feature,
Any Venus was e'er so complete.

Then, Madam:—Lord, you're such another,—
I ne'er saw the like in my days;
You make such a rout and a pother,
And then you've such wheedling ways.
Permit me—I vow, sir,
To ravish—Nay, now, sir!
A heavenly kiss—Pray be civil!
Oh nectar!—You tease me!
Ambrosia—And blouse me!
Get along, you agreeable devil!

Fir'd all over,
Now, the lover
Sighs, nor tears can stay;
Bold he ventures,
Pleasure enter'd,
Reason flies away.

MANY AND OFTEN WAS THE TIME.

MANY and often was the time,
When up a tree I us'd to climb,
To search for birds' nests in it;
And, as the boughs I've mov'd about,
Perhaps the noise has frightened' l out
All but the last-fledg'd linnet.

The little thing, from bough to bough,
I'd watch with anxious care, and now
Dodge hither, and now thither,
Till in the cage I've thought it sure,
Forgetting to secure the door,
It flew,—the Lord knows whither.

What could I do?—No use to cry,
Whimper, put finger in the eye,
Blubber, and make a pothor:—
I e'en was forc'd to be content,
And onwards as I whistling went,
Perhaps I've found another.

MY TEARS, ALAS! I CANNOT SPEAK.

My tears, alas! I cannot speak!
Must thank his goodness, sure, divine;
For had I words—words are too weak,
Too poor, to vent such thoughts as mine.

The sun, in its meridian height,
Will gratitude like this inspire;
Whose kindly heat and piercing light
We wonder at, and we admire.

WELL I REMEMBER ME.

WELL I remember me, 'twas on the first of May,
With garlands and nosegays first came all our
neighbours!

Then, dress'd
In their best,
Came the pipes and the tabors.
Nothing e'er was so gay!
At rest from their labours
All kept holyday.
Drums were beating, bells ringing,
No kind of tillage
Was seen in the village,
But all sorts of pastime, and dancing, and singing.
And then, at the church—I remember it yet,—
How bashful you look'd, I shall never forget;
And when ask'd if your duty as wife you'd fulfil,
Lord! how you did blush when you answer'd I will.
Well I remember, &c.

THE COY PASTORA.

THE coy Pastora Damon woo'd,
Damon the witty and the gay;
Damon, who never fair pursu'd,
But she became an easy prey.
Yet, with this nymph, his ev'ry pow'r
In vain he tries, no language moves;—
Thus do we see the tender flow'r
Shrink from the sun whose warmth it loves.
Piqued at the little angry puss,
Cried he,—She sets me all on fire!
Then plagues herself and makes this fuss,
Only to raise her value higher.

OPERAS AND DRAMATIC PIECES.

For that she loves me, ev'ry hour,
Each moment, some new instance proves :
Thus do we see the tender flow'r
Shrink from the sun whose warmth it loves.

How to resolve, then? what resource?
By fair means she will ne'er come to;
What of a little gentle force?
Suppose I try what that will do?
I know she'll tears in torrents pour;
I know her cries will pierce the groves :—
Thus do we see the tender flow'r
Shrink from the sun whose warmth it loves.

AH MEN! WHAT SILLY THINGS YOU ARE.

Ah men! what silly things you are,
To woman thus to humble,
Who, fowler like, but spreads her snare,
Or, at her timid game
Takes aim,
Pop, pop, and down you tumble.

She marks you down, fly where you will,
O'er clover, grass, or stubble;
Can wing you, feather you, or kill,
Just as she takes the trouble;
Ah men! &c.

Then fly not from us, 'tis in vain,—
We know the art of setting,
As well as shooting, and can train
The shyest men our net in.
Ah men! &c.

AWHILE IN EV'RY NATION

Awhile in ev'ry nation
War may blaze around,
Still spreading desolation,
Yet there is hope of peace.
Awhile the billows, raging,
May sky and sea confound ;
Yet, winds and waves assuaging,
Storms at the last will cease.

But man, by vice o'ertaken,
A tempest in his mind,
His warring passions shaken,
Are reeds as in the wind.

Rare is the eloquence that has the charm
To rule the pestilence, or quell the storm.

IN THE MONTH OF MAY.

In the month of May,
The morning gray
First peeps a doubtful light ;
Three strikes the clock,
The village cock
Next crows with all his might :

Each waking bird
Chirping is heard ;
Tinges of red the sky adorn ;
Bird, man, and beast,
Regard the east,
And, pleas'd, salute the rising morn.

The shepherd now his flock unfolds ;
Night, like a thief, steals slow away,—
His dingy hue,
Ugly to view,
Is chang'd to a delightful blue ;
All nature's gay :
And now the villager behold,
His mowers mow, his ploughers plough,
Sheep bleet, birds sing, and oxen low :
Each rural sound salutes his ears ;
He wishes to make one :
And now,
Usher'd by all this fine parade,
In ev'ry splendid pomp array'd,
Appears
The radiant sun.

So, after abundance of toilet affairs,
And Betty has nine times ran up and down stairs,
For lappets and ribands, and one thing and t'other,
And the house top and bottom's alarm'd with the
pother,
And a hundred things more are done equally risible,
The lady, at last, condescends to be visible.

HERE SLEEPS IN PEACE.

HERE sleeps in peace, beneath this rustic vase
The tenderest lover a husband could prove ;
Of all his distress, alas! I am the cause,
So much I ador'd him, heav'n envied my love.
The sighs I respire ev'ry morn I arise,
The mis'ry I cherish, the grief, and the pain,
The thousands of tears that fall from my eyes,
Are all the sad comforts for me that remain.

When, his colours display'd, honour call'd him to
arms,
By tender persuasions I kept him away,
His glory forgetting for these fatal charms,
And, to punish me, he is depriv'd of the day.
Since when, to his mem'ry I've rais'd this sad tomb,
Where to join him, alas! I shall shortly descend ;
Where sorrow, nor pain, nor affliction can come,
And where both my love and my crime shall have
end.

From the Fortune-Hunter.

[A Musical Dialogue, written for Saddler's Wells, 1780.]

THE WILLING SOUL.

THE willing soul, well pleas'd, delights
To heal the stranger's grief ;
Nor will its hospitable rites
From worth withhold relief :

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBBDIN.

But still we should--deceitful lest
The tear we wish to dry—
Distinguish 'twixt the gen'rous guest
And the insidious spy.

Our passions each should, station'd well,
Have some good post apart ;
And, as our wary sentinel,
Prudence should guard the heart.

Thus, like a camp, the human breast
Might a surprise defy ;
Rewarding still the gen'rous guest,
And punishing the spy.

From the Islanders and the Marriage Act.

'The Islanders' is a three-act Comic Opera, first performed at Covent Garden, Nov. 25, 1780. Nearly all the songs in 'The Marriage Act,' called a two-act farce, which was produced at the same theatre in the subsequent year, were written for 'The Islanders,' and appear in the printed copies of that piece. The 'Marriage Act,' is, in fact, 'The Islanders' compressed.

CATCH—FAR FROM THE WORLD.

FAR from the world, on a strange soil,
What should we do, were we to think ?
But custom now has sweeten'd toil,
Nor do we from our peril shrink ;—
Therefore, lest the liquor spoil,
Push round the bowl, and let us drink.

THE LADIES' FACES.

THE ladies' faces, now-a-days,
Are various as their humours :
And on complexions oft we gaze,
Brought home from the perfumer's.
Hid as it were beneath a cloak,
The beauty's false that wins ye :
Then pardon me by way of joke,
If I prefer my Dingy.

A handkerchief can rub away
Your roses and your lilies ;
The more you rub, the more you may,—
My Dingy dingy still is ;
Besides, her hair's as black as jet,
Her eyes are gems from India ;—
Rail as you list, then, I shall yet,
For joke's sake, love poor Dingy.

DID FORTUNE BID ME CHOOSE.

Did Fortune bid me choose a state
From all that's rich, and all that's great ;
From all that ostentation brings,
The splendour, pride, and pomp of kings ;—
These gifts, and more, did she display,
With health that felt not life's decay,
I'd spurn with scorn the useless lot
Were my Camilla's name forgot.

But did she for my fate assign
That I should labour in a mine,
Or, with many wretches more,
In slav'ry chain me to an oar ;
Or, from the sight of man exil'd,
Send me to a Siberian wild ;—
For this, and more, would she atone,
Were my Camilla all my own.

WHEN YANKO DEAR.

WHEN Yanko dear fight far away,
Some token kind me send ;
One branch of olive, for dat say,
Me wish de battle end ;
The poplars tremble while him go,
Say of dy life take care :
Me send no laurel—for me know
Of dat he find him share.

De ivy say, my heart be true ;
Me droop, say willow-tree :
De torn, he say, me sick for you ;
De sunflow'r, tinkle of me.
Till last I go, weep wid de pine,
For fear poor Yanko dead ;
He come, and I de myrtle twine,
In chaplet for him head.

THE AUCTION OF WIVES.

Auctioneer. But first I premise,
All simpers and sighs,
All leers under hats,
All squeezes and pats,
Of which you've at will a collection,
Adjusting of dress,
Affecting distress,
Our justice proscribes
As so many bribes
The freedom against of election ;
And, now, who'd advance her,
To her name come and answer, —
For ugliness we've the concoction ;
Nor is 't a new custom—
This is not the first time
That wives have been put up to auction.
Sarah Simper.

She. Here.
Auc. No bribes, child—that was a leer.
Margery Modest.
She. Here.
Auc. That's my pretty dear !
Dolly Disdainful !
She. Here.
Auc. That frown, love's too severe.
Susannah Sadlocks.
She. Here.
Auc. There's bribery in that tear.
Jenny Forward.

YANKO DEAR.

ANDANTE.

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff is for the treble clef part, the middle staff is for the bass clef part, and the bottom staff is for the bass clef part. The key signature is G major (one sharp). The time signature is common time (indicated by '6'). The first section of lyrics is:

When Yan-ko dear fight far a - way, Some to - ken kind me send; One branch of o-live,

The second section of lyrics is:

for dat say, Me wish de bat-tle end—Me wish de bat-tle end; The

YANKO DEAR.

The musical score consists of three staves of music in common time, key of G major (indicated by a sharp sign). The top staff is for the voice, the middle staff is for the piano right hand, and the bottom staff is for the piano left hand. The lyrics are integrated into the vocal line.

pop-lar trem-ble while him go, Say of dy life take care: Me send no lau-rel—
 for me know Of dat he find him share— Me send no lau-rel— for me know Of
 dat he find him share— of dat he find him share.

De ivy say, my heart be true ;
 Me droop, say willow-tree ;
 De torn, he say, me sick for you ;
 De sunflow'r, tink of me.

Till last I go, weep wid de pine,
 For fear poor Yanko dead ;
 He come, and I de myrtle twine,
 In chaplet for him head.

OPERAS AND DRAMATIC PIECES.

She. Here.
Auc. How ! whisper in my ear !
 Bridget Sturdy.
She. Here.
Auc. What's this ?—a grenadier ?
 Gertrude Half-gone.
She. Not here.
Auc. That matter's pretty clear.
 Sukey Softly.
She. Here.
Auc. The rest fall in the rear.
 But still I advise
 No simpers or sighs,
 No leers under hats,
 No squeezes or pats,
 Of which you've at will a collection,
 Adjusting of dress,
 Affecting distress ;—
 These our justice proscribes
 As so many bribes
 The freedom against of election.
 Gallants, then, where are ye ?
 Whose time's come to marry,
 For ugliness we've the concoction ;
 Nor is 't a new custom—
 This is not the first time
 That wives have been put up to auction.

DUET—THAT LOVELY HAND.

Male. THAT lovely hand, which is, I swear,
 Than any saffron far more fair,
 I seize in spite of all those frowns.
Female. O sounds !
Male. Nay, nay.
Fem. I won't, I say.
Male. Sho, sho, sho, sho.
Fem. No, no, no, no.
Male. Nay, start not back—you're wrong, you're
 wrong.
Fem. You cursed devil, hold your tongue.
 Sir, if another word you say,
 You'll surely make me swoond away.
Male. This coying is so out of place,—
 Do airs like those become that face ?
Fem. If you persist, sir, I'll cry out.
Male. Nay, prithee, make not such a rout.
 Those red-lead lips, my bonny girl,
 Which hide those teeth that should be pearl,
 I'll kiss in spite of all those frowns.
Fem. O sounds, &c.
Male. Dear me ! you coy it more and more.
Fem. I ne'er saw such a toad before,—
 So rampant, rude, and so uncivil.
Male. Come to my arms—
Fem. You plaguy devil !
Male. That form so plump, so full of ease,
 Round as a dumpling or Dutch cheese,
 I must embrace for all those frowns.
Fem. O sounds, &c.

EVERY JACK HAS HIS JILL.

THUS ev'ry Jill some Jack can find,
 To common sense and reason blind,
 Who, for a form that crows might scare,
 Thinks it worth while to lay a snare ;
 Who, swearing and lying,
 And kneeling and sighing,
 No promise in all Love's collection will spare.
 Black's white—day's night ;
 The sun's a rushlight,
 Time, season, and space
 Take whatever face
 He'd have that wear,
 While her conquest so vain of,
 Ma'am calls up a train of
 Airs, whims, and conceits,
 Advances, retreats,
 More whimsical far than a great dancing-bear ;
 And her follies still egg her,
 Till, like a poor beggar,
 On horseback once sit her,
 She gallops—the devil knows where.

THOU MONSTER ! THOU JEZEBEL !

[A song in which the singer gives the answer in a female voice.]

THOU monster ! thou Jezebel ! instant confess,
 Or I swear that thy destiny near is,
 Who it has brought on us all this distress ?
 Who sedu'c'd thee, thou devil ? Gil Perez.
 He did ?—O the dog ! not an hour shall he live.
 O, damme, what perfidy here is !
 Such a lamb of her innocence thus to deprive !
 Who promis'd you marriage ? Gil Perez.
 He dies !—by to-morrow the dog shall be cold,
 Now see that your answer sincere is !
 Who swore of this bus'ness if ever you told,
 He'd cut you to pieces ? Gil Perez.
 'Tis enough ! he shall perish—I swear by my fame,
 By all to an hero that dear is.
 One thing more—Who enjoin'd you to lay all the
 blame
 On the innocent doctor ? Gil Perez.

COME, COURAGE, LADS.

COME, courage, lads, and drink away :
 A man upon his wedding-day
 Ought rarely well his part to play
 At stingo or October :
 For who would be that stupid elf,
 For whim, caprice, or love, or pelf,
 To poison, hang, or drown himself,
 Or marry, when he's sober ?

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBBDIN.

For madam's will at nothing stops ;
She must have balls, and routs, and fops,
And often ransack ail the shops,
In gay attire to robe her.
Then drink, the day you take a wife,
As the last comfort of your life ;
For, ever after, noise and strife
Are sure to keep you sober.

IF WHILE CONTENDING PASSIONS.

If, while contending passions rise,
To gaze with transport on her eyes,
To wish her beauties to defend,
To be her champion and her friend ;—
If these and like emotions prove
Love's impulse—I Julina love.

If, while transported with delight,
Falt'ring, trembling in her sight,
Timid, respectful, to appear,
To feel alternate hope and fear ;—
If these and like emotions prove
Love's impulse—I Julina love.

LOVE.

Love's a flame, the mind illumining,
Which perfect heat and radiance gives,
And seems as it were not consuming,
On worldly comforts while it lives.
But, wasted like the glimm'ring taper,
Failing in that its force supplied,
It flies, an unsubstantial vapour,
Leaving no trace of where it died.

POOR ORRA.

Poor Orra tink of Yanko dear,
Do he be gone for ever ;
For he no dead, he still live here,
And he from here go never.
Like on a sand me mark him face,
De wave come roll him over ;
De mark him go, but still de place
'Tis easy to discover.

Me see fore now de tree, de flow'r,—
He droop like Orra, surely ;
And den by'm bye there come a show'r,
He hold him head up purely :—
And so some time me tink me die,
My heart so sick he grieve me ;
But in a lillie time me cry
Good deal, and that relieve me.

THE MOMENT I'M ANNOUNC'D.

The moment I'm announc'd,
Belapp'd, beflounc'd,
Befring'd and beperiwigg'd, in vast surprise,
The governor aloud
Will proclaim to the crowd,
This beauty is the fairest, and be her's the prize !

Then straight at the sound
A whisper goes round,
She's surely an angel—what heavenly eyes !
While the girls at the sight
Are bursting for spite,
That my brighter beauties should have won the prize !

I DARE OF DANGER TAKE MY SHARE.

Tell me, when did I delay
To run, to risk, to toil ;
The panther of those garments, say,
Did this right hand despoil ?
I dare of danger take my share,
In battle dare be first,
Dare face a lion ;—these I dare,
But dare not be unjust.

Tell me, did I danger mock,
When, lab'ring, I did hew
A dwelling from yon pond'rous rock,
To shelter these and you ?
I dare of danger, &c.

A BED OF MOSS.

A bed of moss we'll straight prepare,
Where, near him gently creeping,
We'll pat his cheeks, and stroke his hair,
And watch him while he's sleeping.

Sweet flow'rs of ev'ry scent and hue,
Pinks, violets, and roses,
And blooming hyacinths, we'll strew,
As sweetly he reposes.

And we'll with fond emotion start ;
And while, with admiration,
We softly feel his flutt'ring heart,
Partake its palpitation.

I'LL MOUNT THE CLIFFS.

I'll mount the cliffs, I'll watch the coast,
Anxious some welcome tidings soon to bear ;
Nor let your fortitude be lost,
Confiding still in honest Yanko's care.

Though to my comrades I'm untrue,
Honour shall infidelity applaud,
And call, in charity to you,
My broken faith to them a pious fraud.

GLEE—COME ROUND ME AND WEEP.

Come round me and weep; to your hearts take de-spair :
'Tis a cause that all nature must mourn,—
Poor Hylas, of love who from all had a share,
From our wishes for ever is torn.

A BED OF MOSS.

The sheet music consists of two staves of musical notation. The top staff uses a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff uses a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music is in common time (indicated by '2/4'). The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes in three distinct sections. The first section starts with a dotted half note followed by eighth notes. The second section begins with a quarter note followed by eighth notes. The third section starts with a dotted half note followed by eighth notes.

A bed of moss we'll straight pre - pare, Where,
near him gent-ly creep - ing, We'll pat his cheeks, and stroke his hair, And
watch him, while he's sleep - ing. A bed of moss we'll straight pre - pare, Where,

A BED OF MOSS.

near him gent-ly creep - ing, We'll pat his cheeks, And stroke his hair, And

watch him while he's sleep - ing, And watch him while he's sleep-ing. And

watch him while he's sleep - ing; We'll pat his cheeks, and stroke his hair, And

watch him while he's sleep-ing.

for

OPERAS AND DRAMATIC PIECES.

That Hylas to whom we look'd up for a smile,
As we blessings from heav'n would obtain,
Whose form was so faultless, whose tongue knew
no guile,
Is gone, and our wishes are vain.

ADVANTAGES OF AN UGLY WIFE.

TRULY, friend Gil, thou choosest well,
Taking a helmate homely,
For oftentimes sad tales they tell
Of wives who are too comely :
But cheer thee, Perez, and be gay,
From furnish'd brows exempted ;
For how can she e'er go astray,
Who never will be tempted ?

For thieves do never rob the poor,
A pebble 's not a jewel,
Fruits do not blossom on a moor,
Fire burns not without fuel :
Up with thy heart, then, Gil—be gay,
From furnish'd brows exempted,—
Thy wife can never go astray,
For she will ne'er be tempted.

THIS STRANGE EMOTION.

THIS strange emotion at my heart,
Oh ! how shall I explain ?
'Tis joy, 'tis grief, 'tis ease, 'tis smart,
'Tis pleasure, and 'tis pain !

The busy trembling flutt'rer plays,
It knows not how or why ;
And throbs and beats a thousand ways—
Ah ! quiet, prithee, lie !

Cease ! and sensations such as these
With careful heed destroy :
What good is in the same degrees
Of mingled pain and joy !

PASSION AND REASON.

PASSION is a torrent rude,
Which rapid bears down ev'ry height,
A turbulent, unruly flood,
Which with the ocean would unite.

Reason 's a fountain, calm, serene,
Which, near gay fields and laughing bow'r's,
While it reflects th' enchanting scene,
Is borne among a bed of flow'r's.

AH ! LET NOT AN INSTANT.

AH ! let not an instant of life pass in vain,—
The moment escapes us, and age brings on pain,—
Life 's too precious, too fugitive joy :
The flowers which yesterday's zephyr disclos'd,
Droop'd their heads on their stalks before Phœbus
repos'd ;—
Thus one day serves to form and destroy.

Then think not of aught but the moment that
flies,—
To learn to be happy 's to learn to be wise :—
Seize pleasure while pleasure 's our own,—
Fear nothing, thou'rt mine, 'tis allotted above :—
Chance but obey'd Fate, and, bless'd with thy love,
I envy no king on his throne.

AN INFANT DEFENCELESS.

AN infant defenceless, of succour bereft,
On this rude barren wild was I thrown,—
My sole ray of comfort I had not been left,
To brood o'er my sorrows alone :
To see cataracts falling, and hear lions roar,
Or the awful loud war on the deep,
Is the fate poor Flametta was born to deplore,
Which she oft would wish kinder, and weep.

To this sad assemblage of horrors inur'd,
What yet greater ills could one prove,
Could one think for a heart which had so much
endur'd,
Fate should store up a torment like love.
'Tis too much, I've decided ; and who shall relate,
When she and her miseries sleep,
The tale of Flametta, will sure wish her fate
Poor wretch ! had been kinder, and weep.

ORRA NO TALK.

ORRA no talk, no say fine word,
No dress him, and look gay ;
Vay little sing you hear von bird,
Him mate be gone away.

Orra tell true, she have no grace
Of lady for him part,—
Dare beauty all be in him face,
But Orra in him heart.

Orra do little, all she do ;
Forgive, for she no gall,—
To ev'ry ting she promise true,
Love Yanko, and dat all.
But Orra, &c.

THIS LIFE'S A DAY'S JOURNEY.

THIS life's a day's journey :—We rise in the morn,
The sun, trees, and flowers our prospect adorn,
When, perhaps, we have scarcely been set out an
hour,
But slap we 're o'ertaken, and sous'd in a show'r :
To shelter them quickly, and see now 'tis o'er,
And in pretty good spirits we set out once more ;
Now up hill, now down, now even, and now
We are cover'd with dust, and now popp'd in a
slough.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBBDIN.

Thus we jog on till dinner, now wet and now dry,
And now we've a louring and now a clear sky ;
With the fire, the good landlord, the wine and the
cheer,
Now refresh'd, we set forward to end our career :
But the roads are uneven,—we trip, are bemir'd,
And jolted, and jostled, and tumbled, and tir'd ;—
Yet we keep a good heart, and our spirits are light;
In hope we shall meet with a good inn at night.

DEAR YANKO SAY.

DEAR YANKO say, and true he say,
All mankind, one and t' other,
Negro, mulatto, and malay,
Through all de world be brother.
In black, in yellow, what disgrace,
That scandal so he use 'em ?
For dare no virtue in de face,
De virtue in de bosom.

Dear Yanko say, &c.

What harm dare in a shape or make ?
What harm in ugly feature ?
Whatever colour, form, he take,
De heart make human creature ;—
Then black and copper both be friend,
No colour he bring beauty ;
For beauty, Yanko say, attend
On him who do him duty.

Dear Yanko say, &c.,

FINALE.

DOMINGO.

Go, cheat of his hoard the penurious miser,
Gull a cit of his share at a feast,
Persuade an extravagant heir to be wiser ;—
What are these to outwitting a priest ?
Who his arts have o'ermatch'd, his sly projects
detected,
And fathom'd his subtle deceit,—
Who this has by cunning superior effected,
Be assur'd, has but one more to cheat.

GIL PEREZ.

For my part, in all other frauds a mere novice,
I'll stick to the poor simple fry
Of small cheats alone, which we practise in office,—
There's danger in soaring too high.
The thing is the same, 'tis corruption and bribing,
Be it sal'ry, place, pension, or fee ;
But that which gives honour a much higher bribe in
Might bring foul disgrace upon me.

FAZIO.

Thou art right, my friend Perez : the project were idle,
It requires a different head ;
Be counsell'd, and let my advice be the bridle
By which thou henceforward art led.
'Twas ever, and will be, a custom and amen,
As schoolboys fear pedagogues' birch,
That implicitly, faithfully, blindly, poor laymen
In all things should yield to the church.

From Harlequin Freemason.

[A Pantomime first played at Covent Garden, December 29, 1780. It was arranged, written, and composed by Dibdin; the pantomimical inventions being by Messink, who had been Garrick's pantomimical factotum. Dibdin had but £70 for his share of the work, and, 'I, therefore,' says he, 'determined never again to have any concern in a pantomime.]

FREEMASON'S GLEE.

BEHOLD the model of our art !
Work on whatever plan,
Masons must borrow still some part
From that great structure, Man.
Here, well to captivate the sight,
The orders all agree ;
Proportion, strength, and force unite
With ease and symmetry,
But see, the sun rides down the west,
And, hark ! our sign from work to rest.

THE MASON'S CREED.

IN all your dealings take good care,
Instructed by the friendly square,
To be true, upright, just, and fair,
And thou a fellow-craft shalt be.
The level so must poise thy mind,
That satisfaction thou shalt find,
When to another Fortune's kind :
And that's the drift of masonry.

The compass t' other two compounds,
And says,—though anger'd on just grounds,
Keep all your passions within bounds,
And thou a fellow-craft shalt be.
Thus, symbols of our order are
The compass, level, and the square ;
Which teach us to be just and fair :
And that's the drift of masonry.

THE SUN A FREEMASON.

THE sun's a freemason : he works all the day,
Village, city, and town to adorn ;
Then from labour at rest,
At his lodge in the west,
Takes with good brother Neptune a glass on his way.

Thence, ripe for the fair,
He flies from all care,
To Dame Thetis's charms,
Till rous'd from her arms
By the morn.
So do we, our labour done,
First the glass,
And then the lass,
And then sweet slumbers give fresh force
To run our course,
Thus with the rising sun.

The course of the sun all our myst'ries defines :—
First masonry rose in the east ;
Then, to no point confin'd,
His rays cheer mankind ;
Beside, who'll deny that he well knows the signs ?

THE MASON'S CREED.

ANDANTE

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature is one flat, indicating B-flat. The time signature is common time (indicated by 'C'). The tempo is marked 'ANDANTE' in the first measure. The first measure shows a piano dynamic (p) followed by a forte dynamic (mf). The lyrics begin with 'In all your deal-ings take good care,' followed by 'In-struct-ed by the friend-ly square, To'. The second staff continues the melody, with lyrics 'be true, up - right, just, and fair, And thou a fel - low -'. The third staff begins with 'craft shalt be. The le - vel so must poise thy mind, That sa-tis - fac - tion'. The fourth staff concludes the section.

In all your deal-ings take good care,
In-struct-ed by the friend-ly square, To
be true, up - right, just, and fair, And thou a fel - low -
craft shalt be. The le - vel so must poise thy mind, That sa-tis - fac - tion

THE MASON'S CREED.

thou shalt find, When to a - no - ther For - tune's kind: And

cres

that's the drift of ma - son - ry, of ma - son - ry, of ma - son - ry; When

to a - no - ther For - tune's kind: And that's the drift of ma - son - ry.

OPERAS AND DRAMATIC PIECES.

The grand master he
Then of masons shall be,
Nor shall aught the craft harm,
Till to shine and to warm
He has ceas'd !
Then, like him, our labour done, &c

THE BIRTH OF THE VINE.

At a jovial meeting of gods once on high,
Ere Bacchus was hatch'd from old Jupiter's thigh,
This one told his story, and that sung his song,
And did what he could, lest the time should seem
long.
Apollo read verses ; the Graces wreath'd flow'rs ;
The Muses of harmony sung forth the pow'rs ;
Bully Mars crack'd his joke, and sly Momus his jest ;
Yet their mirth wanted something to give it a zest.

Said Jove, ' Our assembly to-day 's pretty full,
Yet, I don't know how 'tis, we are horridly dull ;
We have all the ingredients that mirth should inspire,
But some clay-born alloy damps our heavenly fire.
I have it—in this I'll a mixture enclose
Of all the delights whence good fellowship flows ;
And we'll taste of its produce, for mirth's bad at best,
When there 's anything wanting to give it a zest.'

So saying, so doing, he buried the shrine,
Which quickly sprung up in the form of a vine ;
The leaves broad and verdant, the fruit deepest blue,
Whence a juice flow'd that health, love, or youth
might renew.
Its influence to feel, they came round it in swarms :
Mars took draughts of courage, and Venus drank
charms ;
Momus swallow'd bon-mots, Cupid love—so the
rest ;
While Jove, spurning nectar, cried, ' This is the zest.'

THE SKATERS.

THIS bleak and frosty morning,
All thought of danger scorning,
Our spirits briskly flow,
We are all in a glow,
Through the sparkling snow
While a skating we go,
With a fa, la, la, la,
To the sound of the merry horn.
From right to left we're plying,
Swifter than winds we're flying,
Spheres on spheres surrounding,
Health and strength abounding.
In circles we sleep,
Our poise still we keep,
Behold how we sweep
The face of the deep,
With a fa, la, la, la,
To the sound of the merry horn.

Great Jove looks on us smiling,
Who thus the time beguiling,
Where the waters he did seal,
Still rove on our keel ;
Our weapons are steel,
And no danger we feel,
With a fa, la, la, la,
See, see, our train advances !
See how each skater lances !
Health and strength abounding,
While horns and oboes sounding :
The Tritons shall blow
Their conch-shells below,
And their beards fear to show,
While a skating we go,
With a fa, la, la, la,
To the sound of the merry horn.

CATCH—THE LAWYERS.

LAWYER Brief, why all this stir ?
Upon my word, you wrong me, sir :
I am not (as you say), a thief,—
In truth you wrong me, Lawyer Brief.

Who was it took a double fee ?
Who wrapp'd ? Who put in a sham plea ?
Who should be pillory'd ? Who's a thief ?—
Who should be hang'd ? Cheat, Lawyer Brief !

Come, be friends, nor make this rout—
Brothers as we are, to fall out ;
Beside, thief should not cry out thief ;—
You understand me, Lawyer Brief.

MASONRY.

HAIL, masonry, thou craft divine,
Glory of earth from heav'n reveal'd,
Which does with jewels precious shine,
From all but masons' eyes conceal'd !
As men from brutes distinguish'd are,
A mason other men excels :
For what's in knowledge choice or rare,
But in his breast securely dwells ?
His silent breast and faithful heart
Preserve the secrets of our art.

From scorching heat and piercing cold,
From beasts whose roar the forest rends,
From the assault of warriors bold
The mason's art mankind defends.
Ensigns of state that feed our pride,
Distinctions troublesome and vain,
By masons true are laid aside,—
Art's free-born sons such toys disdain,
Ennobled by the name they bear,
Distinguish'd by the badge they wear.

Sweet fellowship, from envy free,
Friendly converse of brotherhood,
The lodge's lasting cement be,
Which has for ages firmly stood.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBBDIN.

Be justice done, in ev'ry lay,
To those who have enrich'd the art,
Down to the master of this day;
And let each brother bear a part.
Let noble masons' healths go round,
Their praise in lofty lodge resound.

FINALE.

FILL a capacious bowl,
While we proclaim
The mason's fame,
Which ever shall extend
From east to west, from pole to pole,
In spite of Envy's poison'd shaft.
Let cowards what they will pretend,
Let three times three
The signal of our plaudit be,
While we toast the King and Craet.

From Reasonable Animals.

[In the season of 1780, an entertainment, under the title of 'Pasquin's Budget,' was attempted at the Haymarket, in which the characters were represented by puppets, and the songs they were supposed to execute were sung by persons behind the scenes. Exhibitions of the sort had been previously well received at Marylebone Gardens, and places of the same kind; but the Haymarket audience very properly treated the affair as unworthy of one of the temples of the legitimate drama; and on the very first night of their appearance the puppets were goosed off, and the manager made to apologise for the insult offered to the audience by their introduction. Colman was manager at this time; and this was his first appearance before an audience! Dibdin wrote the songs for two of the pieces enacted by the puppets,—namely, 'Reasonable Animals' and 'Pandora.' The former piece is evidently a burlesque on the Adventures of Ulysses. Some of the songs subsequently became very popular, especially the excellent one to the tune of 'Yankee Doodle.' 'Pandora' was afterwards acted at the Circus during Dibdin's tenancy of that theatre.]

PATRICK MULROONEY.

Is 't my story you'd know?—I was Patrick Mulrooney,
A jolman, and Ireland my nation;
To be sure, I was not a tight fellow, too, honey,
Before my transmogrification.
I did not at all talk of flames and of darts,
To conquer the fair,—the dear jewels!
And wid' husbands, because why?—I won their
wives' hearts,—
I did not fight plenty of duels
Then arrah, boddier how you can,
You'll ne'er persuade me, honey,
For I shall always, bull or man,
Be Patrick Mulrooney.
When at Almack's, or White's, or at Brookes', or
Boodle's,
I've sat up all night in the morning,
'Mongst black-legs, and codgers, and pigeons, and
noodles,
The calling to use I was born in :

To be sure, many honest gold guineas it yields;
But, since 'tis a service of danger,
I'm a better man now I'm a bull in the fields,
To popping and tilting a stranger.
Then arrah, &c.

A WOLF WHO HAD BEEN A LAWYER.

By roguery, 'tis true,
I opulent grew,
Just like any other professional sinner:
An orphan, d'yee see,
Would just wash down my tea,
And a poor friendless widow would serve me for
dinner.
I was, to be sure,
Of the helpless and poor
A guardian appointed to manage the pelf;
And I manag'd it well,
But how—say you—tell?
Why I let them all starve, to take care of myself.
With these tricks I went on,
Till, 'faith I sir, anon
A parcel of stupid, mean-spirited souls,
As they narrowly watch'd me,
Soon at my tricks catch'd me,
And, in their own words, haul'd me over the coals.
In the pill'ry—that fate
For rogues soon or late—
I stood for the spirt of a dissolute mob;
Till my neck Master Ketch
Was so eager to stretch,
That I gave the thing up as a dangerous job.
Now a wolf, from their dams
I steal plenty of lambs,
Pamper'd high, and wellfed—an insatiable glutton—
In much the same sphere,
When a man, I move here;
Make and break laws at pleasure, and kill my own
mutton.
Then since, for their sport,
No one here moves the court,
Nor am I amenable to my employer,
I shall ever prefer,
With your leave, my good sir,
The life of a wolf to the life of a lawyer.

THE ADVENTURES OF ULYSSES.

I SING Ulysses, and those chiefs
Who, out of near a million,
Do lack'd their bacon sav'd
Befo' the walls of Iliom.
Yankee doodle doodle doo,
Black negro he get fumbo,
And when you come to our town,
We'll make you drunk with bumbo.
Who, having taken, sack'd, and burn'd,
That very first of cities,
Return'd in triumph, while the bards
All truck up am'rous ditties.
Yankee doodle, &c.

THE FALL OF TROY.

ALLEGRETTO.

A musical score for 'The Fall of Troy'. The score consists of three staves of music. The top staff uses a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a time signature of 6/8. The middle staff uses a bass clef, a key signature of one flat, and a time signature of 8/8. The bottom staff uses a bass clef, a key signature of one flat, and a time signature of 8/8. The music features various rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing in the middle staff. The first line of lyrics is 'I sing of a war set on'. The second line of lyrics is 'foot for a toy, And of Pa - ris and He - len, and Hec - tor and Troy, Where on'. The music concludes with a final staff that ends on a note.

THE FALL OF TROY.

The musical score consists of two staves of music in common time, key signature of one flat. The top staff uses a treble clef and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first section of lyrics is: "wo - men, kings, gen'-rals, and cob-blers you stum-ble, And of mor-tals and gods meet a ve-ry strange jum-ble. Sing did-de-roo bub-be-roo, oh my joy, How". The second section starts with a dynamic marking 'p': "sweet-ly they did one a - no - ther des-stroy! Come, fill up your bum-pers, the". The final section concludes with: "whis-key en - joy,—May we ne'er see the like of the siege of Troy."

OPERAS AND DRAMATIC PIECES.

The Cyclops first we visited,—

Ulysses made him cry out,

For he ate his mutton, drank his wine,
And then he pok'd his eye out.

Yankee doodle, &c.

From thence we went to Circé's land,

Who, 'faith ! a girl of spunk is;

For she made us drunk, and chang'd us all
To asses, goats, and monkeys.

Yankee doodle, &c.

And then to hell and back again,

Then where the Syrens cara

Swell, cadence, trill, and shake almost
As well as Madame Mara.

Yankee doodle, &c.

To fell Charybdis next, and then

Where yawning Scylla grapples

Six men at once, and eats them all,
Just like so many apples.

Yankee doodle, &c.

From thence to where Apollo's bulls

And sheep all play and skip so,

From whence Ulysses went alone
To th' Island of Calypso.

Yankee doodle, &c.

And there he kiss'd, and toy'd, and play'd—

'Tis true upon my life, sir,

Till, having turn'd his mistress off,

He's coming to his wife, sir.

Yankee doodle, &c.

THE FALL OF TROY.

I SING of a war set on foot for a toy,
And of Paris and Helen, and Hector and Troy,
Where on women, kings, gen'rals, and cobblers
you stumble,

And of mortals and gods meet a very strange jumble.

Sing didderoo bubberoo, oh my joy,

How sweetly they did one another destroy !

Come, fill up your bumpers, the whiskey enjoy,—

May we ne'er see the like of the siege of Troy !

Menelaus was happy wid Helen his wife,
Except that she led him a devil of a life ;
Wid dat handsome taef Paris she'd toy and she'd
play,

Till they pack'd up their alls, and they both ran away.

Sing didderoo, &c.

Agamemnon, and all the great chiefs of his house,
Soon took up the cause of this hornified spouse,
While Juno said this thing, and Venus said that,
And the gods fell a wrangling they knew not for
what.

Sing didderoo, &c.

O den such a slaughter, and cutting of trotes,
And slaying of bullocks, and off'ring up goats !

Till the cunning Ulysses, the Trojans to cross,
Clapp'd forty fine fellows in one wooden horse.

Sing didderoo, &c.

O den for to see the maids, widows, and wives,
Crying some for their vartue, and some for their lives;
Thus, after ten years they'd defended their town,
Poor dear Troy in ten minutes was all burnt down !

Sing didderoo, &c.

But to see how it ended 's the best joke of all :
Scarce had wrong'd Menelaus ascended the wall,
But he blubb'r ring saw Helen, and oh! strange to tell,
The man took his mare, and so all was well.

Sing didderoo, &c.

A HOG WHO HAD BEEN AN ALDERMAN.

For dainties I've had of them all,
At taverns, Lord Mayors, and Guildhall ;
Where the purveyors, nothing stingy,
To fill the wallet,

And pamper the palate,

Have rarities brought from India.

Then what signifies what one takes in,
For, when one's cramm'd up to the chin,
Why, really, good friend, to my thinking,
If on ven'son and wines,

Or on hogwash one dines,

At last 'tis but eating and drinking.

Besides, I've no books to arrange,
Nor at two need I e'er go to 'Change ;
Have no bus'ness with note, bond, or tally ;
Nor need I, from any ill luck,

Either bull, or a bear, or lame duck,

Ever fear waddling out of the Alley.

For dainties, &c.

From Pandora.

WHAT NAUGHTY THINGS.

WHAT naughty things we women are !
Who long for fruit forbidden ;
Though 'twere our bane, we cannot bear
The least thing from us hidden :
But what we see we will believe,
Though ill or ill we're heaping,
Though to this day, from mother Eve,
We've always paid for peeping.

Thus, curious girls, urg'd by their youth,
Thoughtless what they were doing,
Have falsehood found disguis'd like truth,
And, mask'd like pleasure, ruin ;
Instead of smiling, who must grieve,
Whose joys are turn'd to weeping,
And who, too late, like mother Eve,
Find they have paid for peeping.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

Should I to my desires give way,
I may encounter sorrow,
And that I think a good to-day,
May prove an ill to-morrow.
Yet cautious prudence, by your leave,
The secret's in my keeping ;—
I'm a weak woman, and, like Eve,
Cannot refrain from peeping.

PANDORA'S BOX OPENED.

SUNG IN THE CHARACTER OF PUNCH.

WHAT a pity 'twill be, od's babies and lambs !
To possess the young things by the side of their
mams,
Not with innocent love, but, od's pranks and cur-
vettings !
With oglings and leerings, and airs and coquet-
tings.
What a pity a widow, od's pray'rs and religion !
Who has mourn'd for her husband like any tame
pigeon,
Should all on a sudden, od's fruit that is mellow !
To comfort her find out a sturdy young fellow.
And dingadong deer,
Go on her career,
Dingadong, dingadong,
Od's right turn'd to wrong !
Od's bridewells and whipping-posts, pill'ries and
stocks,
When Madame Pandora has open'd her box !
What a pity 'twill be—od's hearts and od's hands !
That the man whose large soul gen'rous pity ex-
pands,
Should turn quick as thought, od's per cent and
per annum,
A hunter of heirs, with a view to trepan 'em.
What a pity a statesman, od's good of the nation !
Who for hours without pension would make an
oration,
Should plump in an instant, od's Janus's faces !
Shut his mouth up till giv'n half a dozen good places.
And dingadong deer, &c.

What a pity 'twill be, od's contusions and scars !
That the world for ambition should plunge into
wars ;
What a pity young fellows, od's rakes and hard
livers !
Should fall in their youth, through consumptions
and fevers.
What a pity 'twill be, od's prison and palace !
That a judge should erect, and a thief fear the
gallows :
And what pity, od's ven'son and sturgeon and trout !
That eating and drinking should give us the gout !
And dingadong deer, &c.

From Amphyrion, or Juno and Alcmena.

[Dryden's play altered to an opera. Dibdin's own scheme was to write a new piece, in which the impure catastrophe of the story, from Plautus downward, should be avoided. He proposed to effect this by introducing Juno and Iris into the house of Amphyrion, to put Alcmena on her guard. Mr. Harris, the then manager of Covent Garden, liked the plan, but he was persuaded it would never answer, and Dibdin in consequence set to work upon Dryden's play. The task was a hard one. 'If this turtle,' says our author, 'were deprived of its green fat, it would have been insipid; on the other hand, if the lean were taken away, it would have been surfeiting.' He appears to have considered the former the more dangerous of the two experiments, for the piece having failed, he tells us that 'the green fat choked the audience.' The date of the production of this opera is 1781.]

GOLD.

Away with the fables philosophers hold,
Of pleasure which honesty gains without gold :
To be rich, is the blessings of life to secure,
And the man must be certainly wretched that's poor.

The virtue that claims all the gods for its friends,
On gold, mighty gold ! for existence depends :
What wrongs without gold can a mortal redress ?
Or who without gold can get blessings or bless ?

In gold there is strength which no force can with-
stand,
It conquers and triumphs by sea and by land :
To be rich, if you trust your own ears and your eyes,
Is at once to be strong, to be fair, to be wise !

WIT.

PLUTUS, vain is all your vaunting ;—
Wit must live with bliss supply :
Gold, alas ! should wit be wanting,
Would scarce e'en a joy apply.

Wit alone creates the blessing,
Which exchang'd for gold you share ;—
Sterile gold alone possessing,
What has man but gloom and care ?

Wit, of ev'ry art deviser,
Ev'ry passion can control,
Can to pity move the miser,
Can with mirth dilate the soul.

Gold itself, on wit depending,
Hence derives its utmost power—
Folly, all profusely spending—
Folly, hoarding all, is poor.

ART ONE OF THOSE MAD WAGS?

ART one of those mad wags, whose brain
Intruder reason can't contain ?
Who are of such unruly minds,
They buffet waves, and split the winds—
In blanket robe, and crown of straw,
Who to mad subjects deal mad law !
If this 'tis makes thy bosom swell,
Hie, good demoniac, to thy cell !

OPERAS AND DRAMATIC PIECES.

Or art thou drunk?—a frenzy, too;
One of that hair-brain'd noisy crew,
Who vigils keep at Bacchus' shrine,
And drown good reason in bad wine!
Ev'ry desire of life who think
Compris'd in a desire to drink!
If by this demon thou 'rt possess'd,
Hie thee, good drunkard, home to rest!

Or art in love, and so gone mad?
Dost go with folded arms? art sad?
Dost sigh? dost languish? dost play pranks
For which contempt is all thy thanks?
Dost pant? dost long for some frail charms,
Devoted to another's arms?
Is this thy madness, stupid elf?—
Hie thee away, and hang thyself!

THE TWO VESSELS.

Our Jupiter has near his throne
Two vessels which he fills—
The one with benefits alone,
The other crams with ills:
From the good vessel, health, content,
Plenty, and bliss, he gives;
While from the evil forth are sent
Gout, stone, and scolding wives.
Thus to mankind, with heedful care,
In just proportion weigh'd,
The lot to each, each best can bear,
By Jove's decree's convey'd:
Unless his patience when to rub,
Juno the devil drives;
Then, headlong from the left-hand tub,
Go troops of scolding wives.
Of this complaint on me, like air,
From men still pass'd away,
Till that same type of Juno there
Let loose her tongue to-day:
But now, entreating Jove, I'll go,
To chequer not their lives
With any other spot of woe,
Who're plagued with scolding wives.

From True Blue, or the Pressgang.

[An interlude performed at Covent-Garden Theatre.]

DUET—TRUE BLUE AND NANCY.

Male. To be gazing on those charms,
To be folded in those arms,
To unite my lips with those
Whence eternal sweetness flows,
To be lov'd by one so fair,
Is to be bless'd beyond compare.

Female. On my dearest to recline
While his hand is lock'd in mine,
In those eyes myself to view,
Gazing still and still on you;
In thy arms while thus I'm bless'd,
Of ev'ry joy I am possess'd.

THE PRESSGANG.

Oh! where will you hurry my dearest?
Say, say, to what clime or what shore?
You tear him from me, the sincerest
That ever lov'd mortal before.
Ah! cruel, hard-hearted, to press him,
And force the dear youth from my arms!
Restore him, that I may caress him,
And shield him from future alarms.

In vain you insult and deride me,
And make but a scoff at my woes:
You ne'er from my dear shall divide me,—
I'll follow, wherever he goes.
Think not of the merciless ocean,—
My soul any terror can brave;
For soon as the ship makes its motion,
So soon shall the sea be my grave.

DAUGHTER, YOU'RE TOO YOUNG.

DAUGHTER, you're too young to marry—
'Tis too soon to be a wife,—
Yet a little longer tarry
Ere you know the cares of life;
Wedlock is a fickle station,
Sometimes sweetness, sometimes strife,—
Oh! how great the alteration
'Twixt the maiden and the wife!

Love and courtship are but stupid,—
Glory has superior charms;
Mars should triumph over Cupid,
When Bellona calls to arms.
As for you, sir, do your duty;—
Oh! were I but young again,
I'd not linger after beauty,
But go play my part with Spain.

SONGS FOR THE CIRCUS.

[Dibdin having fallen out with Mr. Harris about the remuneration for Anphytrion, projected the taking of the Royal Circus, for the production of original entertainments of a mixed character, horsemanship, ballets, &c. A number of children—not fewer than sixty—were trained to the stage as dancers and singers; the success was amazing, and Dibdin's ready and fertile pen met the consequent demand for new and lively pieces with an astonishing abundance and variety. Those from which the following songs are taken were the more prominent productions; but besides these he supplied two or three pantomimes, four or five other *intermezzos* of a trifling kind, and at least fifteen ballets, each taking twelve or fourteen airs, besides an overture—all in the seasons 1782 and 1783.]

From Clump and Cudden.

THE SOLDIER'S LIFE.
This, this, my lad 's a soldier's life:
He marches to the sprightly fife,
And in each town, to some new wife,
Swears he'll be ever true;

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

He's here—he's there—where is he not ?
Variety 's his envied lot.—
He eats, drinks, sleeps, and pays no shot,
And follows the loud tattoo.

Call'd out to face his country's foes,
The tears of fond domestic woes
He kisses off, and boldly goes
To earn of fame his due.
Religion, liberty, and laws,
Both his are, and his country's cause—
For these, through danger without pause,
He follows the loud tattoo.

And if, at last, in honour's wars,
He earns his share of danger's scars,
Still he feels bold, and thanks his stars
He 's no worse fate to rue :
At Chelsea, free from toil and pain,
He wields his crutch, points out the slain,
And, in fond fancy, once again
Follows the loud tattoo.

WHEN IN ORDER DRAWN UP.

WHEN in order drawn up, and adorn'd in his best,
If my soldier appears with more grace than the rest,
If his gaiters are jet, his accoutrements fine,
If his hair 's tied up tight, and his arms brightly
shine,—
Let him turn, wheel, or face—march, kneel, stoop,
or stand,
Anxious still to obey ev'ry word of command—
Erect like an arrow, or bending his knee,
'Tis not for the gen'ral, 'tis all to please me.
If with smoke and with dust cover'd over by turns,
To gain a sham fight or false bastion he burns,—
If, of danger in spite, and regardless of fear,
He rushes to fight when there's nobody near ;
In short, let him turn, &c.

A NOVICE IN LOVE.

A NOVICE in love, and a stranger to art,
As pure as my wishes my unpractis'd heart,
When I rose with the lark, and out-warbled the
thrush,
Free from falsehood or guile, for I knew not to
blush,
Those past days I deplore ;—
When innocence guarded my unsullied fame ;
When to think, and to act, and commend, were
the same ;
When on my face,
In artless grace,
Danc'd frolic, sport, and pleasure—now no more.
Ere I listen'd and lov'd, ere man smil'd and betray'd,
Ere by horror appall'd, and of conscience afraid ;
Lost to each fond delight that e'er woman adorn'd,
By a hard-judging world look'd at, pitied, and
scorn'd,

Those past joys I deplore :
Those joys, ere by man's artful treach'ry forsook,
Which, guiltless and pleas'd, with the world I par-
took ;

When on my face,
With artless grace,
Danc'd frolic, sport, and pleasure—now no more.

DUET.

WHEN THE DRUM BEATS REVEILLEZ.

PLATOON.

SAY, Fanny, wilt thou go with me ?
Perils to face, by land and sea,
That tongue can never tell ye ?
And wilt thou all these dangers scorn,
Whilst in these arms
I hold thy charms,
Enraptur'd ev'ry op'ning morn,
When the drum beats reveillez ?

FANNY.

Yes, yes, Platoon—I'll go with thee
In danger, whatsoe'er it be—
Believe, 'tis truth I tell ye :
My constant mind shall peril scorn,
Brave all alarms,
So in my arms
I hold thee ev'ry op'ning morn,
When the drum beats reveillez.

PLATOON.

Still, Fanny, wilt thou go with me ?
Suppose the cruel Fates decree,—
Alas ! how shall I tell ye ?—
The news should come—thy soldier fell,
And thou shalt hear,
Appall'd with fear,
Next morn his fatal passing-bell,
When the drum beats reveillez.

FANNY.

Still fearless will I go with thee,
Resign'd to cruel Fate's decree,
And bravely this I tell ye :
When on the spot my soldier fell,
I'd shed a tear,—
The world should hear,
Mingling with his, my passing-bell,
When the drum beats reveillez.

BOTH.

To the world's end I'd go with thee,—
Where thou art, danger ne'er can be,
My joy no tongue can tell ye ;
And, sure, such love may perils scorn,
Brave all alarms,
While in my arms
I hold thee ev'ry op'ning morn,
When the drum beats reveillez.

THE SOLDIER'S LIFE.

ALLEGRO.

The musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the piano, indicated by a treble clef and a bass clef respectively, both in G major. The bottom two staves are for the voice, indicated by a soprano clef and an alto clef respectively. The tempo is marked 'ALLEGRO.' and the key signature is G major. The vocal part begins with the lyrics 'This, this, my lad's a soldier's life: He march-es to the'. The piano accompaniment features eighth-note patterns and chords. The vocal part continues with 'spright-ly fife, And in each town, and in each town, to some new wife, Swears'.

THE SOLDIER'S LIFE.

he'll be e - ver true; He's here— he's there— where is he not? Va-

p

ri - e - ty's his en - vied lot,—his en-vied lot,— He eats, drinks, sleeps, and

f

pays no shot, And fol-lows the loud tat - too, the loud tat - too, the loud tat-

cres *f*

too, fol - lows the loud tat - too.

f

OPERAS AND DRAMATIC PIECES.

From the Benevolent Tar.

A SAILOR'S PHILOSOPHY.

WHAT argues pride and ambition?
Soon or late death will take us in tow :
Each bullet has got its commission,
And when our time's come we must go.
Then drink and sing—hang pain and sorrow,
The huker was made for the neck :
He that's now alive and lusty—to-morrow
Perhaps may be stretch'd on the deck.

There was little Tom Linstock of Dover
Got kill'd, and left Polly in pain ;
Poll cried, but her grief was soon over,
And then she got married again.
Then drink, &c.

Jack Junk was ill-us'd by Bet Crocker,
And so took to guzzling the stuff,
Till he tumbled in old Davy's locker,
And there he got liquor enough.
Then drink, &c.

For our prize-money, then, to the proctor ;
Take of joy while 'tis going our freak :
For what argues calling the doctor,
When the anchor of life is speak ?
Then drink, &c.

NOTHING LIKE GROG.

A PLAGUE of those musty old lubbers,
Who tell us to fast and to think,
And patient fall in with life's rubbers,
With nothing but water to drink :
A can of good stuff ! had they twigg'd it,
'Twould have set them for pleasure agog ;

And, spite of the rules
Of the schools,
The old fools

Would have all of 'em swigg'd it,
And swore there was nothing like grog.

My father, when last I from Guinea
Return'd with abundance of wealth.
Cried, 'Jack, never be such a ninny
To drink !'—said I, ' Father, your health !'
So I show'd him the stuff, and he twigg'd it,
And it set the old codger agog ;
And he swigg'd, and mother,
And sister, and brother,

And I swigg'd, and all of us swigg'd it,
And swore there was nothing like grog.

T'other day, as the chaplain was preaching
Behind him I cautiously siunk ;
And while he our duty was teaching,
As how we should never get drunk,
I show'd him the stuff, and he twigg'd it,
And it soon set his rev'rence agog ;
And he swigg'd, and Nick swigg'd,
And Ben swigg'd, and Dick swigg'd,
And I swigg'd, and all of us swigg'd it,
And swore there was nothing like grog

Then, trust me, there 's nothing like drinking
So pleasant on this side the grave ;
It keeps the unhappy from thinking,
And makes e'en more valiant the brave ;—
As for me, from the moment I twigg'd it,
The good stuff has so set me agog,
Sick or well, late or early,
Wind foully or fairly,
Helm a-lee or a-weather,
For hours together,
I've constantly swigg'd it,—
And, dam'me ! there 's nothing like grog !

[There were Teetotallers, it seems, in those days also. It is not wonderful that the system should have taken half a century to rally, after so tremendous a settler.]

A SAILOR'S LOVE.

A SAILOR's love is void of art,—
Plain sailing to his port, the heart,
He knows no jealous folly ;
'Tis hard enough at sea to war
With boist'rous elements that jar—
All 's peace with lovely Polly.
Enough that, far from sight of shore,
Clouds frown, and angry billows roar,
Still is he brisk and jolly ;
And, while carousing with his mates,
Her health he drinks—anticipates
The smiles of lovely Polly.
Should thunder on the horizon pre :
Mocking our signals of distress,
E'en then dull melancholy
Dares not intrude :—he braves the din,
In hopes to find a calm within
The snowy arms of Polly.

From the Saloon.

ALAS! WHEN ONCE

ALAS ! when once the book of life
Draws towards the last page,
What folly then to take a wife !
Our days are on the close ;
And, as at one door comes in age,
Love out at t'other goes.
Is it not truth,
That youth loves youth,
Just as the zephyr loves the rose ?

This law I own 's severe, though just ;
But let us, since submit we must,
Submit with a good grace :
Laughing at Love and all his train,
And, as reason takes its reign,
The table and the chase,
The jovial song, the sparkling wine,
And a true friend, that gift divine !
Shall well supply the place.

A SAILOR'S PHILOSOPHY.

ALLEGRETTO.

Musical score for "A Sailor's Philosophy" in G major, 9/8 time. The score consists of three staves: Treble, Bass, and Alto. The Treble staff has a dynamic of *p*. The Bass staff has a dynamic of *f*. The Alto staff has a dynamic of *p*. The lyrics are:

What ar - gu - fies pride and am - bi - tion? Soon or
late death will take us in tow: Each bul - let has got its com - mis - sion, And

A SAILOR'S PHILOSOPHY.

when our time's come, we must go. Then drink and sing—hang pain and sor - row, The

hal - ter was made for the neck: He that's now 'live and lus - ty— to - mor-row per-

haps may be stretch'd on the deck.

There was little Tom Linstock of Dover
Got kill'd, and left Polly in pain;
Polly cried, but her grief was soon over,
And then she got married again.
Then drink, &c.

Jack Junk was ill-us'd by Bet Crocker,
And so took to guzzling the stuff,
Till he tumbled in old Davy's locker,
And there he got liquor enough.
Then drink, &c.

For our prize-money, then, to the proctor;
Take of joy while 'tis going our freak;
For what argues calling the doctor,
When the anchor of life is apeak?
Then drink, &c.

NOTHING LIKE GROG.

SPIRTOSSO.

A plaque of those musty old lubbers, Who tell us to fast and to think, And
pa-tient fall in with life's rubbers. With no - thing but wa-ter to drink. A
can of good stuff, had they twigg'd it, Would have set them for plea-sure a -

NOTHING LIKE GROG.

cres

gog; And spite of the rules—and spite of the rules Of the

schools, The old fools Would have all of 'em swigg'd it, And swore there was no-thing like

grog.

fw

My father, when last I from Guinea
Return'd with abundance of wealth,
Cried. 'Jack, never be such a ninny
To drink:'—said I, 'Father, your health!'
So I show'd him the stuff, and he twigg'd it;
And it set the old codger agog;
And he swigg'd, and a mother,
And a sister, and brother,
And I swigg'd, and all of us swigg'd it,
And swore there was nothing like grog.
T'other day, as the chaplain was preaching,
Behind him I cautiously slunk;
And while he our duty was teaching,
As how we should never get drunk,
I show'd him the stuff, and he twigg'd it,
And it soon set his rev'rence agog;

And he swigg'd, and Nick swig³d,
And Ben swigg'd, and Dick swigg'd,
And I swigg'd, and all of us swigg'd it,
And swore there was nothing like grog.
Then, trust me, there's nothing like drinking
So pleasant on this side the grave;
It keeps the unhappy from thinking,
And makes e'en more valiant the brave;—
As for me, from the moment I twigg'd it,
The good stuff has so set me agog,
Sick or well, late or early,
Wind foully or fairly,
Helm a-lee or a-weather,
For hours together,
I've constantly swigg'd it.—
And, dam'me! there's nothing like grog!

A SAILOR'S LOVE.

ALLEGRETTO.

A musical score for 'A Sailor's Love'. The score consists of two staves: a treble clef staff for the vocal part and a bass clef staff for the piano. The key signature is G major (one sharp). The tempo is Allegretto. The vocal part begins with a piano introduction consisting of eighth-note chords. The lyrics start with 'A sai - lor's love is void of art,—Plain sail - ing to his'. The piano accompaniment features sustained notes and eighth-note chords throughout the piece. The vocal part continues with 'port, the heart, He knows no jea - lous fol - ly,— He knows no jea - lous'. The piano accompaniment includes a section where the right hand plays eighth-note chords over a sustained bass note. The vocal part concludes with 'fol - ly; 'Tis hard e-nough at sea to war With boist'-rous e .. le-

A SAILOR'S LOVE.

The musical score consists of three staves of music in G major, common time. The top staff uses a treble clef, the middle staff an alto clef, and the bottom staff a bass clef. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first section of lyrics is:

ments that jar— All's peace with love - ly Pol - ly,— All's
 peace with love-ly Pol-ly, with love - ly Pol-ly, love - ly Pol - ly, All's
 peace with love-ly Pol - ly.

The second section of lyrics is:

Enough that, far from sight of shore,
 Clouds frown, and angry billows roar,
 Still is he brisk and jolly ;
 And, while carousing with his mates,
 Her health he drinks—anticipates
 The smiles of lovely Polly.

Should thunder on the horizon press,
 Mocking our signals of distress,
 E'en then dull melancholy
 Dares not intrude :—he braves the din,
 In hopes to find a calm within
 The snowy arms of Polly.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBBDIN.

FORGIVE ME IF THUS.

FORGIVE me, if thus I, presuming,
Come hither your heart to surprise,—
Smile, smile, and my hopes re-illumine ;—
But my pardon I read in your eyes.
No impostor the passion I own is,
And, heav'n, what delight! could I be
As truly to you an Adonis,
As you are a Venus to me.
The gods who so often delighted,
In forms borrow'd, some nymph to pursue,
Might confess they were never excited
By an object so charming as you.
No impostor, &c.

BOLD ROBIN HOOD.

COME, listen awhile—'twill do your heart good,
While I sing of Clorinda and bold Robin Hood :
The damsel as handsome as handsome can be,
Who has many a pound, and plenty of gear,
Than whose father no lord ever kept better cheer;
Who now goes to marry a mate of high blood,
And all out of spite to this bold Robin Hood ;
Tadderer too, tadderer tee, tadderer radderer
tandorce.

This Robin, as shall be related anon,
With brave William Scarlet and bold Little John,
All outlaws as daring as daring can be,
Makes this wide-skirted forest, betimes in the morn,
Resound far and near with the bugle-horn :
When straight, out of fear, all that live near the wood
Run and lock up their daughters from bold Robin
Hood. Tadderer too, &c.

How this Robin full fifty bold foresters slew ;
How the Pindar of Wakefield made one of his crew—
As desp'reate a crew as desp'rete can be ;
How the butcher he trick'd, bid the bold tinker stand,
Made the Bishop say mass, and fought Arthur of
Bland.—

Are wrote and set down in true language and good,
In the life and adventures of bold Robin Hood.

Tadderer too, &c.

But the best joke of all is the comical tale,
How he rescu'd the sweetheart of Allen-a-Dale,—
An action as daring as daring can be :
It happen'd her parents would force her to church,
With intention poor Allen to leave in the lurch,
When twenty stout fellows, all firm men and good,
Rush'd in, and were headed by bold Robin Hood.
Tadderer too, &c.

But to come to Clorinda, and finish my tale,
The second edition of Allen-a-Dale,—

With us he'd fain play, but too cunning are we,—
Him, John, and his Scarlet, we all laugh to scorn,
His merry-men all, and his bugle-horn :
Let him come, then, he'll find us all stout men and
good,
Fit to drub all such outlaws as bold Robin Hood.
Tadderer too, &c.

From the Talisman.

YE MAIDS, OUR LESSON BEAR IN MIND.

YE maids, our lesson bear in mind,
Though Love unlock his treasure,
For your acceptance, be not blind,
Nor taste the dang'rous pleasure,
Beware, lest he your heart trepan,—
Sighs, wishes, all oppose 'em,
Fair honour is your talisman,
And wear it in your bosom.

From the Graces.

TEN—SAY FLUTTERING HEART.

SAY, flutt'ring heart,
Why, after days of sweet delight,
Where conscious innocence bore part,
Serene as smiling morn, peaceful as silver night,
Or gay as gaudy noon, when Phœbus' beams shone
bright,
Say how one hour,
One little instant, could remove
That vacant careless joy? what pow'r
Inflict the torments we now prove?
Cynthia! forbid it ever should be love !

Dear goddess, for fair honour's sake,
Relieve the torments we partake !
Teach us to cure our am'rous fires,
Or else permit us our desires :
And this with zealous care perform,
Swift as the wind that rules the storm,
Swift as the glowing god of day
Darts from afar a downward ray ;
And so shall vot'ries to thy praise
A thousand thousand altars raise.

THE SCHOOLBOY.

THE schoolboy thus, with artful glee,
A like disaster meets,
Who thinks to rob each active bee
Of all his treasur'd sweets.

But instinct the design explores—
The nest is on the wing ;
And soon, instead of honey'd stores,
The thief receives a sting.

AT FIRST LIKE AN INFANT.

AT first like an infant appearing,
With neither his bow nor his darts,
To his wiles we attend—without fearing,
Till he creeps by degrees to our hearts ;—
When soon, for our folly requited,
This guest the sole master we find ;
For, scarce to the bosom invited,
He lords it at will o'er the mind.

OPERAS AND DRAMATIC PIECES.

FROM THE BROAD SUMMIT.

From the broad summit of the hill,
Where op'ning hound and jocund horn
The air with sprightly clangour fill,
Calling for the early morn,
Diana comes : each length'ning space,
Or lawn, (where flies the rapid game,
Or hunters push the wheeling chase,)
Repeats the name ;
While Echo, as in sportive mock,
Her fav'rite sound from rock to rock,
In circling eddies, tosses round.

FINALE—THE GRACES.

CYANA.

LEARN wherefore, lovers, learn,
Us near him Cupid places :
'Tis that those who incense burn,
And who to him fond altars raise
In am'rous praise,
May throw off fear,
And know that Love is always near,
When they behold the Graces.

MERCURY.

Learn wherefore, husbands, learn,
To pleasure each wife races :
'Tis when her tender love you spurn,
When husband, lover, and the friend,
You cease to blend ;
For who could fear
To find in wives affection near,
Did they behold the Graces ?

AGLAIA.

Learn wherefore, lovers, learn,
We tied love in these traces :
To show each passion, in its turn,
In reason's chains you well should bind,
Or you will find
Too much to fear,
And that too often danger's near,
When you behold the Graces.

DIANA.

Learn wherefore, ladies, learn,
We've shown you all our paces :
To find out ev'ry twist and turn
Of subtle Cupid's dang'rous snares ;
Who boldly swears
You out of fear,
Till you too late find ruin near,
And fled the pitying Graces.

EUPHROSYNE.

Learn wherefore, critics, learn,
We wear such anxious faces :—
'Tis lest our faults you should discern :—
Our hopes then, pray ye, kindly raise ;
With friendly praise,
Dispel each fear,
You'll gratitude discover near,
When you behold the Graces.

From Long Odds.

'TIS TRUE THE MARK OF MANY YEARS.

'Tis true, the mark of many years
Upon my wrinkled front appears ;
Yet have I no such idle fears
This will my fortune spoil :
Gold still some happiness bestows,
E'en where no youthful ardour glows ;—
For proof, dear girl, take these rouleaus,
And give me a sweet smile.

'Tis true, upon my haggard face
No marks of beauty can you trace ;
Nor wears my figure aught of grace,
'T insure the lover's bliss :
Yet I am no such horrid fright,
But that bank-notes may set things right ;
Take, then, these bills, all drawn at sight,
And give me a sweet kiss.

'Tis true, I know not to be kind,
And that within my harden'd mind
No more a jewel can you find
Than beauty in my face :
But one within this casket here
May make amends, its lustre's clear ;
Nor shall I think I've sold it dear,
Paid by a sweet embrace.

A LADY OF TON.

To look upon dress, upon show, upon birth,
As the noblest distinction of life ;
On riches as all that give pleasure on earth,
And that only cure sorrow and strife :
And though to these maxims one might say *quoi bon*,—
Yet this is the life of a lady of ton.

Stale virtue and vice to erase from their list,—
Those of life make a pitiful part,—
Things certainly in people's mouths that exist,
But have nothing to do with the heart :
To maxims like these one may well say *quoi bon*,—
Yet this is the life of a lady of ton.

Upon prudence as vulgar, and honesty low,
On each man of merit a brute ;
As an angel an ape, or, 'tis all one, a beau,
Dress'd out in an elegant suit :
To maxims like these one may well say *quoi bon*,—
Yet this is the life of a lady of ton.

To be short—in a church is the best place to make
Appointments, or charms to display ;
And the time most commode of all others to take,
Is Sunday, for cheating at play :—
These maxims, 'tis certain, *ne sont pas trop bon*,—
Yet this is the life of a lady of ton.

WHEN LAST IN THE DREADFUL.

ANDANTE.

Musical score for "WHEN LAST IN THE DREADFUL." The score consists of four systems of music for voice and piano. The vocal line is in soprano C-clef, and the piano accompaniment is in bass F-clef. The tempo is marked ANDANTE. The music is in common time, with some measures in 3/4 indicated by a 3/4 symbol above the staff. The key signature is one flat. The score includes lyrics in parentheses under the vocal line.

When last in the Dread-ful your ho-nour set sail,
On New-found-land

Banks there came on a hard gale; Black thun-der, red light-ning, and

cold whist-ling hail, E-nough the old gem-man to scare;
One who

WHEN LAST IN THE DREADFUL.

A musical score for a three-part setting (Soprano, Alto, and Bass) in common time and G major. The vocal parts are written in treble, alto, and bass clefs respectively. The piano accompaniment is provided in the basso continuo (BC) clef. The lyrics describe a dramatic rescue from drowning and the sparing of brave soldiers.

threat-en'd your life, dash'd be - low by a wave, Your own hand I saw
snatch from a wa - te - ry grave; And you said 'twas well done, for that
still, with the brave, The no-blest of glo - ry's to spare,— to
spare, to spare,— The no - blest of glo - ry's to spare.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

HOW ONE MAY BE MISTAKEN.

I vow I thought you, at first sight,
A moppet, a baboon, a fright,
Or some hobgoblin of the night,
That guilty creatures waken :
With nose and chin like rams' horns curl'd,
And brows in furrow'd wrinkles furl'd ;—
Well, 'tis amazing, in this world,

How one may be mistaken !

For now I see, with half an eye,
You are not old, nor made awry,
Nor do your shambling trotters ply
As if by palsy shaken ;
You're young as Ganymede, and fair—
Narcissus had not such an air ;—
Well, 'tis amazing, I declare,

How one may be mistaken !

THE HONEST TAR.

A SAILOR, and an honest heart,
Like ship and helm, are ne'er apart ;
For how should one stem wind and tide,
If t'other should refuse to guide ?
With that, she freely cuts the waves.
And so the tar,

When clashing waves around him jar,
Consults his heart, and danger braves
Where duty calls ; nor asks for more
Than grog aboard, and girl ashore.

'Tis not a thousand leagues from home
More horrid that the billows foam ;
'Tis not that gentler is the breeze
In channel than in distant seas ;—
Danger surrounds him far and near :
But honest tar,

OPERAS AND DRAMATIC PIECES.

I had an uncle, and his saw
Was, Take but never render ;
And this he gave me as a law,
While yet my years were tender.
My aunt had her good adage, too,
Who also was my tutor :
Says she, Whoever comes to woo,
A dower 's a handsome suitor.

Let me, good sir, add mine to their's :
Tell not your name for nothing,—
A rule I've found, in all affairs,
Meat, washing, drink, and clothing.
My girl, who has her parents' knack
For maxims, adds a right one :
Few crows are found that are not black,
Yet a rich crow 's a white one.

From the Cestus

[It is almost needless to say, that 'The Cestus' was a kind of mythological burlesque, in which the Homeric gods were made to descend from their pedestals, and discourse in the least-exalted language of modern life.]

A PHENOMENON.

THE phoenix, we're told, has the sun for his sire ;
That he lives to five cent'ries or more ;
That he then gathers gums and reeds in good store,
And with these makes a fire :
In the midst of which fire being seated,
His wings are the bellows
That kindle it up till 'tis properly heated :
And further they tell us,
When no longer in flame this combustible flashes,
A spick-and-span new one jumps out of the ashes.

Another wise tale to a dragon gave birth,
Whose teeth, it is said, were but sown in the earth,
When 'tis gravely attested, and let who will smile,
That a regiment of soldiers appear'd rank and file.

These stories, 'tis granted, are very absurd—
No man ever saw such a dragon or bird :
Yet folly and love to be met with asunder,
I hold a phenomenon of such a kind,
A rarity so much more worthy to brag on,
That sooner than set out this wonder to find,
I'd be bound to produce you both phoenix and
dragon.

I'M UP TO ALL YOUR TRICKS.

I'M up to all your tricks, my dear,
How the winds you make your letters bear,
My care and vigilance to queer,—
But little are you winning :
You know 'tis true, my pretty youth,
You send 'em east, west, north, and south :
Don't laugh—lest t'other side your mouth
You should be after grinning.

You, master ! don't believe it love ;
I'm Juno still, and you are Jove ;
Whom Fate has plac'd me far above,
Nor her decrees couldst alter :
Then yield with grace the sov'reign rule ;
Nor think to make me thus a tool ;
For those who hang me for a fool
Will find a knave in the halter.

RONDEAU—THINK NOT HERE.

THINK not here to drive your gig,
Madame Juno ;
I'll make you know,
Who 's at home, or, burn my wig !
Why, I'll know the reason.

You may grin, but I'll bet twenty,
Her lord and master,
I shall cast her ;
And as to witnesses, I've plenty,
At any time or season.

Think not, &c.

Shall I by her—my goods and chattels,
Be led by the nose here,
Nor dispose her
As I list ?—Why, sir, these battles
'Gainst me are petty treason.
Think not, &c.

WHO CALLS ON VENUS ?

WHO calls on her whose pow'rful art
Erects a throne in ev'ry heart ?
Whose love all court, whose anger fear —
Venus yclept—behold her here !

Sighs some fond youth, his love unkind,
Would she some watchful Argus blind ?
Glowes some fair modest virgin's cheek,
With wishes that she dare not speak ?

Who calls, &c.

WITH THAT BEGIRT.

WITH that begirt, each dowdy girl
Gets ev'ry charm, does she but ask it :
Her teeth become a row of pearl,
Enclos'd within a coral casket :
Carnations bloom upon her cheeks ;
Roses take place of blotch and pimple ;
The air 's perfum'd whene'er she speaks ;
And Cupids play in ev'ry dimple.

A SIMILE.

HEAR the merry minstrel sound,
On the ear it rings,
While all the strings
Are one entire vibration ;
The tinkling pleasure spreads around.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBBDIN.

And, as it plays,
Sweetly conveys,
From sense to sense,
Soft eloquence,
In thrilling circulation.

But stringless, broken, out of tune,
Time's thrown away :
For did you play,
Without the least cessation,
And strum from January to June,
You still may bang,
At ev'ry twang,
The dismal hum ;—
The more you thrum,
But speaks its mutilation.
But hear, &c,

Just so, let down its pegs, the heart
In sadness sits ;
Nor once admits
Of any consolation :
But screw it into tune, each smart
And anxious care
Dissolve to air,
Alone its joy
Our minds employ,
And all is jubilation.

So hear, &c.

SPORTSMEN STAUNCH AND TRUE.

SPORTSMEN who are staunch and true
Ne'er the timid hare pursue :
Quiv'ring, quaking—
Shiv'ring, shaking—
Trembling, tott'ring in her flight,
She their pity would excite.

But who a badger set at bay
Wishes not to make his prey ?
Where's the heart compassion shocks
To ensnare the subtle fox ?

Come on, then, partake the spoils,—
Cunning Reynard's in the toils ;—
Sly and artful, I'll prepare
For my madame such a snare,
So close and cunning a wife-gin,
With her eyes open, she'll run in.

FINE SPORT, INDEED !

FINE sport, indeed ! for god and godlin,
To see great Jove become Moll Codlin ;
And threat his wife with fist and horsewhip,
Because she loves a little gossip.

Yet he, forsooth, can trot and amble,
And after scores of misses ramble ;—
Leave, gods, at Hercules your grinning,—
The master of the world 's a spinning.

Though, while such worthy work is doing,
Slap goes the universe to ruin :
The trumpet sounds, war rude and civil
Convulse the earth, while to the devil
They go their own way ; and no wonder,—
His lightning's out—asleep his thunder.

HOW HAPPY SHE.

How happy she, who ne'er can know
The mis'ry of the great ;
Who, far from reach of sceptred woe,
Finds in her low estate
Joy in her innocence—delight
In scenes that still present
Pleasure that health and strength excite,
And transport in content
One brook, her mirror and her drink,
The happy wand'rer seeks ;
And as her lambs play round its brink,
Good nature paints her cheeks,
Few are her wants, certain her joy,
For reason's glad consent
Points out her innocent employ,
And guides her to content.

MEEK I'LL BE.

MEEK I'll be as Venus' dove,
Your presence court, your absence mourn ;
Love shall be the price of love,
And kindness ask a kind return.
Folly shall ne'er my mind defile,
From prudence will I ne'er depart ;
My face shall wear a constant smile,
And duty govern in my heart.

From the Honest Impostor.

THE SAILOR.

THAT girl, who fain would choose a mate
Should ne'er in fondness fail her,
May thank her lucky stars, if Fate
Should splice her to a sailor.
He braves the storm, the battle's heat,
The yellowboys to nail her :
Diamonds, if diamonds she could eat,
Would seek her honest sailor.
If she'd be constant, still his heart
She's sure will never fail her ;
For, though a thousand leagues apart,
Still faithful is her sailor.
If she be false, still he is kind,
And absent, does bewail her :
Her trusting, as he trusts the wind,
Still faithless to the sailor.

OPERAS AND DRAMATIC PIECES.

A butcher can provide her prog ;
Three threads to drink, a tailor :—
What's that to biscuit and to grog,
Procur'd her by her sailor ?
She who would such a mate refuse,
The devil, sure, must ail her :
Search round, and, if you 're wise, you 'll choose
To wed an honest sailor.

From Tom Thumb.

LITTLE TOM THUMB.

Is it little Tom Thumb that you mean, and his battles?
Arrah! send him, for playthings, some whistles
and rattles;
At the sight of a sword all his nerves would be
quaking,—
He fight! he kill giants! it is game you are making.
As well you may tell us that eagles fear larks,
That mice eat up lions, and sprats swallow sharks!
Then talk not of any such nonsense to me—
Wid your confounded boderum, bumboodle, lid-
dle lee.

Tom Thumb! such a shrimp, sure, no eyes ever
saw—

He handles his arms as a fly hugs a straw :
To be sure, in the wars danger's certain to quit him,
For the taef's such a fleadare's no bullet can hit him.
And then as to courage, my jewel—hoot, hoot !
Arrah ! did not I find him chin-deep in my boot ?
Then talk not of any such nonsense to me,
Wid your confounded boderum, bumbleeble, lid-
dle lee.

Tom Thumb marry you!—musha honey, be aisy,—
Were it not for your sense, I should think you gone
crazy!

Shall a fine stately ostrich thus wed a cock-sparrow?
'Twere a halberd stuck up by the side of an arrow,
Or a fly on a church, or a mountain and mouse,
Or a pismire that crawls by the side of the house!
Then talk not of any such nonsense to me,
Wid your confounded boderum, bumboode, lid-
dle lee.

THE ROUT OF THE LAWYERS.

I'LL tell you a story—a story that's true,
A story that's tragic and comical too :
'Tis of a mishance that was ready to fall
On this realm through the skylight of Westminster
Hall.

Sing bags and briefs, bands, gowns, and other like rigs,
Queus, bags, ties, and full-bottom wigs, wigs, wigs.

The court was just open'd, and each learned brother
Preparing which readiest could puzzle the other,
When, on top of the house, a poor ignorant wench
Puzzled judge, jury, counsel, and all of the bench.

Sing bags and briefs, &c.

But the lawyers, with consciences ever awake,
Did the poor girl's civility strangely mistake,
And augmenting this mouse to a mountain of evil,
Took her mop for a pitchfork, and her for the devil.
 Sing bags and briefs, &c.

And now, lest the roof on their noddles should fall,
In two minutes deserted was Westminster Hall ;
Pris'ner, judge, and jew-bail 'gainst each other did
squeeze,
And the counsel bags, wigs, and all lost but their fees.
Sing baes and briefs, &c.

No longer let France, then, her Joan of Arc boast,
Of her country's stout foes who subdued a whole
host :
On the Maid of the Skylight more honour shall fall, —
She routed the lawyers from Westminster Hall !
 Sing bags and briefs, &c.

THE FAIRIES.

BEHOLD the fairies' jocund band,
Who firm, though low of stature,
'Gainst giant vice shall make a stand,
Pourtraying human nature.
We've characters of ev'ry mould,
All tempers, forms, and sizes,—
The grave, the gay, the young, the old,
Hid under quaint disguises.
Then hey for the fairies, &c.

We have a priest who never swears,
But who is always ready
With money, or advice, or pray'rs,
To help the poor and needy.
Then hey for the fairies, &c.

A man and wife, who both on crutch
Are now oblig'd to hobble,
Who fifty years, or near as much,
Have never had a squabble.
Then hey for the fairies, &c.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBBIN.

A magistrate upright and wise,
To whom no bribe is given,
And who before two charming eyes
Can hold the balance even.
Then hey for the fairies, &c.

A learn'd physician of great skill,
All cures, like Galen, pat in,
Who never does his patients kill,
Take fees, or jabber Latin.
Then hey for the fairies, &c.

A country 'squire who hates the smell
Of stingo and October ;
A modern poet who can spell ;
And a musician sober.
Then hey for the fairies, &c.

Away then, comrades, beat to arms,
Display your sportful banners ;
Strike hard at vice, expose false charms,
And catch the living manners.
Then hey for the fairies, &c.

IN PARIS AS IN LONDON.

In Paris as in London,
Vice thrives and virtue's undone ;
Errors, passions, want of truth,
Folly in age as well as youth,
Are things by no means rare :
But honest us'ers, friends sincere,
And judges with their conscience clear—
C'est qu'on ne voit guere.

In Paris all things vary :
Sixteen and sixty marry ;
Men presuming on their purse,
Heirs with their estates at nurse,
Are things by no means rare :
But doctors who refuse a fee,
And wives and husbands who agree,—
C'est qu'on ne voit guere.

In Paris, idle passion
And folly lead the fashion :
Attention paid to show and dress,
Modest merit in distress,
Are things by no means rare ;
But friendship in sarcastic sneers,
And honesty in widows' tears,—
C'est qu'on ne voit guere.

CHAIRS TO MEND.

LIKE mine to botch is each man's fate,
Each toils in his vocation—
One man tinkers up the state,
Another mends the nation ;
Your Parsons preach to mend the heart,
They cobble heads at college ;
Physicians patch, with terms of art
And Latin, want of knowledge.

But none for praise can more contend
Than I,
Who cry
Old chairs to mend.

Your lawyers' tools are flaws and pleas ;
They manners mend by dancing ;
Wigs are patches for degrees,
And lovers use romancing ;
Fortunes are mended up and made
Too frequently with places ;
With rouge, when their complexions fade,
Some ladies mend their faces ;
But none for praise, &c.

A TINKER I AM.

A TINKER I am,—
My name's Natty Sam ;
From morn to night I trudge it :
So low is my fate,
My pers'nal estate
Lies all within this budget.
Work for the tinker, ho ! good wives,
For they are lads of mettle—
Twere well if you could mend your lives,
As I can mend a kettle.

The man of war,
The man of the bar,
Physicians, priests, free-thinkers,
That rove up and down
Great London town,
What are they all but tinkers ?
Work for the tinker, &c.
'Those 'mong the great
Who tinker the state
And badger the minority,—
Pray, what's the end
Of their great work, my friend,
But to rivet a good majority ?
Work for the tinker, &c.

This mends his name,
That cobbles his fame,
That tinkers his reputation :
And thus, had I time,
I could prove in my rhyme,
Jolly tinkers are all the nation.
Work for the tinker, &c.

THE YOUNKER WHO HIS FIRST ESSAY.

THE youngker who his first essay
Makes in the front of battle,
Stands all aghast, while cannons play,
And bullets round him rattle.
But pride steps in, and now no more
Fell Fear his jav'lin lances :
Like dulcet flutes the cannons roar,
And groans turn country dances.

OPERAS AND DRAMATIC PIECES.

So frights and flurries, and what not,
Upon my fancy rushes :
I fear I know not why or what—
I'm cover'd o'er with blushes.

But let the honey season fly,
To second well my clapper,
The kitchen's whole artillery
Shall grace my husband's napper.

From the Passions.

THE GOLDEN MEAN.

WOULDST error leave, to follow truth ?
Wouldst all thy cares should end ?
Turn here thy steps, misguided youth,
And listen to a friend.
Nor to Severity austere,
Nor fond Indulgence, lean ;
But seek fair Moderation—here
She holds the golden mean.

From that hand which profusely gives,
Can any blessing fall ?
Or who a joy from that derives
Which, churl, refuses all ?
Turn, then, thy errors to atone,
And steer a course between :
Fair Moderation 'tis alone
That holds the golden mean.

From the Lancashire Witches.

THE LANCASHIRE WITCHES.

Of familiars you've heard, and hobgoblins and
sprites,
And of conj'rors, and spectres, and fairies ;
That possess us in dreams, draw our curtains at
night,
And play five hundred other vagaries.
But all we've been told of these mischiefs and harms,
That to hearts give such pains and such twitches,
Are nothing, compar'd to the spells and the charms
Recorded of Lancashire witches.

Nor, the manner excepted, to this very day
Have these spells undergone alteration :
For Lancashire females have charms that convey
At this moment the same fascination.
And of yore if their vot'ries through fear took a
prance
In the air, over hedges and ditches,
In chase of fond hope, they are now led a dance
By the charms of the Lancashire witches.

The familiars of both vary only in name :
Those sat scowling in plaits and in ripples ;
These are sports, loves, and pleasures, that play
the same game,
But they revel in smiles and in dimples.

Thus, as hope and as fear the same torment imparts,
When wrought to extremity's pitches,
Let all who are plagued with susceptible hearts
Beware of these Lancashire witches.

The Lancashire witches, their power to keep,
Of the heart at one stroke make a capture :
The charms of old times struck you all of a heap,
Now they strike you with wonder and rapture.
And if old ugly hags made the candles burn blue,
And had night-mares, and heart-aches, and
stitches,
So we still have the heart-aches, and e'en night-
mares too,
From these beautiful Lancashire witches.

Yet, would ye avert all these spells and thes
charms,
Sue to Hymen to be your auxiliar ;
Let the witchcraft be laid in that circle her arms,
And let love be your mutual familiar.
So delight and enchantment shall grace ev'ry hour,
While contentment each pleasure enriches,
And good-humour and sweetness the magical pow'r
Still confirm of the Lancashire witches.

From Liberty Hall.

[A Comic Opera, first produced at Drury Lane, Fe-
bruary 8, 1784, when Dibdin had ceased to have any con-
nection with the Circus. The piece itself was not re-
markably successful; but one of the songs, the cele-
brated 'High-Mettled Racer,' will retain its popularity
as long as the language shall be understood in which it
is written.]

OPENING CHORUS—LIGHT AND TRIPPING.

LIGHT and tripping as you tread,
With printless steps, along the mead,
With air ingenuous, open, free,
Hither come, sweet Liberty !
Health waits thee in thy bless'd domain—
Come, and hold thy jocund reign !
Here's the true seat of liberty ;
We sit, sing, chat, and sip our tea,
Discuss the modish topics round,
While jest, and jibe, and joke abound ;
Abusing, as it serves our ends,
The state, the weather, and our friends.
Britons, well read in Freedom's lore,
Say all they know, and ten times more.
Cobblers teach kings—and where's the crime ?
Let beards wag freely,—truths sublime
Fall sometimes from the coarsest tongue,
As order out of chaos sprung.

THE WELSH LOVER.

WERE Patience kind to me,
Oh he de nos !
Far pluyther than a coat I'd be,
Oh he de nos !

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBBDIN.

Leap, skip, and pound, would poor Ap Hugh,
And capriole and caper too,
And frisk, and chump, and dance, look you,
Oh he de nos !

Put Patience very cruel is,
Oh he de nos !
With chibes, and cheers, and mockeries;
Oh he de nos !
Which makes to sigh and sob Ap Hugh,
And whining his sad fortune rue,
And crieve, and croan, and crunt, look you,
Oh he de nos !

WHO TO MY WOUNDS A BALM ADVISES.

Who to my wounds a balm advises,
But little knows what I endure :
The patient's pain to torture rises,
When med'cine's tried, and fails to cure.

What can the wisest counsel teach me,
But sad remembrance of my grief ?
Alas ! your kindness cannot reach me :
It gives but words—I ask relief.

WHEN FAINTLY GLEAMS THE DOUBTFUL DAY.

When faintly gleams the doubtful day,
Ere yet the dewdrops on the thorn
Borrow a lustre from the ray
That tips with gold the dancing corn,—
Health bids awake, and homage pay
To him who gave another morn ;
And, well with strength his nerves to brace,
Urges the sportsman to the chase.

Do we pursue the timid hare,
As trembling o'er the lawn she bounds ?
Still of her safety have we care,
While seeming death her steps surrounds ;
We the defenceless creature spare,
And instant stop the well-taught hounds :
For cruelty should ne'er disgrace
The well-earn'd pleasure of the chase.

Do we pursue the subtle fox ?
Still let him brakes and rivers try,
Through marshes wade, or climb the rocks,
The deep-mouth'd hounds shall foll'wing fly ;
And, while he ev'ry danger mocks,
Unpitied shall the culprit die :
To quell his cruel artful race,
Is labour worthy of the chase.

Return'd, with shaggy spoils well stor'd,
To our convivial joys at night,
We toast ; and first our country's lord,
Anxious who most shall do him right :
The fair next crowns the social board,—
Britons should love as well as fight :
For he who suights the tender race
Is held unworthy of the chase.

NE'ER YET DID LOVER.

NE'ER yet did lover
Hope discover
Till won by sighs and wishes tender:
To reward him,
We accord him
That presage of our hearts' surrender.
Hope's the reward of faithful hearts,
Herald of ev'ry joy propitious ;
The course on which the lover starts,
Eager to reach that goal he wishes.
When you a lover's title prove,
So kind—so true,—well-pleas'd to greet you,
This hope, the harbinger of love,
With wining smiles shall haste to meet you.

JACK RATLIN.

JACK RATLIN was the ablest seaman,
None like him could hand, reef, and steer ;
No dang'rous toil but he'd encounter,
With skill, and in contempt of fear :
In fight a lion ;—the battle ended,
Meek as the bleating lamb he'd prove ;
Thus Jack had manners, courage, merit—
Yet did he sigh, and all for love.

The song, the jest, the flowing liquor—
For none of these had Jack regard ;
He, while his messmates were carousing,
High sitting on the pendant yard,
Would think upon his fair one's beauties,
Swear never from such charms to rove ;
That truly he'd adore them living,
And, dying, sigh—to end his love.

The same express the crew commanded
Once more to view their native land ;
Among the rest, brought Jack some tidings,—
Would it had been his love's fair hand !
Oh fate !—her death defac'd the letter—
Instant his pulse forgot to move ;
With quiv'ring lips, and eyes uplifted,
He heav'd a sigh—and died for love !

WHEN FAIRIES ARE LIGHTED.

WHEN fairies are lighted by night's silver queen,
And feast in the meadow, or dance on the green,
My Lumkin aside lays his plough and his flail,
By you oak to sit near me, and tell his fond tale :
And though I'm assur'd the same vows were believ'd
By Patty and Ruth, he forsook and deceiv'd,
Yet so sweet are his words, and like truth so appear,
I pardon the treason, the traitor's so dear.

I saw the straw bonnet he bought at the fair,
The rose-colour'd ribbon to deck Jenny's hair,
The shoe-ties of Bridget, and, still worse than this,
The gloves he gave Peggy for stealing a kiss :
All these did I see, and with heartrending pain
Swore to part: yet I know, when I see him again,
His words and his looks will like truth so appear,
I shall pardon the treason, the traitor's so dear.

JACK RATLIN.

ANDANTINO.

The musical score consists of four staves of music. The top two staves are for the piano, with the right hand playing melody and the left hand providing harmonic support. The bottom two staves are for the voice. The lyrics are as follows:

Jack Rat-lin was the a - blest sea-man, None like
him could hand, reef, and steer; No dan-g'rous toil but he'd en-

JACK RATLIN.

coun-ter, With skill, and in com - tempt of fear : In fight a

li-on ;—the bat-tle end - ed, Meek as the bleat - ing lamb he'd prove ; Thus Jack had

man - ners, cou-rage, me - rit— Yet did he sigh, and all for

love.

dim

cres f p

This musical score consists of three staves of music for voice and piano. The top staff is for the voice, the middle staff is for the piano, and the bottom staff is for the basso continuo. The music is in common time, with a key signature of one flat. The vocal part includes lyrics in a narrative style. The piano part provides harmonic support with various chords and basso continuo lines. The score is presented on a single page with a decorative border.

WHEN FAIRIES ARE LIGHTED.

ANDANTINO.

A musical score for voice and piano. The vocal part is in soprano C-clef, and the piano part is in bass F-clef. The key signature is one flat, and the time signature is common time. The tempo is indicated as ANDANTINO. The vocal line begins with a rest followed by a melodic line. The piano accompaniment consists of eighth-note chords in the bass and sixteenth-note patterns in the treble. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the vocal line. The score is enclosed in a rectangular border.

When fai - ries are light - ed by night's sil - ver
queen, And feast in the mea - dow, or dance on the

WHEN FAIRIES ARE LIGHTED.

A musical score for a solo voice and piano. The vocal part is in treble clef, and the piano part is in bass clef. The music is in common time, with a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are as follows:

green, My Lum- kin a - side lays his plough and his
flail, By yon oak to sit near me, and tell his fond
tale, — By yon oak to sit near me, and tell his fond
tale: And though I'm as - sur'd the same vows were be-

The score includes dynamic markings such as mf and p .

WHEN FAIRIES ARE LIGHTED.

liev'd . By Pat - ty and Ruth, he for - sook and de-

ceiv'd,— And though I'm as - sur'd the same vows were be-

liev'd, By Pat - ty and Ruth, he for - sook and de-

ceiv'd, Yet so sweet are his words, and like truth so ap-

WHEN FAIRIES ARE LIGHTED.

A musical score for three voices (Soprano, Alto, Bass) in common time, treble clef, and G major. The vocal parts are grouped by a brace. The lyrics are integrated into the music. The first section of lyrics is:

pear, I par - don the trea - son, the trai - tor's so

The second section of lyrics is:

dear,— I par - don the trea - son, the trai - tor's so dear.

I saw the straw bonnet he bought at the fair,
The rose-colour'd ribbon to deck Jenny's hair,
The shoe-ties of Bridget, and, still worse than this,
The gloves he gave Peggy for stealing a kiss:
All these did I see, and with heartrending pain
Swore to part; yet I know, when I see him again,
His words and his looks will like truth so appear,
I shall pardon the treason, the traitor's so dear.

THE HIGH-METLED RACER.

[‘The Pride of the Ocean,’ beginning ‘See the shore lin’d with gazers,’ — is also sung to this melody.]

ALLEGRETTO.

The musical score consists of four staves of music in common time, key signature of one flat. The first staff is treble clef, the second staff is alto clef, the third staff is bass clef, and the fourth staff is bass clef. The vocal line begins with a rest followed by a melodic line. The lyrics start with “See the” and continue with “course throng’d with ga-zers,— the sports are be-gun; The con-”, “fu-sion but hear!— ‘I’ll bet you, sir,’ ‘Done, done!’ Ten”, and end with a final melodic line. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support throughout the piece.

See the

course throng'd with ga-zers,— the sports are be-gun; The con-

fu-sion but hear!— ‘I’ll bet you, sir,’ ‘Done, done!’ Ten

THE HIGH-METTLED RACER.

thou - sand strange mur - murs re - sound far and .. near; Lords,

hawk - ers, and jock - eys, as - sail the tir'd ear,— Lords.

hawk - ers, and jock - eys, as - sail the .. tir'd ear:— While with

neck like * a rain - bow, e - rect - ing his crest, Pam - per'd,

THE HIGH-METLED RACER.

A musical score for 'The High-Mettled Racer' featuring four staves of music and lyrics. The music is in common time, with a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines, appearing below the notes. The score includes three treble staves and one bass staff.

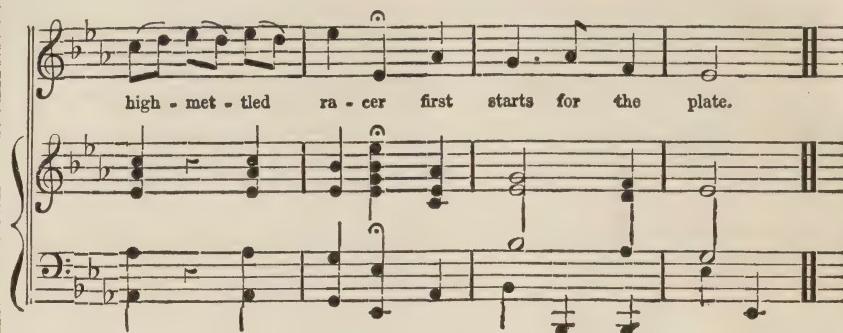
pran - cing, and pleas'd, his head touch - ing his breast, Scarce-ly

snuff - ing the air, he's so proud and e - late, The

high - met - tled ra - cer first starts for the plate,— The

high met - tied ra - cer, The

THE HIGH-METTLED RACER.



high - met - tled ra - cer first starts for the plate.

Now Renard's turn'd out: and o'er hedge and ditch rush
Hounds, horses, and huntsmen, all hard at his brush :
They run him at length, and they have him at bay,
And by scent and by view cheat a long tedious way :
While, alike born for sports of the field and the course,
Always sure to come through, a stanch and fleet horse,
When, fairly run down, the fox yields up his breath,
The high-mettled racer is in at the death.

Grown aged, us'd up, and turn'd out of the stud
Lame, spavin'd, and wind-gall'd, but yet with some blood
While knowing postilions his pedigree trace,
Tell his dam won this sweepstakes, his sire gain'd that race.
And what matches he won, too, the hostlers count o'er,
As they loiter their time at some hedge-alehouse door ;
While the harness sore galls, and the spur his ides goad,
The high-mettled racer's a hack on the road.!

Till at last, having labour'd, drudg'd early and late,
Bow'd down by degrees, he bends on to his fate :
Blind, old, lean, and feeble, he tugs round a mill,
Or draws sand, till the sand of his hourglass stands still
And now, cold and lifeless, expos'd to the view,
In the very same cart which he yesterday drew,
While a pitying crowd his sad relics surrounds,
The high-mettled racer is sold for the hounds.

OPERAS AND DRAMATIC PIECES.

WHAT IF MY PLEASURES.

ANACREONTIC.

WHAT if my pleasures fools condemn,
Because I am not dull, like them ;
Because no minute I let pass
Unmark'd by a convivial glass ?
Or else, retir'd from strife and noise,
I tempt the fair to softer joys ;
A mortal with a soul divine,
Alternate crown'd with love and wine.

These shall on earth my being share :
And when I'm gone, if in my heir
My spirits live, let him not mourn,
But see emboss'd upon my urn
Bacchus and Venus in a wreath,
With this inscription underneath,—
'This mortal had a soul divine,
Alternate crown'd with love and wine.'

THE BRIDE'S PROMISE.

Oh, transports beyond measure !
Oh, extasy of pleasure !
What unknown joys possess me !
The world will now confess me
That honour'd happy thing, a wife ?

Should unexpected crosses
Misfortunes breed and losses,
My husband's cares to soften,
I'll tenderly and often
With kisses banish ev'ry strife.

Then I'll discharge so duly,
So constantly, so truly,
So well, my duty's promise,
That, pain and care far from us,
Sweet shall be our cup of life.

THE HIGH-METTLED RACER.

[To the music of this renowned effusion, Dibdin wrote another song—'The Pride of the Ocean'—which is printed in a subsequent part of this work.]

SEE the course throng'd with gazers,—the sports
are begun ;
The confusion but hear!—'I'll bet you, sir,'—
'Done, done !'
Ten thousand strange murmurs resound far and
near ;
Lords, hawkers, and jockeys, assail the tir'd ear :—
While, with neck like a rainbow, erecting his crest,
Pampered, prancing, and pleas'd, his head touching
his breast,
Scarcely snuffing the air, he's so proud and elate,
The high-mettled racer first starts for the plate.

Now Renard's turn'd out; and o'er hedge and
ditch rush

Hounds, horses, and huntsmen, all hard at his brush;
They run him at length, and they have him at bay,
And by scent and by view cheat a long tedious way:
While, alike born for sports of the field and the
course,
Always sure to come through, a stanch and fleet
horse,
When, fairly run down, the fox yields up his breath,
The high-mettled racer is in at the death.

Grown aged, us'd up, and turn'd out of the stud,
Lame, spavin'd, and wind-gall'd, but yet with some
blood,
While knowing postillions his pedigree trace,
Tell his dam won this sweepstakes, his sire gain'd
that race,
And what matches he won too the hostlers count o'er,
As they loiter their time at some hedge-alehouse
door ;
While the harness sore galls, and the spur his sides
goad,
The high-mettled racer's a hack on the road.

Till at last, having labour'd, drudg'd early and late,
Bow'd down by degrees, he bends on to his fate ;
Blind, old, lean, and feeble, he tugs round a mill,
Or draws sand, till the sand of his hourglass stands
still ;
And now, cold and lifeless, expos'd to the view,
In the very same cart which he yesterday drew,
While a pitying crowd his sad reliques surrounds,
The high-mettled racer is sold for the hounds.

DO SALMONS LOVE.

Do salmons love a lucid stream ?
Do thirsty sheep love fountains ?
Do Druids love a doleful theme ?
Or goats the craggy mountains ?
If it be true these things are so,
As truly she's my lovey,
And os wit I yng carie I,
Rooi fit dwyn de garie di,
As ein, dai, tree, pedwar, pimp, chweck go,
The bells of Aberdovey.

Do keffels love a wisp of hay ?
Do sprightly kids love prancing ?
Do curates crowdies love to play ?
Or peasants morris-dancing ?
If it be true, &c.

HEAR ME, UNKIND AND CRUEL.

HEAR me, unkind and cruel, hear me,
In pity to the griefs I feel ;
Or kindly turn, and smiling cheer me,
Or here will I for ever kneel.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBBIN.

"Twixt life and death the soul to fetter,—
Ah! who can bear 't?—My sentence speak!
Than love to bear unbliss'd, 'twere better
The woe-torn heart at once should break.

FOR PEACE OR WAR.

PREPAR'D each army on its way,
Would you hostilities should cease,
Do you the olive-branch display,
I'll smoke the calumet of peace.

But if in arms we must be found,
Haste to the field, and let us see
If your trumpet, or my warwhoop's sound,
Can loudest cry to victory.

NEVER WONDER OR STARE.

NEVER wonder or stare
That we breathe the free air,
Who from pleasure to pleasure still bound;
Who through life's busy race,
Though we're hot on the chase,
Neither follow the horn nor the hound.

But how to inspire
With my volatile fire
You who slowly existence drag round,
Far from regions of taste,
Who a dull being waste,
'Twixt echo, your horn, and your hound.

My counsel then take,
For propriety's sake,
Nor dare once intruding be found
Into our bright sphere,
But vegetate here,
With your hunter, your horn, and your hound.

FINALE.

NO LONGER SLOW-CONSUMING CARE.

Female. No longer slow-consuming care
And grief by turns devour me:
My heart's grown light, I tread on air,
Delicious joys o'erpow'r me.

Chorus. No low'ring clouds shall overwhelm,
For wary Prudence takes the helm;
No low'ring clouds shall overwhelm
Henceforth our hopes on Folly's sea,
For wary Prudence takes the helm,
To guard the bark of Liberty.

Male. Unceasing blessings may ye prove,
For nobly thou hast won her:
They only pay the price of love,
Who purchase it with honour.

Female. Like this kind creature, prithee, say,
Was ever such another?
Oh! that the sister's love could pay
Thy friendship to the brother!

From Harvest Home.
[A Comic Opera in two acts, first acted at the Hay-market, 1787.]

LET EV'RYTHING WAIT BUT THE ALE.
Wounds, here's such a coil! I am none of your poor
Petty varlets, who flatter, and cringe, and procure;
I'm a freeman, a nabob, a king on his throne,
For I've chattels, and goods, and strong beer of
my own:
Besides, 'tis rule, that good fellows ne'er fail
To let ev'rything wait, but the generous ale.

My int'rest I love; thee I love, too, good wife;
But still I love better a jovial life:
And for thee or my lady, with duty devout,
I'll run to old Nick, when the dobbin's drunk out;
But 'tis always a rule, that good fellows ne'er fail
To let ev'rything wait, but the generous ale.

DUET—SWEET THE BREEZE OF MORNING.

First. Sweet, oh sweet! the breeze of morning
Passing o'er the new-blown rose;
Where verdant bow'rs, the meads adorning,
Court rustic lovers to repose.
The gay domains of gentle Flora,
And all delights it can impart,
Have not a sweet like my Cleora,
Dearest flower of my heart!

Second. Sweet, oh sweet! the humming liquor
Mantling in the crystal glass!
In which, with rosy gills, the vicar,
Chuckling, toasts his fav'rite lass!
Venus was a buxom hussy,
As Vulcan, Mars, and Jove can tell;
And yet why may not Goody Muzzy,
When one's sharpest, do as well!

First. Pity from her I love invoking,
To plead my wishes do not fail.

Second. See, with love and thirst I'm choking;
Smile, and hand the mug of ale!

First. Thus, while I'm to your heart appealing,
Do not my tender suit deny.

Second. Goody, I am tir'd with kneeling;
Therefore, prithee, now comply.

ARRAH, PAT.
ARRAH, Pat, did you leave your poor Unah to mourn!
Fait and troth! my dear jewel,
Now was it not cruel?
Oh! come back again, or you'll never return,
To cheer me when I'm broken-hearted.
Straight forward I look, when around me so gay,
I'd a pleasure in toiling
When Patrick was smiling;
The sun shin'd, though 'twas cloudy, the while we
made hay,
For den Pat and I had not parted.

OPERAS AND DRAMATIC PIECES.

Each bird while it's singing may shut up its throat:

I won't look at the thistle,

Where goldfinches whistle;

For though they all stun me, I don't hear a note,—

How can I, while thus broken-hearted?

The cows may courant it, the sheep frisk and play,

Lambs and kidlings be dancing,

And skipping, and prancing;

For though they're beside me they're all gone away,

Since Patrick and Unah are parted.

WHEN ON CLEORA'S FORM I GAZE.

WHEN on Cleora's form I gaze,

Surveying that exhaustless store,

Till then unnot'd charms I praise,

And those till then prais'd I adore!

And while I look with fond surprise,

And catch soft madness from my fair,

I wish for Argus' hundred eyes,

And wish to gaze for ever there!

But when Cleora's voice I hear,

And when she strikes the trembling strings,

I wish each eye was made an ear,

To list with angels while she sings!

Thus, while in rapture they rejoice,

My senses still her empire own;

And touch her, see her, hear her voice,—

All, all confirm her's, her's alone!

ROUND ME THRONG.

ROUND me throng each sport and pleasure!

Ceres, bring thy golden treasure!

Hours, that gay delight shall measure,

Sportive spread your flutt'r'ring wings.

The rural gambols lead up neatly;

Now begin—in measure fealty;—

See! they move! while, warbling sweetly,

Hark! the mellow blackbird sings.

GAY AS THE LARK.

GAY as the lark that, early soaring,

Views from on high the glitt'ring streams,

And, while his orisons are pouring,

Basks in Phœbus' cheering beams,—

I knew, at morning, naught but pleasure;

Noon never came to see me grieve;

Nor did delight, far beyond measure,

E'er fail to greet my steps at eve!

DEAR ME! I'M ALL IN A TWITTER.

DEAR me! I'm all in a twitter to think on't!

Fine doings, at my age, to have a gallant!

I'm sixty, I think, or not far from the brink on't,—

A fine time of life a spark's heart to enchant!

Set my mouth how I will, when he bows with a grace,

His fond wishes presses,

And tells his caresses

[—ha! ha! ha!]—shall laugh full in his face.

His violent love, when my dry shrivell'd hand

He fumbles

And mumbles,

How can I withstand!

With asthmatic lungs, when he fetches a sigh,

And grins in rheumatics, to make me comply,

How can I at such tender ecstasy scoff,

That protests in an ague, and vows in a cough?

WHEN GOODY PLAYS THE DEVIL.

WHEN Goody plays the devil or so,

In midst of scolding, strife, and tears,

Off to the alehouse straight I go,

To drink my pint, and save my ears:

There, for the tuneful nightingale,

Do I exchange the screech-owl's note;

For, as I drink the sparkling ale,

It jug, jug, jug, goes down my throat.

When Goody Muzzy's in a pout,

And scolds and storms, and fleers and flaunts,

Only to send her husband out,

That she may let in her gallants,—

Then, John, in vain thy ale shall foam,

And sparkle in its crystal bounds:

The nightingale's sweet voice at home

Now—jug, jug, jug, in kisses sounds!

LOVE'S THE HARVEST OF THE HEART.

THE sultry noon cries—whilst they last,

Seize on pleasures, take repast;

Fortune'sickle,

And Fate's sickle

May surprise us in our prime—

Death's the harvest-home of time!

Fair ones, bless'd with charms and truth,

Reap the profit in your youth:

In that season

Follow reason,

And of pleasure take your part—

Love's the harvest of the heart!

Young men, who all in woman find,

That's good, and beautiful, and kind,

Never grieve 'em,

Vex, or leave 'em,

But treat 'em gently, nobly, kind!—

Truth's the harvest of the mind.

AWAY, PALE FEAR.

AWAY, pale fear and ghastly terror!

Fly at a parent's voice, away!

Correcting ev'ry youthful error,

She deigns to bid, and I obey:

And oh, my heart! thou murmur'st treason,

Perturb'd and frighten'd thus, to move;

This sacrifice I make to reason,—

Lie still, poor flutt'r', and approve!

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBBDIN.

STUDY IN LOVE'S SCHOOL.

The first word I lisp'd, I am told, was love !

High down, derry derry,
Ho down, derry derry,
Let's be merry

In the hawthorn grove;

For there, in the bushes,
The blackbirds and thrushes

Teach you, if you're not a fool,
To study in Love's charming school.

At five years I went in a barn to play,

High down, derry derry,
Ho down, derry derry,
Let's be merry

Among the hay;

For there Ralph and Dolly,
Bumpkin and Molly,
Taught me, or I'd been a fool,
To study in Love's charming school.

WOMEN.

WOMEN, to bless the men design'd,

Are always prudent, good, and kind ;

Always fair, and always young :—

'Tis true, a woman has a tongue ;

But then, the ill to counterpoise,

It never makes the smallest noise,

Rants, roars, or any scandal tells,

Or with abuse at random runs,

Or wrangling,

Jangling,

The ear stuns,

Ringing a peal like parish bells.

If maids, they all with patience wait,

Nor envy aught the marriage state ;

If wives, still faithful to his bed,

They never wish the husband dead ;

If widows, they shed tears like rain,

And ne'er were known to wed again :

For, sirs, in this, and all things else,

Charming woman's never wrong,

Nor wrangling,

Jangling,

Wags her tongue,

Ringing a peal like parish bells.

THE EXCHANGE.

As Dermot toil'd one summer's day,

Young Shelah, as she sat behind him,

Fairly stole his pipe away—

O den to hear how she'd deride him !

'Where, poor Dermot, is it gone,

Your lily lily loodle ?

They've left you nothing but the drone.

And that's yourself, you noodle.'

Beum bum boodle, loodle loo !

Poor Dermot's pipe is lost and gone,

And what will the poor devil do ?

'Fait, now I am undone and more,'
Cried Dermot—' Ah, will you be aesy ?

Did not you stale my heart before ?

Is it you'd have a man run crazy ?

I've nothing left me now to moan ;

My lily lily loodle,

That us'd to cheer me so, is gone—

Ah, Dermot ! thou'rt a noodle.

Beum bum boodle, loodle loo,

My heart, and pipe, and peace are gone—

What next will cruel Shelah do ?'

But Shelah hearing Dermot vex,

Cried she, ' 'Twas little Cupid mov'd me,

Ye fool, to steal it, out of tricks,

Only to see how much you lov'd me :

Come, cheer thee, Dermot, never moan,

But take your lily loodle ;

And for the heart of you that's gone,

You shall have mine, you noodle.'

Beum bum boodle, loodle loo,

Shelah's to church with Dermot gone ;

And for the rest—what's dat to you ?

FREE FROM STRIFE.

FREE from strife, and Love's alarms,

With joyous heart and mind at ease,

Time was, when, with a thousand charms,

Bacchus knew the way to please.

When, while the merry glee went round,

Gaily I saw each moment pass ;

Nor ever had I heard a sound

Like the sweet tinkling of a glass

The flask now broke, and spill'd the wine,

For Cupid, Bacchus' joys I quit ;

The myrtle kills the blighted vine,

And Love, turn'd Fate, cries out—' Submit !'

TRUE PLEASURE.

[A song which, if it has not gained popularity, deserves it for the sake of the beautiful truth which it inculcates so simply and effectively.]

THOUGH I am humble, mean, and poor,

Yet 'faith ! am I disarning :

And one may see the sun shine, sure,

Without the help of larning.

This little maxim, for my sake,

I pray you be believing—

The truest pleasures that we take,

Are those that we are giving.

Is there a wretch, with all his pelf,

So poor as a rich miser ?

Sure, does he not defraud himself ?

No maxim can be wiser.

He who is bless'd for his own sake,

'Faith ! is himself deceiving :

The truest pleasures that we take,

Are those that we are giving.

OPERAS AND DRAMATIC PIECES.

FINALE—SOCIAL PLEASURES.

Cleora. Who social pleasures love to share,
Where rise nor hall nor costly dome,
Far from the meagre train of care,
Come, smiling, to Love's harvest-home ?
Who social, &c.

Una. Oh ! I'll be merry—never fear,
Although I'm sad at heart; but come !
Who knows that we shan't see, next year,
Our Patrick here, at harvest-home ?
Who social, &c.

Glan. With chaplets crown'd, and garlands twin'd,
Light, sportive, airy, frolicsome,
Thus, good and happy, may we find
Elysium in Love's harvest-home !
Who social, &c.

From Broken Gold.

[A Ballad Opera, in two acts, written on the occasion of Lord Nelson's victory and death, and produced at Drury Lane Theatre, 1806. It was a slight piece, taking its title and plot from the custom explained in the last song.]

YOUNG MOGGY MET WILLIAM.

Young Moggy met William beside a clear stream,
Where grew a willow-tree,—
She thought 'twas a phantom, a ghost, or a dream,
While struck all aghast was he ;
For Moggy, heart-broken, and sunk in despair,
And slighted by Bob of the lea,
Had noos'd a fine garter, to hang herself there,
Upon the willow-tree.

Now William's surprise was to Moggy's akin,
For Dolly, a false-hearted she,
Had, scouting his love, said, she car'd not a pin
For such a dull lout as he.
So he stole the fine garter she bought at the fair,
And swore, since 'twas Fortune's decree,
He'd seek out the river, and hang himself there,
Upon the willow-tree.

Thus William and Moggy, each garter in hand,
Met under the willow-tree ;
And while, like two fools, they were both at a stand,
He was vex'd, and quite daunted was she :
But when in cold blood they consider'd the thing,
They struck up a match frank and free,
And left Dolly and Bob, if they chose it, to swing
Upon the willow-tree.

SINCE JACK, THOU ART A SEAMAN'S SON.

SINCE, Jack, thou art a seaman's son,
And born for the good of the nation,
'Tis pretty near time I begun
To larn thee a tar's edication :
For when out of port
Thou'l be Fortune's sport,

And taste of sorrow's cup ;
Yet in thy pow'r
Is Hope's best bow'r,
When Death shall bring thee up.

Love honour as thy life ;
N'er do a paltry thing ;
Protect thy friend und wife ;
Spare foes, and serve thy King !
This lesson larn,
Without consarn
Thou'l taste of pleasure's cup,
E'en to the dregs,
On thy last legs,
When Death shall bring thee up.

And when thou'st left the sea,
And time has long broke bulk,
Grown old and crank like me,
And laid up, a sheer hulk,
Teach thy young son
This course to run,
To drink of comfort's cup ;
Thy eyes thou'l close
In sweet repose,
When Death shall bring thee up.

WITH WHAT HARD TERMS.

WITH what hard terms fond lovers cope,
That cruel Fate imposes !
Absence and danger banish hope,
And thorns choke up the roses.
Yet that her lover dangers prove,
To earn the hero's name,
Must she suspend the joys of love,
To swell the lists of Fame.

Nor with too timid woman's fears
Let her fond heart be troubled ;
The storm appeas'd, a calm appears—
Her transports are redoubled ;
Her hero claims a welcome home,
Well earn'd that glorious name ;
His brows the laurel well become,
That swells the lists of Fame.

THE CARPENTER AND THE JUDGE.

A CARPENTER, who for two gibbets long us'd .
Could never his money obtain,
When order'd to make a third gibbet, refus'd
To work at the job, flat and plain.
The hangman and gaoler, both equally blam'd
That this hanging was thus at a stand,
Laid the fault on the carpenter, who, they exclaim'd,
Had been order'd to do 't out of hand.
'Look you here,' cried the carpenter : 'friends, 'tis
no joke,—
Two gibbets already I've made ;
And to make you another I'll not strike a stroke,
Till for the first two I've been paid.'

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

He was brought 'fore the judge, while he shook in his shoes,

Who cried, 'Fellow, 'tis by my command
That this gibbet you make,—then no longer refuse,
But do it at once out of hand.'

'My Lord,' cried the carpenter, 'tis very true,
On the hangman and gaoler's bare word,
Since I had not been paid for the making of two,
I swore that I'd not make a third;
But now 'tis a different thing, quite and clean;—
Had they made me at once understand
That the gallows in point for your lordship had been,
Lord love ye! I'd don't out of hand.'

'TIS NOT THAT ALL HIS OATHS.

'Tis not that all his oaths were lies,
His faith and truth neglected,—
Jove laughs at lovers' perjuries,
And this in love's expected:
Nor that he left me, hope grown cold,
In doubt, the lover's limbo;—
'Tis that he gave my broken gold
To Quashee Corrumbimbo.

But does he think that ugly she
Shall share in his caresses,
While thus unworthy he loads me
With numberless distresses?
He of his falsehood shall be told;
I'll set my arms akimbo,
Cry, 'Villain base! thou gav'st my gold
To Quashee Corrumbimbo.'

DURST—DID TEMPESTS HOWL.

Male. Did tempests howl?—thy fancied form
Hush'd into peace the threat'ning storm;
Did cannons roar?—thou wert the guide
That turn'd the murd'rous ball aside:
All peril, labour, toil, and pain,
Essay'd to quell my mind in vain;
In dangers safe, in shackles free,
Still comfort came, led on by thee.

Fem. Did summer parch? Did winter freeze?
Did hurricanes unroot the trees?
Did dread alarms of war increase?—
I thought of thee, and all was peace:
No chance, no fate, no force, no art,
I knew, could shake thy constant heart;
And though from pain no moment free,
I thought of pleasure, love, and thee.

TRIO—DEAR ME, HOW SWEET.

DEAR me! how sweet a thing is love,
When heart for heart's the terms!
When wish'd-for bliss the absent prove,
The present joy confirms;
When sorrows ne'er the breast invade,
And hope can pain beguile;
And hours of grief are overpaid
By one returning smile.

A POET FROM RUIN NO REMEDY SAW.

A POET from ruin no remedy saw,
But an opera soon to be play'd:
The op'r'a was damn'd, and the merciless law
Away all his chattels convey'd.
A poor rat, that was standing with tears in his eyes,
As about scraps of paper he twirl'd,
In hopes in this chaos to meet with some prize,
Found out an old map of the world.

He soon went to work—ev'ry large commonweal
He tumbled as if he were frantic;
On islands and continents made a full meal,
And drank up the ocean Atlantic.
For some tit-bit he search'd ev'ry cranny and nook,
While kingdoms in ruin he hurl'd,
Till, like Mulgrave, Vancouver, or Anson, or Cook,
He almost made a voy'ge round the world.

At last, since of feasting he had not enough,
Old England he thought he'd begin;
But he found it a job so confoundedly tough,
That he laid himself down and gave in.
Let the story, then, serve for a sure case in point,
That no effort our island can sever:
Were the whole world dismember'd, and torn joint
from joint,
Still should England be England for ever.

WHAT IF THE SAILOR BOLDLY GOES.

WHAT if the sailor boldly goes,
To distant climates bound,—
Braves wind from ev'ry point that blows
The varying compass round?
No longer, when compell'd to rove,
To make him rich amends,
As the needle true, he finds his love,
His country, and his friends.

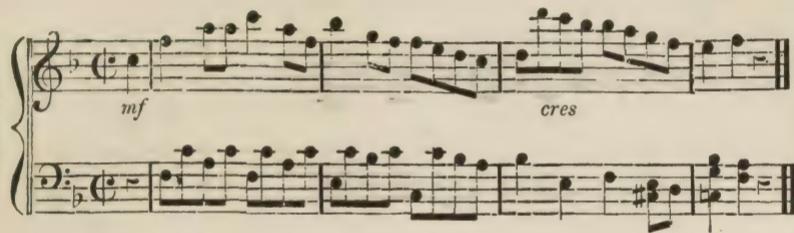
Thus, ev'ry danger life endures,
May to o'erwhelm him come,
Trouble at sea only insures
Pleasure that waits at home:
He braves the storm, that calm to prove
Propitious Fortune sends;
As the needle true to find his love,
His country, and his friends.

THEN LET US REJOICE.

THEN let us rejoice, for old England so glorious
A victory never was seen:
We have often o'er five, nine, elev'n, been victorious,
But now we have beaten nineteen.
Yet 'twas earn'd by a wound that for years will want
healing,
A wound that at sea and ashore
Ev'ry Briton shall mourn with one heart and one
feeling,—
Our hero, great Nelson, 's no more.

THE STANDING TOAST.

ANDANTINO.



The moon on the o - cean was dimm'd by a rip-ple, Af-ford - ing a che-quer'd de-

light; The gay jol - ly tars pass'd the word for the tip - ple, And the

toast—for 'twas Sa - tur - day night: Some sweet - heart or wife that he

THE STANDING TOAST.

The musical score consists of three staves of music in common time, key signature of one flat. The top staff uses a treble clef, the middle staff an alto clef, and the bottom staff a bass clef. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first section of lyrics is:

lov'd as his life Each drank, while he wish'd he could hail her; But the
 stand - ing toast that pleas'd the most Was—The wind that blows, The
 ship that goes, And the lass that loves a sai-lor.

Some drank the King and his brave ships,
 And some the constitution ;
 Some, May our foes and all such rips
 Own English resolution !
 That fate might bless some Poll or Bess,
 And that they soon might hail her ;
 But the standing toast, &c.

Some drank our Queen, and some our land,
 Our glorious land of freedom !
 Some that our tars might never stand
 For heroes brave to lead 'em !
 That beauty in distress might find
 Such friends as ne'er would fail her ;
 But the standing toast, &c.

OPERAS AND DRAMATIC PIECES.

I sail'd with him often in pretty hard service ;
More than once saw him wounded, and smile :
I was there when he gain'd such renown under
Jervis,
And he pepper'd the French on the Nile :
I heard his last words, that so griev'd each bystander,
Words sounding so mournful and sweet,—
'Twas 'his love and farewell'—damme, there's a
commander !—
To each brother tar in the fleet.
But he's gone ; and so nobly the French and the
Spaniards
Shall be lather'd, fore, aft, back, and sides,
That we'll not leave a rope from the shrouds to the
lanyards,
For in fighting we'll work double tides :
And the notion's a right one ;—Ah ! where's such
another ?
We've lost !—why, the 'count's without end !
The king a great subject, each sailor a brother,
And every Briton a friend.

BROKEN GOLD.

Two real lovers, with one heart,
One mind, one sentiment, one soul,
In hapless hour were doom'd to part,
At tyrant duty's harsh control.
They broke in two a golden coin,
In token that their love should hold,
And swore, when Fate their hands should join,
To join again the broken gold.

A treach'rous friend, who could not brook
That joy which real love imparts,
In evil hour advantage took
To sow dissension in their hearts ;—
Engines employ'd, kept spies in pay,
Conjectures rais'd, and falsehoods told,
To prove that each had giv'n away,
To rivals base, the broken gold.

At last, when years claps'd, they met,
Hush'd ev'ry fear, dead all alarms ;
Banish'd each sorrow and regret,
They rush'd into each other's arms :
While to the fond embrace they flew,
Which Love sat smiling to behold,
In token that their hearts were true,
They fondly join'd the broken gold.

FINALE—WHEN NELSON FELL.

WHEN Nelson fell, the voice of Fame,
With mingled joy and pain,
Lamented that no other name
So glorious could remain :—
And worthily is Nelson lov'd ;
Yet, ere a short month's dawn,
Fresh glory Britain's sons have prov'd,
Led on by gallant Strachan.

Cornwallis, Smith, and Collingwood,
Fine fellows ! still exist ;
But to name sailors firm and good
Would take the Navy's List.
Great Nelson with his parting breath
Their character has drawn :
He call'd them brothers ; and his death
They'll emulate, like Strachan.

Then, Britons, be not out of heart,
Like men of hope bereft :
In him did the sheet-anchor part,
Yet is the best bow'r left.
Still Nelson shall inspire renown ;
And, though for ever gone,
His spirit shall with smiles look down,
And point to gallant Strachan.

From the Round Robin.

[A Comic Opera in two acts, first acted at the Hay-market, June 21, 1811, being Diddin's last dramatic production. It was only acted twice. It will appear strange that a piece boasting so many good songs should have been unsuccessful; but it was acted as an after-piece, by performers who had been recently engaged from the provinces, and who were not then sufficiently popular to attract public attention to the songs which, nevertheless, subsequently became so popular.]

THE STANDING TOAST.

The moon on the ocean was dimm'd by a ripple,
Affording a chequer'd delight ;
The gay jolly tars pass'd the word for the tipple
And the toast—for 'twas Saturday night :
Some sweetheart or wife that he loved as his life
Each drank, while he wish'd he could hail her ;
But the standing toast that pleas'd the most
Was—The wind that blows, the ship that goes,
And the lass that loves a sailor !

Some drank the king and his brave ships,
And some the constitution ;
Some, May our foes and all such rips
Own English resolution !
That fate might bless some Poll or Bess,
And that they soon might hail her ;
But the standing toast, &c.

Some drank our queen, and some our land,
Our glorious land of freedom !
Some that our tars might never stand
For heroes brave to lead 'em !
That beauty in distress might find
Such friends as ne'er would fail her ;
But the standing toast, &c.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBBDIN.

TRIO—DID NOT WE RUN HIM HARD?

Did not we run him hard?
Did not we make a push?
Poor Reward! how he was scar'd,
When, 'Yoicks, my joys!
Hark forward, my boys!'
We were all of us hard at his brush.

So eager, so fierce, was the pack,
That all of us panted for breath;
So little did any hang back,
Dogs, horses, and men,
Not one out of ten,
But was merrily in at the death.

WOMEN, DEAR SIR, ARE JUST AND TRUE.

Women, dear sir, are just and true,
And tenderness affects 'em;
Dearly they love to give its due
That kindness which protects 'em:
For me, did duty's call impart
An order e'er so hateful,
E'en though the effort broke my heart,
I'd sigh, and yet be grateful.
My youthful friend, whose gen'rous mind
Your goodness taught obedience,
Knows to be dutiful and kind,
And owns his heart's allegiance;
We are your own, sir, heart and hand,
No duty can be firmer;
And, were e'en hard what you command,
We'd sigh, but dare not murmur.

THE IRISH ECHO.

Oh! had you but seen the stone they call Blarney!
The sportsmen set off to the lake of Killarney!
Oh, that was the day—soon the fox was in sight,
And great, oh my soul! was our joy and delight!
We were all in full glee—'twas a beautiful morn;
And echo struck up a duet with the horn:
 Cried the horn, 'How d'y'e do?'
 'Mighty well, I thank you.'
Oh! the glorious duet 'twixt the echo and horn!

Away Paddy Rafferty dash'd o'er the plain;
His fine-mettled horse devil a bit could he rein;
Till the rude vicious beast, by a sly ugly twitch,
Neck and heels sou's'd Pat Rafferty into a ditch;
While the oaths and the screams, as he lay there forlorn,
Made a curious duet for the echo and horn:
 'Damme! there he lies flat!'
 'Fait, and you may say dat!'
Oh! the curious duet 'twixt the echo and horn!
No sportsman e'er saw such a chase—by the pow'rs!
It lasted at least the best part of sev'n hours;
Till, scrambling through bogs, and o'er brambles
 and rocks,
We were merrily in at the death of the fox.

We laugh'd fear and peril and danger to scorn,
While Echo replied to the sound of the horn:
 What a devil of a push!
 Fait! I'd hold of his brush!
What a spunky duet 'twixt the echo and horn!
[The last verse of this song is omitted in representation.]

ONE MOUNTAIN NEGER.

One Mountain Neger, he no find,
In ev'ry place him try,
No good, no charity, no kind,
And so him like to die.
One kick, one scold, cry 'Who are you?
Black Neger, villain clan!'
Poor Neger say, he so far true,
 But, massa, me be man.

So, when he scarcely eye to look,
 Or scalding tear to cry,
Like dat good man in holy book,
 One massa kind come by;
Him dry him tears, him make new breath—
 Poor Neger can't forget;
Him serve good master till him death,
 To pay such mighty debt.

IF WAYWARD GRIEF.

If wayward grief falls to my share,
 And I'm my peace resigning,
I know my duty, and can bear
 My lot without repining;
Sweet are our lives; and oh! how far
 More sweet the smiles of beauty!
Yet these the very meanest tar
 Yields at the call of duty.

We hold existence by a law
 That various danger's bringing
If like to drown, at ev'ry straw
 We eagerly are clinging;
But, spite of all, if Fortune frown,
 Spite of the tears of beauty;—
'Tis noble, if we must go down,
 To sink at call of duty.

NEGRO DUET—THE SUN GO DOWN.

1st Negro. The sun go down, the world take breath,
 The lazy monkey rest him;
Poor working neger tir'd to death,
 And so him dance to rest him;
 Lilly yan, and Lilly sing,—
 He frisk and know no sorrow,
 Wid banjer merry as one king,
 To drive away to-morrow.

Both. Chingering! chingering! next world come,
 Overseer no jerk ye;
Meet tipsy quashy uncle Tom,
 No more to workee workee.

OPERAS AND DRAMATIC PIECES.

2nd Neger. To-morrow come, the sunshine shoot,
Poor neger can't endure him,
He blister all from head to foot,
And so the cart-whip cure him.

Night come again—he frisk, he prance,—
What signify him fretting?
The banjer sound, the neger dance,
And pain him soon forgetting.

Both. Chingering, chingering, &c.

SWEET MOLLY MIZEN.

SWEET Molly Mizen, Toby's wife,
Aboard her cot ashore,
Sat sad and piping for dear life,
Lest he should come no more :—
And cause enough—Toby was shot !
Ben went to cheer her, when
She blubber'd, snivell'd, and what not—
Then fell in love with Ben.

Ben was soon her heart's delight,
His droll'ry she ador'd ;
But Ben went up aloft one night,
And tumbled overboard :—
So Dan was sent the news to tell—
He was a handsome man,—
She fell in fits, but soon got well,
Then fell in love with Dan.

Six times this hapt, as hist'ry quotes,
And hist'ry truth reveals,
Till Jack was sent, who touch'd the totes,
And then tripp'd up her heels ;
But, while she liv'd, they both went snacks,
Alike at pleasure's calls,
And if Poll had a dozen Jacks,
Jack had a dozen Polls.

I SAIL'D IN THE TERRIBLE FRIGATE.

I SAIL'D in the Terrible frigate—
A man at the masthead
Cried, ‘A sail !’—We no sooner did twig it,
Than each rag of canvass spread :
She was double our force, we did not mind that—
She'd no more chance with us than a mouse with
a cat :—

So she ran,
And we ran,
Nor lagg'd behind ;
For the breeze was fair, and we spank'd 'fore the
wind :

The engagement began at a famous size ;
Many shot hit her hard, wind and water between,
Till the lubbers set fire to her magazine ;
So, just as we thought we had made her a prize,
After many a swab had the sea for his grave,
Out boats !—we turn'd to, the remainder to save.

So you see, if a-lee or a-weather,

Where'er the sailor goes,
We always, united together,
Can flog or succour foes ;

For a British heart's in the right place,
As we're stout, so we're merciful i' th' chase ;—

So we steadily,

Readily,

Nobly inclin'd,

Right astern, on the beam, or the quarter the wind,
They who need our compassion are surely in luck ;
For, just as the fame of old England demands,
We turn to, and cherrily pipe all hands,
Till our country's foes to the union have struck ;—
So, in chasing the foe, we more glory can share,
Than your lubbers in chasing the fox or the hare.

GOOD MASSA LIEUTENANT.

Good Massa Lieutenant, that true soul of honour,
So Copperkin say all so free,
He heap for such service much money upon her ;—
Now dat very well done, a he !
Dear Missy she say, and she alway say true,
For she love kind and good like a me,
To make all too happy, she give money too ;
Now dat very well done a she.
This money to thee, Glim, life, soul, heart, and mind,
As air me yield up all so free,
And fondie and love you, much constant and kind ;—
Now dat very well done a me.
And if you don't Copperkin never forsook,
But be loving as loving can be,
When you swear afore Parson great oath on a book,
Now, dat very well done a thee.

NE'ER TILL THIS MOMENT.

NE'ER till this moment did I find
Your will could be distressing ;
I thought such love, so good, so kind,
Would bring me ev'ry blessing :
That ne'er would pleasure yield to pain,
No day find a sad morrow ;
But April sunshine melts to rain,
And I am plung'd in sorrow.
You bred me, made me what I am,—
I thought existence charming ;
So sports the unoffending lamb,
Nor dreads a fear alarming :
But while it crops the flow'ry fields,
And gratitude grows stronger,
To violence the trembler yields,
And joy exists no longer.

OF DISCIPLINE TH' OBEDIENT MIND.

Or discipline th' obedient mind
Must study ev'ry part ;
Yet is the secret hard to find,
To discipline the heart :—

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBBDIN.

Thus, lest the passions overwhelm
The judgment, reason court
To rule the heart, for that's the helm
That brings the ship to port.

For, if you give the helm its way,
Unkept the pilot's law,
The ship will neither wear nor stay,
But pitch, and roll, and yaw ;—
Then, as the gunner plays his part,
His skill must judgment court,
And safely shall the faithful heart
Convey the ship to port.

THE ROUND ROBIN.

An't please your bold honour, 'tis nothing to me,
And perhaps we are on the wrong tack ;
But your dutiful crew could not quietly see
Your honour so taken aback ;

For to go for to splice, and for life and what not,
Sitch a cockboat to one of your bulk !
Why, 'tis just if as how a new beautiful yacht
Was to tow into port a sheer hulk.
We have sail'd with your honour for years, and allow
We never was under restraint ;
Our reward has been noble, and never till now
Have we had any cause of complaint ;—
And so, if your honour will please to repent,
We'll serve you, all hands, life, and limbs :
Sam Spunyarn, Kit Call, Harry Hallyard, Ben Bent,
Jack Oakum, Tom Timber, Dick Glims.

FINALE—CATCH.

GIVE for the Commodore three cheers !
May pleasure endless crown his years,
Such as no mortal ever saw ;
Gayly put the grog about,—
Let sailors, servants, friends sing out,
Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !

ENTERTAINMENTS

SANS SOUCI.

In the summer of 1788, Dibdin, having fallen out with the managers, determined to go to India, where his brother had lately died, leaving, it was supposed, considerable property, especially a sum, due from the Nabob of Arcot, of £3,500. The vessel in which he set sail was driven by stress of weather into Torbay, where Dibdin found it expedient to abandon his scheme and return to London. Instead, however, of applying to the theatres, he determined, as he says, 'to put himself forward, and try his chance once more with the public.' The result was '*The Whim of the Moment*', an entertainment consisting of recitations and songs, somewhat after the fashion of Mathew's '*At Home*', but differing in these material particulars, that Dibdin sat to a harpsichord, and himself played the accompaniments to his songs, but did not dress any of his characters, nor attempt a theatrical personation of them, as Mathew used to do in the closing acts of his entertainments.

'The Whim of the Moment' was produced in October, 1788, and acted at intervals till the following April. Dibdin was a prisoner in the King's Bench throughout the period, and could therefore only appear in Term Time, under cover of day-rules. The entertainment was first given at the Lyceum, in the Strand, and afterwards in a room in King Street, Covent Garden, now Stevens's auction-room. The prices of admission were three shillings to the part called the Saloon, and two shillings to the Gallery. '*The Whim of the Moment*' was a failure in a pecuniary point of view; but Dibdin saw, from the satisfaction he gave to those who attended him, that it was a kind of entertainment that would gain in popularity as the public became familiarized with it. This expectation was so fully realized, that for about twenty years—generally from October till April—he was induced to pursue the scheme, and produced during that period eighteen entirely original entertainments, of three acts each, besides a number of one act pieces, some occasioned by the events of the day, and others constructed for the purpose of re introducing popular songs from the entertainments of previous seasons. He generally opened with an entirely new three-act piece, which, at or after Christmas, he curtailed, to admit of one of the shorter pieces already described being played after it. For several years, Dibdin repeated the entertainments in the day-time, at the Paul's Head Assembly-Rooms, Cateaton Street, at that time a place of fashionable resort in the City. The admission to the Paul's Head Rooms was by tickets at 4s. each.

Before giving the songs of '*The Whim of the Moment*', it will no doubt be acceptable to our readers to have a few particulars of the subsequent entertainments. In the autumn of 1789, Dibdin produced—

'*The Oddities*', in three acts, or parts, at the Lyceum. This piece was continued through the spring of the following year.

'*The Wags*', three acts, was produced in the autumn of 1790, at the same place, in which boxes at 5s. each person were then fitted up, in addition to the accommodation above mentioned.

'*Private Theatricals, or Nature in Nubibus*', in three acts, was produced in September, 1791, at a place called the Royal Polygraphic Rooms, in the Strand, opposite Beaufort Buildings. These rooms were divided, according to his bills, into *cabins*, at 5s.; area, 3s.; and gallery, 2s. It was here that he first advertised his enter-

tainments as *sans souci*. After this piece had had a considerable run, he acted—

'*The Coalition*', in the early part of 1792, which was a sort of amalgam from '*The Oddities*' and '*The Wags*'. '*The Quizzes, or a Trip to Elysium*', three acts, was the new piece for the autumn of 1792.

'*Castles in the Air*', three acts, 1793, was followed by a selection from '*The Wags*', '*The Oddities*', and '*Private Theatricals*', entitled—

'*Nature in Nubibus*', in March, 1794.

'*Great News, or a Trip to the Antipodes*', three acts, was produced in the autumn of 1794, with great applause, and was followed in the spring of 1795 by an

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCI.

'Ode' in honour of the marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales.

'The Will o' the Wisp,' three acts, in 1795, was succeeded, in the latter part of the season, by a one act piece, called

'Christmas Gambols.'

'The General Election,' in three acts, 1796, was the first piece at the author's new theatre in Leicester Place. This house also had boxes, area, and gallery. Like most of the latter entertainments, *'The General Election'* was curtailed after it had run some time, to make room for a one-act novelty,

'Datchet Mead,' written in honour of the nuptials of the then Princess Royal of England.

'The Sphinx,' 1797, three acts, was followed, at Christmas, by a one-act piece, entitled

'The Goose and Gridiron.'

'The Tour to the Land's End,' in 1798, three acts, was followed by

'King and Queen,' one act.

'Tom Wilkins,' three acts, was produced in 1799.

'The Cake-house,' in three acts, was the new piece for the season of 1800.

'A Frisk,' three acts, for 1801.

'Most Votes,' three acts, for 1802.

'Britons, strike Home,' was produced in 1803, in three acts. In this piece, Dilibin introduced a series

of war-songs, and had the assistance of a military band in the accompaniments.

The entertainments for 1804, with the exception of *'Valentine's Day,'* a pretty one-act piece, produced on Valentine's Day, were all compilations. They consisted, with this exception, of

'The Election,' a condensation of *'Most Votes,'*

'The Frolic,' from *'Britons, strike Home,'* and

'A Trip to the Coast.'

'Heads and Tails,' an entirely new entertainment, in three acts, was produced in 1805; and was succeeded by a one-act trifle, entitled

'Cecilia, or the Progress of Industry.'

'Professional Volunteers,' three acts, in 1808, derived its title from the author being for the first time supported by professional aid. He had at this period been forty-nine years before the public; he nevertheless played the accompaniments to his own songs. This piece was given at the Lyceum during Lent.

'The Rent-Day, or the Yeoman's Friend,' in three acts, was played at the Sans-Pareil Theatre, now the Adelphi, in the Strand, in 1808.

'Commodore Pennant,' the last of these unique and remarkable entertainments, was a slight piece, performed in a room at the back of the author's shop in the Strand, in 1809.

From the Whim of the Moment.

THE INCANTATION.

SPIRITS of distress, of ev'ry occupation,
Persuasion, mode, complexion, temper, climate, inclination,—

Come here! come here

Spirit of a friar, oblig'd to go to mass;
Spirit of a sailor, who leaves a pretty lass;
Spirit of a drunkard, deprived of his glass,—

Appear! appear!

Spirit of a virgin, old and antiquated,
Who forty long winters hath sigh'd unmated,—

Come here! come here!

Spirit of a Quaker, deceiv'd in pretty Ruth;
Spirit of an old man, who apes the tricks of youth;
Spirit of a hypocrite, oblig'd to speak the truth,

Appear! appear!

Spirit of a Briton, just arrived gay France in,
Who, 'stead of beef and fighting, meets with naught
but frogs and dancing,

Come here! come here!

Spirit of an alderman, the dinner just thrown down;
Spirit of a lover, who has just receiv'd a frown;
Spirit of a beauty, disappointed in her gown,

Appear! appear!

THE MELLOW-TON'D HORN.

THE gray-eye'd Aurora, in saffron array,
'Twixt my curtains in vain took a peep,
And though broader and broader still brighten'd
the day,

Naught could wake me, so sound did I sleep.
At length rosy Phœbus look'd full in my face,
Full and fervent; but nothing would do,
Till the dogs yelp'd, impatient, and long'd for the
chase,

And shouting appear'd the whole crew.

Come on; yoicks, honies! hark forward, my boys,
There ne'er was so charming a morn;

Follow, follow; wake Echo, to share in our joys—
Now the music, now echo—mark! mark!

Hark! hark!

The silver-mouth'd hounds, and the mellow-ton'd
horn.

Fresh as that smiling morning from which they draw
health,

My companions are rang'd on the plain,
Bless'd with rosy contentment, that nature's best
wealth,

Which monarchs aspire to in vain:

Now spirits like fire ev'ry bosom invade,

And now we in order set out,

While each neighbouring valley, rock, woodland,
and glade,
Re-volleys the air-rending shout.

Come on, &c.

Now Renard's unearth'd, and runs fairly in view,—

Now we've lost him, so subtly he turns;

But the scent lies so strong, still we fearless pursue,
While each object impatiently burns:

Hark! Babber gives tongue, and Fleet, Driver,
and Sly;

The fox now the covert forsakes;

Again he's in view, let us after him fly,—

Now, now to the river he takes.

Come on, &c.

From the river poor Renard can make but one push,

No longer so proudly he flies;

Tir'd, jaded, worn out, we are close to his brush,

And conquer'd, like Cæsar, he dies.

And now in high glee to the board we repair,

Where sat, as we jovially quaff,

His portion of merit let ev'ry man share,

And promote the convivial laugh.

Come on, &c.

WIVES AND SWEETHEARTS.

ANDANTINO.

A musical score for voice and piano. The vocal part is in soprano C-clef, treble clef, common time, with a key signature of one sharp. The piano part is in bass F-clef, common time, with a key signature of one sharp. The vocal line begins with a dotted half note followed by eighth notes. The piano accompaniment features eighth-note chords. The lyrics begin with 'Tis said we vent'rous die-hards, when we leave the shore, Our

WIVES AND SWEETHEARTS.

A musical score for a voice and piano. The vocal part is in soprano clef, and the piano part is in bass clef. The key signature is one sharp. The music consists of four staves, each ending with a repeat sign and a double bar line, indicating a recurring section. The lyrics describe the dangers of naval life, mentioning friends mourning at home, the perils of the ocean, and the uncertainty of steering through storms.

friends should mourn, Lest we re - turn, To bless their sight no
more; But this is all a no - tion Bold Jack can't un-der-
stand,—Some die up - on the o - cean, And some die on the
land: Then since 'tis clear, How - e'er we steer, No

WIVES AND SWEETHEARTS.

man's life's un - der his com - mand, Let tem - pests howl, and

bil - lows roll, And dan - gers press: Of

p

these in spite, there are some joys, Us jol - ly tars to

bless,— For Sa - tur - day night still comes, my boys, To

cres for

WIVES AND SWEETHEARTS.

A musical score for a two-piano piece. The top staff uses a treble clef and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. Both staves are in common time and G major. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns. A lyrics box is positioned below the first measure of the top staff.

drink to Poll and Bess.

One seaman hands the sail, another heaves the log ;

The purser swops

Our pay for slops ;

The landlord sells us grog ;

Then each man to his station,

To keep life's ship in trim,—

What argues noration ?

The rest is all a whim :

Cheerly, my hearts,

Then, play your parts,

Boldly resolv'd to sink or swim ;

The mighty surge

May ruin urge,

And dangers press : Of these in spite, &c.

For all the world's just like the ropes aboard a ship,—

Each man rigg'd out,

A vessel stout,

To take for life a trip ;

The shrouds, the stays, and braces,

Are joys, and hopes, and fears ;

The halyards, sheets, and traces,

Still, as each passion veers,

And whim prevails,

Direct the sails,

As on the sea of life he steers :

Then let the storm

Heav'n's face deform,

And dangers press : Of these in spite, &c.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBBDIN.

WIVES AND SWEETHEARTS.

'Tis said we vent'rous die-hards, when we leave the shore,
Our friends should mourn,
Lest we return
To bless their sight no more :
But this is all a notion
Bold Jack can't understand,-
Some die upon the ocean,
And some die on the land :

Then, since 'tis clear,
Howe'er we steer,
No man's life's under his command,
Let tempests howl,
And billows roll,
And dangers press :
Of these in spite, there are some joys
Us jolly tars to bless,—
For Saturday night still comes, my boys,
To drink to Poil and Bess.

One seaman hands the sail, another heaves the log ;
The purser swops
Our pay for slops ;
The landlord sells us grog ;
Then each man to his station,
To keep life's ship in trim,—
What argues noration ?
The rest is all a whim :
Cheerly, my hearts,
Then play your parts,
Boldly resolv'd to sink or swim ;
The mighty surge
May ruin urge,
And dangers press :

Of these in spite, &c.

For all the world's just like the ropes aboard ..
ship,—
Each man rigg'd out
A vessel stout,
To take for life a trip ;
The shrouds, the stays, and braces,
Are joys, and hopes, and fears ;
The halyards, sheets, and traces,
Still, as each passion veers,
And whim prevails,
Direct the sails,
As on the sea of life he steers :
Then let the storm
Heav'n's face deform,
And dangers press :

Of these in spite &c.

PLEASURE THE RESULT OF REFLECTION.

From prudence let my joys take birth,
Let me not be passion's slave :

Approv'd by reason, sweet's the mirth ;

Vice of pleasure is the grave.

Then still to reason's dictates true,

Select the sweets of life like bees :

Thus, your enjoyments will be few,

But such as on reflection please.

Wine exhilarates the soul,
Inspires the mirth of ev'ry feast ;

But gluttons so may drain the bowl,
Till man degenerates to beast :

Then mirth and wisdom keep in view,
And freely on the bottle seize ;

What though your pleasures are but few ?
They're such as on reflection please.

Love, the source of human joys,
The mind with bliss that sweetly fills,

Too often its own end destroys,

And proves the source of human ills.

Here reason's dictates keep in view,
Or farewell freedom, farewell ease ;

The real joys of life are few,

But such as on reflection please.

Then while we meet, let's only own
Joys that do honour to the heart ;

And, ceasing to prize these alone,
Deplore our frailty, sigh, and part :

Meanwhile, to reason's dictates true,
Select the sweets of life like bees :

Thus, your enjoyments will be few,
But such as on reflection please.

SAVAGE WAR-SONG.

ARM'D with jav'lin, arm'd with dart,
With mighty arm and steady heart,

We to the battle go ;

Yet, ere we part,

We join with all our friends so dear,
And fervent adoration pay

To the bright orb that gave us day.

Then, void of fear,

We rush to meet the foe ;

Station'd on impervious ground,
We watch their numbers scatter'd round ;

The subtle ambush then prepare,

And see they fall into the snare !

Hid as in the woods we lay,

They tread the unsuspected way ;

Sudden and fierce from ev'ry bush,

Upon th' astonish'd foe we rush,

Bold and resolv'd :—and now around,

Hark ! the dreadful war-whoop's sound !

Confusion, terror, and dismay,

It scatters as it wings its way :

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCI.

They fly ! confusion in their train,
And slaughter treads the sanguine plain !
Hark, of our friends the welcome cry,
Proclaims for us the victory !

Then fervent adoration pay
To the bright orb that gave us day.

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

Of all sensations pity brings,
To proudly swell the ample heart,
From which the willing sorrow springs,
In others' grief that bears a part :
Of all sad sympathy's delights,
The manly dignity of grief,
A joy in mourning that excites,
And gives the anxious mind relief :
Of these would you the feeling know,
Most gen'rous, noble, greatly brave,
That ever taught a heart to glow—
'Tis the tear that bedews a soldier's grave..

For hard and painful is his lot ;—
Let dangers come, he braves them all ;
Valiant, perhaps, to be forgot,
Or undistinguish'd doom'd to fall :
Yet, wrapp'd in conscious worth secure,
The world, that now forgets his toil,
He leaves for a retreat obscure,
And quits it with a willing smile.
Then, trav'ler, one kind drop bestow,—
'T were graceful pity, nobly brave ;
Naught ever taught the heart to glow
Like the tear that bedews a soldier's grave.

POOR JACK.

Go patter to lubbers and swabs, d'ye see,
'Bout danger, and fear, and the like ;
A tight-water boat and good sea-room give me,
And t'ent to a little I'll strike :
Though the tempest top-gallant masts smack
smooth should smite,
And shiver each splinter of wood,
Clear the wreck, stow the yards, and bowse ev'ry
thing tight,
And under reef'd foresail we'll scud :
Avast ! nor don't think me a milk-sop so soft,
To be taken for trifles aback ;
For they say there's a Providence sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

Why, I heard our good chaplain palaver one day,
About souls, heaven, mercy, and such ;
And, my timber ! what lingo he'd coil and belay,—
Why, 'twas just all as one as High Dutch :
For he said how a sparrow can't founder, d'ye see,
Without orders that come down below ;
And many fine things, that prov'd clearly to me,
That Providence takes us in tow :

For, says he, do you mind me, let storms e'er so oft
Take the top-sails of sailors aback,
There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

I said to our Poll,—for you see she would cry,
When last we weigh'd anchor for sea,—
What argufies sniv'ling and piping your eye ?
Why, what a damn'd fool you must be !
Can't you see the world's wide, and there's room
for us all,
Both for seamen and lubbers ashore ?
And if to old Davy I go, my dear Poll,
Why you never will hear of me more :
What then ? all's a hazard, come don't be so soft
Perhaps I may laughing come back ;
For, d'ye see, there's a cherub sits smiling aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

D'ye mind me, a sailor should be ev'ry inch
All as one as a piece of the ship,
And with her brave the world without off'ring to
flinch,
From the moment the anchor's a-trip.
As for me, in all weathers, all times, sides, and ends,
Naught's a trouble from duty that springs ;
For my heart is my Poll's, and my rhino's my
friend's,
And as for my life, 'tis the King's :
Even when my time comes, ne'er believe me so soft
As for grief to be taken aback,
For the same little cherub that sits up aloft,
Will look out a good berth for poor Jack.

THE TRIUMPH OF WINE.

WHAT though from Venus Cupid sprung,
No attribute divine—
Whate'er the bawling bards have sung—
Had he his bow till Bacchus strung,
And dipp'd his darts in wine :
Till old Silenus plung'd the boy
In nectar from the vine ;
Then love, that was before a toy,
Became the source of mortal joy :
The urchin shook his dewy wings,
And careless level'd clowns and kings,—
Such pow'r has mighty wine.

When Theseus on the naked shore
Fair Ariadne left,
D'ye think she did her fate deplore,
Or her fine locks or bosom tore,
Like one of hope bereft ?
Not she, indeed : her fleeting love
From mortal turns divine ;
And as gay Bacchus' tigers move,
His car ascends amidst a grove
Of vines, surrounded by a throng,
Who lead the jolly pair along,
Almost half-gone with wine.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

Ma'am Helen lov'd the Phrygian boy,—
He thought her all his own ;
But hottest love will soonest cloy,—
He ne'er had brought her safe to Troy
But for the wife of Thome.
She, merry gossip, mix'd a cup
Of tipple, right divine,
To keep love's flagging spirits up,
And Helen drank it ev'ry sup ;
This liquor is, 'mongst learned elves,
Nepenthe call'd ; but, 'twixt ourselves,
'Twas nothing more than wine.
Of Lethe and its flow'ry brink
Let musty poets prate,
Where thirsty souls are said to drink,
That never they again may think
Upon their former state.
What is there in this soulless lot,
I pray you, so divine ?
Grief finds the palace and the cot,
Which, for a time, were well forgot ;—
Come here, then, in our lethe share,—
The true oblivion of your care
Is only found in wine.

THE SAILOR'S SHEET-ANCHOR.

SIMILING grog is the sailor's best hope, his sheet anchor, .
His compass, his cable, his log,
That gives him a heart which life's cares cannot
canker ;
Though dangers around him
Unite to confound him,
He braves them, and tips off his grog.
'Tis grog, only grog,
Is his rudder, his compass, his cable, his log ;
The sailor's sheet-anchor is grog.

What though he to a friend in trust
His prize-money convey,
Who, to his bond of faith unjust,
Cheats him, and runs away :—
What 's to be done ? He vents a curse
'Gainst all false hearts ashore,
Of the remainder clears his purse,
And then to sea for more.

There smiling grog, &c.

What though his girl, who often swore
To know no other charms,
He finds, when he returns ashore,
Clasp'd in a rival's arms :—
What 's to be done ? He vents a curse,
And seeks a kinder she ;
Dances, gets groggy, clears his purse,
And goes again to sea.

To crosses born, still trusting there,
The waves less faithless than the fair ;
There into toils to rush again,
And stormy perils brave—what then ?
Smiling grog, &c.

THE VOICE OF NATURE.

YANKO he tell, and he tell no lie,
We near one pretty brook,
Him flowing hair, him lovely yie
Sweetly on Orra look :
Him see big world, fine warrior men,
Grand cruel king love blood ;
Great king ! but Yanko say, What den,
If he no honest good ?
Virtue in foe be virtue still ;
Fine stone be found in mine ;
The sun one dale, as well one hill,
Make warm where'er him shine.
You brother him, him brother you,
So all the world should call ;
For Nature say, and she say true,
That men be brother all.
If cruel man, like tiger grim,
Come bold in thirst of blood,
Poor man !—be noble—pity him,
That he no honest good.

Virtue in foe, &c.

HOMER AND I.

Be it known to all those whosoe'er it regards,
That we singers of ballads were always call'd bards :
And from Ida to Grub-street the Muses who follow
Are each mother's son the true spawn of Apollo :
Thus recording great men, or a flea, or a star,
Or the spheres, or a jew's harp, we're all on a par ;
Nor in this do I tell you a word of a lie,
For Homer sung ballads, and so do I.

Don't you know what the ancients were ?—Great
things they talk'd,
How they rode upon Pegasus—that's to say,
walk'd—
That near kindred gods they drove Phœbus's chariot,
The English of which is—they liv'd in a garret :
And thus they went forward ; Diogenes quaf'd,
Heraclitus cried, and Democritus laugh'd ;
Menander made multitudes both laugh and cry,
But Homer sung ballads,—and so do I.

Thus did they strange whimsical notions pursue,—
Some argu'd on one leg, and some upon two ;
To which last my pretensions are not hypothetic,
For it's certainly clear I'm a Peripatetic :
Lycurgus and Solon 'bout laws made a pother,
Which went in at one ear, and then out at t'other ;
Old songs, such as mine are, will nobody buy ?
Come, Homer sung ballads, and so do I.

Historic was Pliny, and Plato divine,—
Ovid wrote about love, and Anacreon wine ;
Great Cicero argu'd to ev'ry man's palate,
And when he was out—'twas a hole in the ballad :
Thus to great men of old, who have made such a rout,
My claim to call cousin I've fairly made out ;
And if any hereafter my right should deny,
Tell 'em Homer sung ballads, and so do I.

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE

ANDANTE.

A musical score for voice and piano. The vocal part is in soprano C-clef, and the piano part is in bass F-clef. The key signature changes from G major to D major. The tempo is Andante. The lyrics are:

Of all sen-
sa - - tions pi - - ty brings To proud - - ly swell the
the

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

A musical score for 'The Soldier's Grave' featuring two staves of music and lyrics. The top staff uses a treble clef and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The score consists of six lines of music, each starting with a clef, key signature, and time signature. The lyrics are as follows:

am - ple heart, From which the will - ing sor - row

springs, In o - - others' grief that bears a part: Of

all sad sym - pa - - thy's de - lights, The man - ly

dig - - ni - ty - - of grief, A joy in mourn - - ing

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

A musical score for 'The Soldier's Grave' featuring three staves of music and lyrics. The music is in common time, with a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines, appearing below the notes. The score consists of three staves: Treble, Bass, and Alto/Oboe. The lyrics are as follows:

that ex - - cites, And gives - - the anx - - ious mind re-
lief— and gives - - the anx - ious mind re - - lief; Of
these would you the feel - ing know, Most gen' - - rous,
no - - ble, great - ly brave, That ev - er taught a

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff uses a treble clef, the middle staff an alto clef, and the bottom staff a bass clef. The lyrics are integrated into the melody:

heart to glow— 'Tis the tear that be - dews a sol - dier's
grave— the tear that be - dews a sol - dier's grave.

For hard and painful is his lot:—
Let dangers come, he braves them all ;
Valiant, perhaps, to be forgot,
Or undistinguish'd doom'd to fall :
Yet, wrapp'd in conscious worth secure,
The world, that now forgets his toil,

He leaves for a retreat obscure,
And quits it with a willing smile.
Then, trav'ler, one kind drop bestow,—
'Twere graceful pity, nobly brave ;
Naught ever taught the heart to glow
Like the tear that bedews a soldier's grave.

POOR JACK.

ALLEGRETTO.

A musical score for 'Poor Jack' in G major, 6/8 time. The score consists of four systems of music. The top system shows the piano's right hand playing eighth-note chords and the left hand providing harmonic support. The second system begins with a forte dynamic (f) and includes lyrics: 'Go pat - ter to lub - bers and'. The third system continues the piano part. The fourth system concludes with lyrics: 'swabs, d' ye see, Bout dan - ger, and fear, and the like; A'. The score is presented on five-line staves with a bass staff below them.

POOR JACK.

A musical score for "POOR JACK." The score consists of four staves of music, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music is in common time. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines, appearing below the notes. The score includes a basso continuo staff at the bottom.

tight - wa - ter boat and good sea - room give me, And

t'ent to a lit - tle \sharp I'll strike: Though the tem - pest top-gal-lant masts

smack smooth should smite, And shi - ver each splin - ter of wood, And

shi - ver each splin - ter of wood, Clear the wreck, stow the yards, and bowse

POOR JACK.

The sheet music consists of five staves of musical notation for voice and piano. The key signature is G major (one sharp). The lyrics are as follows:

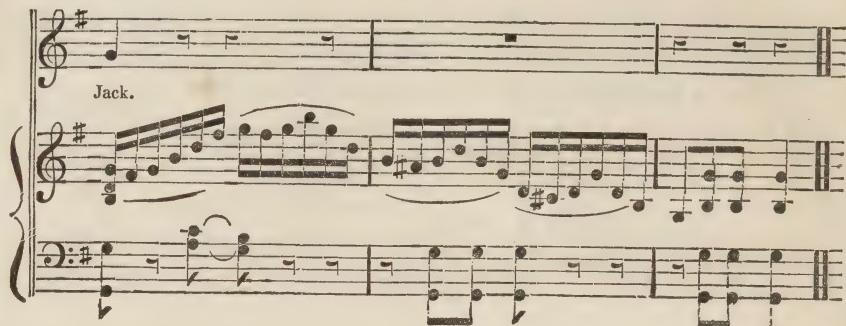
ev - ry thing tight, And un - der reef'd fore-sail we'll scud : A-

vast! nor don't think me a milk-sop so soft, To be ta - ken for tri - fles a-

back; For they say there's a Pro - vi-dence sits up a - loft,—They

say there's a Pro - vi-dence sits up a - loft, To keep watch for the life of poor

POOR JACK.



Why, I heard our good chaplain palaver one day
About souls, heaven, mercy, and such ;
And, my timbers ! what lingo he'd coil and belay,—
 Why, 'twas just all as one as High Dutch ;
For he said how a sparrow can't founder, d'ye see,
 Without orders that come down below ;
And many fine things, that prov'd clearly to me,
 That Providence takes us in tow :
For, says he, do you mind me, let storms e'er so oft
 Take the top-sails of sailors aback,
There's a sweet little cherub that sits aloft,
 To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

I said to our Poll,—for you see she would cry,
 When last we weigh'd anchor for sea,—
What argues suiv'ling and piping your eye ?
 Why, what a damn'd fool you must be !
Can't you see the world's wide, and there's room for us all,
 Both for seamen and lubbers ashore ?
And if to old Davy I go, my dear Poll,
 Why you never will hear of me more :
What then ?—All's a hazard ; come don't be so soft,
 Perhaps I may laughing come back ;
For, d'ye see, there's a cherub sits smiling aloft,
 To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

D'y'e mind me, a sailor should be ev'ry inch
 All as one as a piece of the ship,
And with her brave the world without off'ring to flinch,
 From the moment the anchor's a-trip.
As for me, in all weathers, all times, sides, and ends,
 Naught's a trouble from duty that springs ;
For my heart is my Poll's, and my rhino's my friend's,
 And as for my life, 'tis the King's :
Even when my time comes, ne'er believe me so soft
 As for grief to be taken aback,
For the same little cherub that sits up aloft,
 Will look out a good berth for poor Jack.

CON SPIRITO.

SMILING GROG,

OR THE SAILOR'S SHEET-ANCHOR.

The sheet music consists of six staves of musical notation. The first two staves are for the piano, showing bass and treble clef staves with a dynamic of *f*. The vocal part begins on staff 3 with a dynamic of *mf*, with lyrics: "Smil-ing Grog is the Sai - - lor's best hope, his sheet an - chor, His com - pass, his ca - ble, his log, - - -". The piano accompaniment continues on staves 4 and 5. The vocal part resumes on staff 6 with lyrics: "That gives him a heart which life's cares can - not can - ker; Though". The piano accompaniment concludes on staff 7.

SMILING GROG.

dan - gers a - round him U - nite to con - found him, Though dan - gers a -

round him U - nite to con - found him. He braves them, and tips off his

grog. 'Tis grog, on - ly grog, is his rud - der, his com - pass, his

ea - ble, his log; The sai - lor's sheet an - chor is grog.

Fine.

SMILING GROG.

What though he to a friend in trust His prize - - mo - -
ney con - - vey, Who to his bond of faith un -
- just, Cheats him, and runs a - - way;— What's to be
done? He vents a curse 'gainst all false heart's a

SMILING GROG.

A musical score for 'Smiling Grog' featuring two staves of music with lyrics. The music is in common time, key signature of one flat, and consists of treble and bass staves. The lyrics are as follows:

shore, - - - Of the re - main - - der clears his
purse, And then to sea for more, And then to sea for
more. - - - What though his girl, who ~~is~~ of - - ten swore To
know no oth - - er charms, He finds, when he re - -

SMILING GROG.

A musical score for 'Smiling Grog' featuring two staves of music. The top staff consists of treble and bass staves, and the bottom staff consists of two bass staves. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The music is in common time, with a key signature of one flat. The lyrics describe a character named 'Grog' who turns ashore, is clasped in a rival's arms, vents a curse, seeks a kinder she, dances, gets groggy, clears his purse, and clears his purse again.

turns a - - shore, Clasp'd in a ri - - val's arms :—

What's to be done?— He vents a curse And seeks a kind - er

she; Dan - - ces, gets grog-gy, clears his

purse, Dan - ces, gets grog-gy, clears his purse, And

SMILING GROG.

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff is for the voice, and the bottom staff is for the piano. The vocal part is in common time, and the piano part follows it. The music is in G major for most of the piece, with some sections in F major and B-flat major. The vocal line includes lyrics such as "goes a - gain to sea.", "To cross - es", "born, still trust - ing there, The waves less faith - less than the", "fair; There in - to toils to rush a", "gain, And stor - - - my per - - - ils brave what then?", and "f". The piano part provides harmonic support and includes dynamic markings like *f*, *mf*, *cres.*, and *D. C. S.*

goes a - gain to sea.
To cross - es

f *mf*

born, still trust - ing there, The waves less faith - less than the

b

fair; There in - to toils to rush a
f *cres.*

D. C. S.

gain, And stor - - - my per - - - ils brave what then?
f

THE PORTRAIT.

ANDANTINO.

A musical score for 'The Portrait'. The top system shows a piano part in C major with a dynamic of *p*. The vocal part begins on the second system with a dynamic of *mf*, followed by *f*. The lyrics are: 'Come, pain - ter, with thy hap - piest sleight, Por - tray me ev' - ry'. The piano part continues throughout the piece.

THE PORTRAIT.

The sheet music consists of four systems of musical notation. The top system shows the beginning of the song with lyrics: "grace In that bless'd re-gion of de - light, My charm-ing Syl-via's". The second system continues with "face,— My charm - ing Syl-via's face; And hear me, pain - ter,—". The third system begins with "to en - hance The va - lue of thine art, Steal". The fourth system concludes with "from her eyes that ve - ry glance,—Steal from her eyes that". The music is written in common time, with a treble clef for the vocal part and a bass clef for the piano part. The piano accompaniment includes bass and harmonic parts.

THE PORTRAIT.

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff uses a treble clef, the middle staff an alto clef, and the bottom staff a bass clef. The key signature changes from G major (no sharps or flats) to F major (one sharp) at the beginning of the second system. The time signature is common time throughout. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines, with some words appearing above the staff and others below. The score concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots at the end of the third system.

Her forehead paint, in sway and rule,
 Where sits, with pleasure grac'd,
 A form like Venus beautiful,
 And like Diana chaste :
 Then paint her cheeks—come, paint and gaze,
 Guard well thy heart the while;
 And then her mouth, where Cupid plays
 In an eternal smile.
 Next draw,—presumptuous painter, bold !
 Ah ! think'st to thee 'twas giv'n
 To paint her bosom ?—Would'st, so bold,
 Presume to copy heav'n ?
 Nay, leave the task, for 'tis above,
 Far, far, above thine art !
 Her portrait's drawn—the painter, Love—
 The tablet, my fond heart !

I AM A JOLLY FISHERMAN.

A musical score for two voices (Soprano and Bass) and piano. The music is in common time, key signature of two sharps, and consists of three staves. The top staff is for the Soprano voice, the middle staff is for the Bass voice, and the bottom staff is for the Piano. The piano part includes dynamic markings like *mf*. The lyrics "I am a jolly fisherman, I catch what I can" are written below the vocal parts. The score is enclosed in a decorative rectangular border.

I am a jolly fisherman, I catch what I can

I AM A JOLLY FISHERMAN.

A musical score for a solo voice and piano. The music is in common time, key of G major (two sharps). The vocal part is in soprano range. The piano part includes bass and harmonic support. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines.

get; Still go - ing on my bet-ters' plan,—All's fish that comes to
net: Fish, just like men, I've of - ten caught, Crabs,gud-geons, poor-john,
cod - fish; And ma-ny a time to mar - ket brought A dev'-lish sight of
odd fish,— A dev' - lish sight of odd fish. Thus, all are fish - er.

I AM A JOLLY FISHERMAN.

A musical score for a three-part setting (Treble, Alto, Bass) in common time, major key (indicated by a single sharp sign), and common time (indicated by a double sharp sign). The vocal parts are supported by a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are as follows:

men through life, With wea - ry pains and la - bour: This baits with gold, and

that a wife, And all to catch his neigh-bour. Then praise the jol - ly

fish - er-man, Who takes what he can get, Still go - ing on his

bet-ter's plan—All's fish that comes to net,— All's fish that comes to

The score consists of four systems of music, each with three staves: Treble, Alto, and Bass. The piano accompaniment is shown at the bottom of each system. The vocal parts are enclosed in large curly braces. The music includes various note values (eighth and sixteenth notes), rests, and dynamic markings such as *mf* (mezzo-forte) and *cres* (crescendo).

I AM A JOLLY FISHERMAN.

net,— All's fish that comes to net,— Still go - ing on his

bet - ters' plan— All's fish that comes to net.

8va

The pike, to catch the little fry,
Extends his greedy jaw;
For all the world, as you and I,
Have seen your men of law:
He who to laziness devotes
His time, is sure a numb fish;
And members who give silent votes
May fairly be call'd dumb fish:
False friends to eels we may compare,
The roach resembles true ones;
Like gold fish we find old friends rare,
Plenty as herrings new ones.

Then praise, &c.

Like fish. then, mortals are a trade,
And trapp'd, and sold, and bought;
The old wife and the tender maid
Are both with tickling caught:
Indeed, the fair are caught, 'tis said,
If you but throw the line in,
With maggots, flies, or something red,
Or anything that's shining:
With small fish you must lie in wait
For those in high condition;
But 'tis alone a golden bait
Can catch a learn'd physician.

Then praise, &c.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBBDIN.

THE PORTRAIT.

COME, painter, with thy happiest sleight,
Portray me ev'ry grace
In that bless'd region of delight,
My charming Sylvia's face ;
And hear me, painter,—to enhance
The value of thine art,
Steal from her eyes that very glance
That stole away my heart.

Her forehead paint, in sway and rule,
Where sits, with pleasure grac'd,
A form like Venus beautiful,
And like Diana chaste :
Then paint her cheeks—come, paint and gaze,
Guard well thy heart the while ;
And then her mouth, where Cupid plays
In an eternal smile.

Next draw,—presumptuous painter, hold !
Ah ! think'st to thee 'twas giv'n
To paint her bosom ?—Would'st, so bold,
Presume to copy heav'n ?
Nay, leave the task, for 'tis above,
Far, far, above thine art !
Her portrait's drawn—the painter, Love—
The tablet, my fond heart !

LITTLE NEDDY.

WHY I be Square Ned, of Gobble Hall ;—
I be come to London town with father,
And they that little I a goose goes to call,
Should call me a fox much rather.
I be silent and sly,
And cunning and dry,
And with a hawk's-eye
To watch what's said and done am ready ;
So they that goes to hope
To hang me for a fool,
Will find in the rope
A knave, that he woll :
So you never must
To faces trust,
For I be sly,
And queer, and dry ;
And they that thinks to make a fool of I,
Are all deceiv'd in little Neddy.

When the comely captain on his knees I find,
Who to mother has vow'd, and has kiss'd her ;
Why 'tis nothing more than kind after kind,
For the dancing-master kisses sister :
So they thinks me to chouse,
While I goes about the house
As tame as a mouse,
By the nickname of simple Teddy ;
But 'tis all one to me,—
If in day-time, d'ye see,
They meets their spark,
I kiss maids in the dark :
So you never must
To faces trust, &c.

If father be in love with a bouncing dame,
Thinking I be a lout, and no better,
He spells me out good madam's name,
And gives me a guinea and a letter.
What does I do, d'ye think ?
To myself while I wink,
I pockets the chink,
Burns the letter, and makes love to the lady.
Thus, while down to the ground,
I tricks them all round,
Pretty sister and mamma,
And my reverend papa :
So you never must
To faces trust, &c.

THE WORLD'S EPITOME.

I AM the world's epitome :—
Look round and then say,
Nature and man may sit to me,
Their likeness to portray :
As Nature, in her motley round,
Oft shifts from day to night,
So fickle man is varying found,
Still changing wrong and right.
The application's prompt and ripe,
I of all nature am the type,—
So turn me round,
I shall be found,
From right to left, and left to right,
Look how you will,
To vary still,
From white to black, and black to white.

Do but that learned counsel see,
Who proves that wrong is right,
And presently augment his fee,
His argument takes flight :
And now, unsweating what he swore,
The burthen of his song
Reverses what he said before,
And proves that right is wrong.
The application's prompt and ripe,
I of that lawyer am the type :
For turn me round, &c.

Behold yon lordly statesman frown,
At mention of a bribe,
As if disgrace it had brought down
On him and all his tribe :
But left behind, he'll instant seize
Upon the well-fill'd sack,
Nor could the strength of Hercules
Have pow'r to get it back.
The application's prompt and ripe,
I of that statesman am the type :
For turn me round, &c.

When basking in prosperity,
Each friend to serve you burns,
And, boasting his sincerity,
The smiling white side turns ;

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCI.

But let uncertain Fortune frown,
And take her blessings back,
Instant the friendly white is flown,
And ev'ry man looks black.
The application's prompt and ripe,
I of all nature am the type:
For turn me round, &c.

COLIN AND CHLOE.

'WHAT R' plague,' cried young Colin, 'would Chloe
be at ?
I ne'er will be caught in a noose :
Odds wounds ! I'm resolv'd ; and who'd wager
'gainst that,
Were it even a guinea, he'd lose.
I told the young baggage, says I, to her face,
Toys as much as you will, but no priest shall say grace.'

Cried young Thyrsis, 'Pray, Colin, this blustering
hold ;
What you've utter'd is only through fear :
In the absence of danger all cowards feel bold,
But you'd soon change your tone were she near :
She has honour and truth, and I say 't to your face,
With her you'll ne'er toy till the priest shall say grace.'

'Away, then,' cried Colin, 'a soldier I'll go,
In each quarter to find out a wife ;
I'll roar and I'll rant, rake a little or so,
But no one shall snap me for life :
For in spite of their fancies, I'll say 't to their face,
Toys as much as you will, but no priest shall say grace.'

As he utter'd these words, charming Chloe came by,
Unaffected and lovely as May :
'Adieu, then, poor Colin !' cried she, with a sigh,—
'While the sun shines, begone and make hay.'
Cried Thyrsis, 'D'y hear ? you may well hide your
face !
With such beauty wouldest toy till the priest should
say grace ?'

'Odd rot it !' cried Colin, 'woot let me alone ?
With vexation my heart how it boils !
Why, for her peace of mind I would forfeit my own :
Woot forgive me, sweet Chloe ?—She smiles !
'See, see, glad consent lightens up in her face ;
Then let us to church, where the priest shall say
grace.'

THE BUMPKIN IN TOWN.

WHAT tho! I be a country clown ?
For all the fuss you make,
One need not to be born in town
To know what two and two make.
'Squire Fop there thinks his empty pate
Worth all ours put together ;
But how can that have any weight,
That's only made of feather ?

Then do not be so proud, d'ye see,
It 'ent a thing that 's suiting ;
Can one than t'other better be,
When both are on a footing ?

Now here's a man, who seas and land
Has dream'd that he can cross over ;
That all the world's at his command,
For he's a great philosopher :
That to each secret he no bars
E'er finds, but can unlock it,
And conjure down the moon and stars,
And put them in his pocket :
But when you've caught him, where's the prize ?
So mighty to the getter ?
For sartain he can make us wise,
But can he make us better ?

My lady there, because she's dress'd
In lappets, frills, and flounces,
See how with pride her flutt'ring breast
Throbs, heaves, and jumps, and bounces :
And then 'tis said they makes a face,
New spick and span each feature,
As if they thought that a disgrace
That's ready made by nature :
The money for a head so high,
Such scollops and such carving,
Would keep an honest family
A month, or more from starving.

As for the doctors and their pill,
Odds wounds ! I can't endure them ;
For sartin they their patients kill
More oft'ner than they cure them.

And as for master poet here,
Who writes for fame and glory,
I thinks as he's a little queer,
Poor soul, i' the upper story.
I've yet another wife to spare,
For, wounds ! I'll give no quarter—
Next time you'd find a fool, take care
You do not catch a Tartar.

I AM A JOLLY FISHERMAN.

I AM a jolly fisherman,
I catch what I can get ;
Still going on my betters' plan,—
All's fish that comes to net :
Fish, just like men, I've often caught,
'Crabs, gudgeons, poor-john, codfish ;
And many a time to market brought
A dev'lish sight of odd fish.
Thus, all are fishermen through life,
With weary pains and labour :
This baits with gold, and that a wife,
And all to catch his neighbour.
Then praise the jolly fisherman,
Who takes what he can get,
Still going on his betters' plan—
All's fish that comes to net.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBBDIN.

The pike, to catch the little fry,
Extends his greedy jaw ;
For all the world, as you and I
Have seen your men of law :
He who to laziness devotes
His time, is sure a numb fish ;
And members who give silent votes
May fairly be call'd dumb fish :
False friends to eels we may compare,
The roach resembles true ones ;
Like gold fish we find old friends rare,
Plenty as herrings new ones.
Then praise, &c.

Like fish, then, mortals are a trade,
And trapp'd, and sold, and bought ;
The old wife and the tender maid
Are both with tickling caught :
Indeed, the fair are caught, 'tis said,
If you but throw the line in,
With maggots, flies, or something red,
Or anything that's shining :
With small fish you must lie in wait
For those in high condition ;
But 'tis alone a golden bait
Can catch a learn'd physician.
Then praise, &c.

THE LASSY OF MY HEART.

THE spangled green confess'd the morn,
The rosebud dropp'd a tear,
And liquid prisms bedeck'd the thorn,
When Sandy sought his dear :
Sure, never loon was e'er so cross'd—
Ye shepherd-swains, impart,
Where did she gang ? Ah me ! I've lost
The lassy of my heart.

Her charms are felt as soon as kenn'd,
Eyne bright as brilliant gem ;
But of her beauties there's no end,—
Why need I talk of them ?
Each shepherd-swain finds, to his cost,
What pow'r they can impart ;
But most poor Sandy, who has lost
The lassy of his heart.

But mine's the fault, and mine's the grief,—
How could I rashly dare !
Oh ! I have sinn'd beyond relief,
'Gainst all that's sweet and rare !
But see, she comes ! cease, heart, to bound ;
Some comfort, ah ! impart :—
She smiles ! ah, shepherds ! I have found
The lassy of my heart !

FAIT, HONEY, IN IRELAND.

FAIT, honey, in Ireland, I'd find out a flaw
In each capias, each batt'ry, each action ;
For dere, oh my soul ! satisfaction is law,
And what's better, fait ! law's satisfaction.

When to cut your friend's trote dat affront you's
the word,
From that argument none will be shrinking,
For we clear knotty joints by the point of the sword,
And make flaws large enough with our pinking.
And great are the pleasures it yield,
While our seconds are hard at our back,
And boldly they both take the field,
Wid our tierce and our carte—sa, sa, whack !

Arrah, troth ! were a jolman pursued at his heel
By a constable, fait ! or a baily,
To be sure, in three minutes the taef would not
feel
O'er his sconce a tight bit of shelaly.
Den for actions and bonds, and dat charming long
list
Of returns that in law cut a figure,
Oh ! we make out returns by a turn of the wrist,
And draw bonds by the pull of a trigger.
And great are the pleasures it yield,
When our seconds are hard at our back,
When boldly we both take the field,
Wid our tierce and our carte—sa, sa, whack !

From the Oddities.

THE INVITATION.

AWAY, and join the rendezvous,—
Good fellowship reigns here,
Joy's standard flying in our view,
T invite each volunteer :
Hark ! pleasure's drum
Cries, Come, come, come ;
Obey the kind salute :
The echoing hall
Resounds the call,
To welcome each recruit.

Behold the dinner in array !
A column it appears ;
While pyramids of whips display
A corps of grenadiers.
Hark ! pleasure's drum, &c.

See rivers, not of blood, pour'd out,
But nectar, clear and strong :
Young Ganymede's become a scout,
Hebe an aid-de-camp.
Hark ! pleasure's drum, &c.

Mow down the ranks ;—see, see, they fly ;
Attack them glass in hand ;
Close quarters, rally, fight, or die,—
'Tis Bacchus gives command.
Hark ! pleasure's drum, &c.

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCI.

EVERY INCH A SAILOR.

THE wind blew hard, the sea ran high,
The dingy scud drove 'cross the sky ;
All was safe lash'd, the bowl was slung,
When careless thus Ned Haulyard sung :
A sailor's life's the life for me,
He takes his duty merrily :
If winds can whistle, he can sing ;
Still faithful to his friend and king,
He gets belov'd by all the ship,
And toasts his girl and drinks his flip.
Down topsails, boys—the gale comes on,
To strike top-gallant yards they run,
And now to hand the sail prepar'd,
Ned cheerful sings upon the yard :

A sailor's life, &c.

A leak, a leak !—come, lads, be bold,
There's five foot water in the hold ;
Eager on deck see Haulyard jump,
And, hark ! while working at the pump :

A sailor's life, &c.

And see ! the vessel naught can save,—
She strikes, and finds a wat'ry grave !
Yet Ned, preserv'd with a few more,
Sings, as he treads a foreign shore :

A sailor's life, &c.

And now—unnumber'd perils past,
On land—as well as sea—at last,
In tatters to his Poll and home,
See honest Haulyard singing come :

A sailor's life, &c.

Yet for poor Haulyard what disgrace !
Poll swears she never saw his face ;
He damns her for a faithless she,
And, singing, goes again to sea :

A sailor's life, &c.

BACHELOR'S HALL.

To Bachelor's Hall we good fellows invite,
To partake of the chase that makes up our de-light :
We have spirits like fire, and of health such a stock,
That our pulse strikes the seconds as true as a clock.
Did you see us, you'd swear, as we mount with a grace,
That Diana had dubb'd some new gods of the chase.
Hark away, hark away ! all nature looks gay,
And Aurora with smiles ushers in the bright day.

Dick Thickset came mounted upon a fine black,—
A better fleet gelding ne'er hunter did back ;
Tom Trig rode a bay, full of mettle and bone ;
And gayly Bob Buxom rode on a proud roan :

But the horse of all horses that rival'd the day,
Was the Squire's Neck-or-Nothing, and that was a gray.
Hark away, &c.

Then for hounds, there was Nimble, so well that
climbs rocks,
And Cocknose, a good one at scenting a fox ;
Little Plunge, like a mole, who will ferret and search,
And beetle-brow'd Hawk's-eye, so dead at a lurch ;
Young Sly-looks, who scents the strong breeze from the south,
And musical Echo-well, with his deep mouth.
Hark away, &c.

Our horses thus all of the very best blood,
'Tis not likely you'll easily find such a stud ;
And for hounds our opinions with thousands we'd back,
That all England throughout can't produce such a pack.
Thus, having describ'd you dogs, horses, and crew,
Away we set off, for the fox is in view.

Hark away, &c.

Sly Renard's brought home, while the horns sound a call,
And now you're all welcome to Bachelor's Hall ;
The sav'ry sirloin grateful smokes on the board,
And Bacchus pours wine from his favourite hoard :
Come on, then, do honour to this jovial place,
And enjoy the sweet pleasures that spring from the chase.

Hark away, hark away ! while our spirits are gay,
Let us drink to the joys of the next coming day.

THE FLOWING CAN.

A SAILOR's life's a life of woe,
He works now late, now early,
Now up and down, now to and fro ;—
What then ? he takes it cheerly :
Bless'd with a smiling can of grog,
If duty call,
Stand, rise, or fall,
To fate's last verge he'll jog :

The eadge to weigh,
The sheets belay,
He does it with a wish !
To heave the lead,
Or to cat-head
The pond'rous anchor fish :

For while the grog goes round,
All sense of danger drown'd,
We despise it to a man :

We sing a little, we laugh a little,
And work a little, and swear a little,
And fiddle a little, and foot it a little,
And swig the flowing can.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBBIN.

If howling winds and roaring seas
Give proof of coming danger,
We view the storm, our hearts at ease,
For Jack's to fear a stranger ;
Bless'd with the smiling grog, we fly,
Where now below
We headlong go,
Now rise on mountains high ;
Spite of the gale,
We hand the sail,
Or take the needful reef ;
Or man the deck
To clear some wreck,
To give the ship relief :
Though perils threat around,
All sense of danger drown'd,
We despise it to a man :
We sing a little, &c.

But yet think not our fate is hard,
Though storms at sea thus treat us ;
For, coming home, a sweet reward,
With smiles our sweethearts greet us !
Now, too, the friendly grog we quaff,
Our am'rous toast,
Her we love most,
And gayly sing and laugh :
The sails we furl,
Then for each girl
The petticoat display ;
The deck we clear,
Then three times cheer,
As we their charms survey :
And then the grog goes round,
All sense of danger drown'd,
We despise it to a man :
We sing a little, &c.

PEGGY PERKINS.

LET bards elate,
Of Sue and Kate,
And Moggy take their fill O,
And pleas'd rehearse,
In jingling verse,
The lass of Richmond Hill O :
A lass more bright
My am'rous flight,
Impell'd by love's fond workings,
Shall loudly sing,
Like any thing ;
'Tis charming Peggy Perkins.

Some men compare
The fav'rite fair
To ev'ry thing in nature :
Her eyes divine
Are suns that shine,
And so on with each feature :—
Leave, leave, ye fools,
These hackney'd rules,

And all such subtle quirkings ;
Sun, moon, and stars,
Are all a farce,
Compar'd to Peggy Perkins.
Each twanging dart
That through my heart
From Cupid's bow has morrice'd,
Were it a tree,
Why I should be
For all the world a forest !
Five hundred fops,
With shrugs and hops,
And leers, and smiles, and smirking,
Most willing she
Would leave for me,
Oh, what a Peggy Perkins !

SATURDAY NIGHT AT SEA.

'Twas Saturday night : the twinkling stars
Shone on the rippling sea ;
No duty call'd the jovial tars,
The helm was lash'd a-lee.
The ample can adorn'd the board :
Prepar'd to see it out,
Each gave the lass that he ador'd,
And push'd the grog about.

Cried honest Tom, 'My Peg I'll toast,
A frigate neat and trim,
All jolly Portsmouth's fav'rite boast,
I'd venture life and limb :
Sail seven long years, and ne'er see land,
With dauntless heart and stout,
So tight a vessel to command—
Then push the grog about.'

'I'll give,' cried little Jack, 'my Poll
Sailing in comely state ;
Top-ga'n't sail set, she is so tall,
She looks like a first rate :
Ah ! would she take her Jack in tow,
A voyage for life throughout,
No better berth I'd wish to know—
Then push the grog about.'

'I'll give,' cried I, 'my charming Nan,
Trim, handsome, neat, and tight ;
What joy so fine a ship to man,—
She is my heart's delight !
So well she bears the storms of life,
I'd sail the world throughout,
Brave ev'ry toil for such a wife—
Then push the grog about.'

Thus to describe Poll, Peg, or Nan,
Each his best manner tried,
Till, summon'd by the empty can,
They to their hammocks hied :
Yet still did they their vigils keep,
Though the huge can was out ;
For, in soft visions, gentle sleep
Still push'd the grog about.

EVERY INCH A SAILOR.

ALLEGRETTO
MODERATO.

The musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the piano, showing chords and bass notes. The third staff is for the voice, starting with a rest followed by the word "for". The fourth staff continues the piano accompaniment. The vocal part begins with the lyrics "The wind blew hard, the sea ran high, The din-gy scud drove" on the third staff. The piano part resumes on the fourth staff with a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes.

for

mf

The wind blew hard, the sea ran high, The din-gy scud drove

for

EVERY INCH A SAILOR.

A musical score for 'Every Inch a Sailor' featuring four staves of music. The music is in common time, with a key signature of two sharps. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines, appearing below the notes. The score includes a basso continuo staff at the bottom.

'cross the sky: All was safe lash'd, the bowl was slung, When

care - less thus Ned Haul - yard sung, —When care - less thus Ned

Haul - yard sung: A sai-lor's life the life for me, He

takes his du - ty mer - ri-ly: If winds can whis - tle,

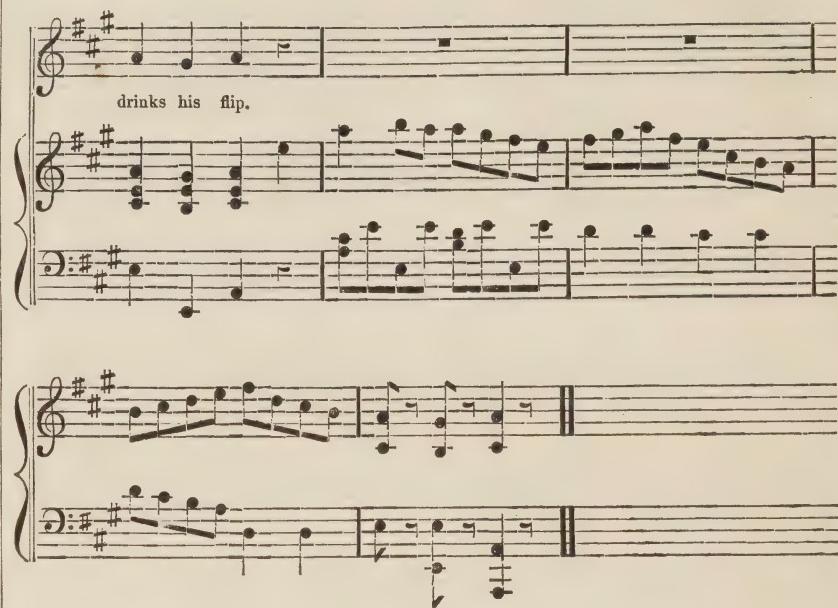
EVERY INCH A SAILOR.

A musical score for a solo voice and piano. The music is in common time, key of G major (two sharps). The vocal part consists of four staves of music with lyrics underneath. The piano part is in the basso continuo style, indicated by a brace under the bass and treble staves. The lyrics are:

he can sing,— he can sing ; Still
faith-ful to his friend and king,—Still faith - ful to his
friend and king, He gets be - lov'd by all the ship, And
toasts his girl and drinks his flip,—And toasts his girl, and

The vocal part uses various vocal techniques like eighth-note patterns and grace notes. The piano part provides harmonic support with chords and bass lines. The score is framed by a decorative border.

EVERY INCH A SAILOR.



Down topsails, boys—the gale comes on,
To strike top-gallant yards they run,
And now to hand the sail prepar'd,
Ned cheerful sings upon the yard:

A sailor's life, &c.

A leak, a leak!—come, lads, be bold,
There's five foot water in the hold:
Eager on deck see Haulyard jump,
And, hark! while working at the pump:

A sailor's life, &c.

And, see! the vessel naught can save,—
She strikes, and finds a wat'ry grave!
Yet Ned, preserv'd with a few more,
Sings, as he treads a foreign shore:

A sailor's life, &c.

And now—unnumber'd perils past,
On land—as well as sea—at last,
In tatters, to his Poll and home,
See honest Haulyard singing come:

A sailor's life, &c.

Yet for poor Haulyard what disgrace
Poll swears she never saw his face;—
He damns her for a faithless she,
And, singing, goes again to sea:

A sailor's life, &c.

BACHELOR'S HALL.

ALLEGRETTO.

The musical score consists of three staves of music in G major, 6/8 time. The top staff is for the treble clef part, the middle staff for the bass clef part, and the bottom staff for the bass clef part. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first section of lyrics is: "for To Ba - che-lor's Hall we good fel-lows in - vite, To par-". The second section continues: "take of the chase that makes up our de-light: We have spi-rits like fire, and of for". The music features various note patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The bass clef staff includes dynamic markings such as *mf*.

BACHELOR'S HALL.

health such a stock, That our pulse strikes the seconds as true as a clock. Did you

see us, you'd swear, as we mount with a grace,—

Did you see us, you'd swear, as we mount with a grace, That Di-

a - na had dubb'd some new gods of the chase,—That Di - a - na had dubb'd some new

BACHELOR'S HALL.

Dick Thickset came mounted upon a fine black,—
A better fleet gelding ne'er hunter did back;
Tom Trig rode a bay, full of mettle and bone;
And gayly Bob Buxom rode on a proud roan:
But the horse of all horses that rival'd the day,
Was the Squire's Neck-or-Nothing, and that was
a gray.
Hark away, &c.

Then for hounds, there was Nimble, so well that
climbs rocks,
And Cocknose, a good one at scenting a fox;
Little Plunge, like a mole, who will ferret and
search,
And beetle-brow'd Hawk's-eye, so dead at a
lurch:
Young Sly-looks, who scents the strong breeze
from the south,
And musical Echo-well, with his deep mouth.
Hark away, &c.

Our horses thus all of the very best blood,
'Tis not likely you'll easily find such a stud; [back,
And for hounds our opinions with thousands we'd
That all England throughout can't produce such a
pack.
Thus, having describ'd you dogs, horses, and crew,
Away we set off, for the fox is in view.

Hark away, &c.

Sly Renard's brought home, while the horns sound
a call,
And now you're all welcome to Bachelor's Hall;
The sav'ry sirloin grateful smokes on the board,
And Bacchus pours wine from his favourite hoard:
Come on, then, do honour to this jovial place,
And enjoy the sweet pleasures that spring from
the chase.

Hark away, hark away! while our spirits are gay,
Let us drink to the joys of the next coming day.

THE FLOWING CAN.

ALLEGRETTO.

A musical score for 'The Flowing Can' featuring three staves of music and lyrics. The top staff is for the treble clef part, the middle staff for the bass clef part, and the bottom staff for the bass clef part. The music is in common time (indicated by 'C') and consists of six measures. The first measure starts with a whole note followed by a half note. The second measure has a whole note followed by a dotted half note. The third measure has a whole note followed by a dotted half note. The fourth measure has a whole note followed by a dotted half note. The fifth measure has a whole note followed by a dotted half note. The sixth measure has a whole note followed by a dotted half note. The lyrics 'sai-lor's life's a life of woe, He works now late, now ear - ly, Now' are written below the music. The letter 'A' is placed above the bass clef staff in the fifth measure.

THE FLOWING CAN.

up and down, now to and fro;—What then? he takes it cheer - ly: Blest

with a simi - ling can of grog, If du - ty call, Stand, rise, or fall, To

fate's last verge he'll jog: The cadge to weigh, The sheets be - lay, He

does it with a wish! To heave the lead, Or to cat-head The

THE FLOWING CAN.

pond'-rous an - chor fish: For while the grog goes round, All

sense of dan-ger drown'd, We des - pise it to a man: We

sing a lit-tle, we laugh a lit-tle, And work a lit-tle, and swear a lit-tle,—We

sing a lit-tle, we laugh a lit-tle, And work a lit-tle, and swear a lit-tle, And

f

THE FLOWING CAN.

fid-dle a lit-tle, and foot it a lit-tle, And swig the flow - ing can,— And

cres.

fid-dle a lit-tle, and foot it a lit-tle, And swig the flow - ing can,— And

swig the flow - ing can,— And swig the flow - ing can.

PEGGY PERKINS.

VIVACE.

Let bards e-late, Of Sue and Kate, And Mog-gy, take their fill O, And
pleas'd re-hearse, In jin-gling verse, The lass of Rich-mond Hill O,—The
lass of Rich - mond Hill O: A lass more bright My am' - rous flight, Im-

PEGGY PERKINS.

pell'd by love's fond work-ings, Shall loud - ly sing, like a - ny thing; 'Tis

charming Peg - gy Per-kins,— Peg-gy Per-kins,— Peg-gy Per-kins,— Peg-gy

Per-kins,— Peg-gy Per-kins,— Shall loud - ly sing, Like a - ny thing; 'Tis

charming Peg - gy Per-kins.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBBIN.

MARRIAGE AND MUSIC.

THAN marriage and music can aught be more like ?
Both are bound and cemented by strong chords ;
Hymen's chains, though they gall, yet with ecstasy
strike,

Exactly like discords and concords :
Like hooting of owls and of bats on the wing,
Strife all wedded happiness garbles ;
But when hearts born for pleasure in unison sing,
'Tis the mellow-ton'd nightingale warbles.

When the wife or the husband a note sounds too
sharp,
In alt both immediately soar ;
On family discords they mutually harp,
Nor will either come down a note lower.
Thus, like hooting, &c.

All harmony's powers in wedlock we trace,
Dutch harmony, not Italiano ;
She thunders the counter, he grumbles the bass,
And the children squall out the soprano.
Thus, like hooting, &c.

ALAS ! WHERE SHALL I COMFORT FIND ?

ALAS ! where shall I comfort find ?
My peace is gone, distress'd my mind ;
My heart beats high,
I know not why,—
Poor heart ! ah me, ah me !
So tender, artless, and so young,
I listen'd to his flatt'ring tongue,
Nor did I ere
Suspect a snare
From one who went to sea :
For sailors kind and honest are,
They injur'd virtue make their care ;
One, only one, did e'er depart
From that prov'd rule ; and he—
Ah me !
Was born to break my simple heart.
Alas ! &c.

When absent from my longing arms,
Each hour was fraught with new alarms,
Each rising morn beheld my tears,
The softest breeze, in my fond fears,
Did the horizon straight deform,
And zephyr grew into a storm :
Yet to be cheated of my bliss !
And was I then so kind for this ?
Alas ! &c.

THE MUSICIAN'S LOVE-SONG.

How much I love thee, girl, wouldst know ?—
Better than rosin loves the bow,
Than treble shrill the growling bass,
Or spruce guitars a tawdry case.
No more, then, let us solo play—
To Hymen's temple jig away ;
There, when we get,
In a duet,

Of pleasure will we take our swing ;

Joy's fiddle shall play,
Love's bells shall ring ;
And while we celebrate the day,
We'll frisk away,
And laugh, and play,
And dance, and sing,
And frisk away like anything.

I love thee more, I really think,
Than dancers jigs, or fiddlers drink ;
Than dancing-masters love a kit,
Or jolly sailors fal dral tit.

No more, then, &c.

I love thee, Griddy, oh much more
Than singers love a loud encore,
Than curates crowdies love to scratch,
Or roaring drunkards love a catch.

No more, then, &c.

BEN BACKSTAY.

BEN Backstay lov'd the gentle Anna :
Constant as purity was she ;—
Her honey words, like succ'ring manna,
Cheer'd him each voyage he made to sea.
One fatal morning saw them parting :
While each the other's sorrow dried,
They, by the tear that then was starting,
Vow'd to be constant till they died.

At distance from his Anna's beauty,
While howling winds the sky deform,
Ben sighs, and well performs his duty,
And braves for love the frightful storm :
Alas ! in vain—the vessel batter'd,
On a rock splitting, open'd wide,
While lacerated, torn, and shatter'd,
Ben thought of Anna, sigh'd, and died.

The semblance of each charming feature,
That Ben had worn around his neck,
Where art stood substitute for nature,
A tar, his friend, sav'd from the wreck.
In fervent hope, while Anna, burning,
Blush'd as she wish'd to be a bride,
The portrait came—joy turn'd to mourning—
She saw, grew pale, sunk down, and died.

TAFFY AND GRIDDY.

ABERCAVENNY is fine, Aberystwith also,
And the lasses are fine when to market they go ;
The birds and pretty finches sing fine in the grove,
But the finest bird of all is that little rogue, Love.
Love me, I pray you now ; love me as your life,
And Taffy and Griddy shall soon be man and wife.

The mountains are high, and the valleys are low,
And from Radnor to Glamorgan's a long fay to co ;
But I'd co, and I'd run, and I'd fly, and I'd rove,
If, when I came there, I could meet with my love.

Love me, &c.

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCI.

Toil and labour is hard, and the time 's very long,
From the lark's pretty chant to the nightingale's
song ;
But I'd toil and I'd labour throughout the whole
year,
And think it but a day, were I bless'd with my dear.
 Love me, &c.

IRISH DRINKING-SONG.

Or the ancients is't speaking, my soul, you'd be after,
 That they never got how came you so ?
Would you seriously make the good folks die with
 laughter ?
To be sure, their dogs' tricks you don't know.
Wid your smallilow nonsense, and all your queer
 bodders,
Since whisky 's a liquor divine,
To be sure the old ancients, as well as the moderns,
 Did not love a sly sup of good wine.

Apicius and AEsop, as authors assure us,
 Would swig till as drunk as a beast ;
Den what do you tink of that rogue Epicurus ?
 Was not he a tight hand at a feast !
 Wid your smallilow, &c.

Alexander the Great, at his banquets who drank
 hard,
When he no more worlds could subdue,
Shed tears, to be sure—but 'twas tears of the tankard,
 To refresh him—and pray would not you ?
 Wid your smallilow, &c.

Den dat t'other old fellow they call'd Aristotle,
 Such a devil of a tippler was he,
That one night, having taken too much of his bottle,
 The taef stagger'd into the sea.
 Wid your smallilow, &c.

Den they made what they call of their wine alibration,
 Which, as all authority quotes,
They threw on the ground—musha, what bode-
 ration !
To be sure, 'twas not thrown down their troats.
 Wid your smallilow, &c.

ALL THE WORLD A MASQUERADE.

SURE en't the world a masquerade,
 Wid shrugs and queer grimaces,
Where all mankind a roaring trade
 Drive underneath bare faces ?
Pray, don't the lover, let me ask,
 Hid by a fascine batt'ry,
Steal hearts away ? and what's his mask ?
 To be sure, it is not flatt'ry.
Then join the gen'r'l masquerade,
 That men and manners traces ;
To be sure, the best masks dat are made
 For cheating en't bare faces.

Weigh yonder lawyer—I'll be bail,
 So able are his talents,
The devil himself, in t'other scale,
 Would quickly kick the balance.
See that friar to a novice preach,
 To holiness to win her ;
Their masks droppe'd off, what are they each ?
 He's a taef, and she a sinner.
 To be sure, they en't, &c.

For her husband see yon widow cry,
 She'll never have another ;
By my soul, she weeps wid but one eye,
 For she's leering with the other.
Yon courtier see, who, in a crack,
 Will promise fifty places :
By my soul his friend's scarce turn their back,
 But he laughs before their faces.
 To be sure he don't, &c.

LAMPLIGHTER DICK.

I'm jolly Dick the lamplighter,
 They say the sun's my dad ;
And truly I believe it, sir,
 For I'm a pretty lad.
Father and I the world do light,
 And make it look so gay ;
The diff'rence is, I lights by night,
 And father lights by day.
But father's not the likes of I
 For knowing life and fun ;
For I queer tricks and fancies spy,
 Folks never show the sun :
Rogues, owls, and bats, can't bear the light,
 I've heard your wise ones say ;
And so, d'ye mind, I sees at night
 Things never seen by day.

At night men lay aside all art,
 As quite a useless task,
And many a face and many a heart
 Will them pull off the mask :
Each formal prude and holy wight
 Will throw disguise away,
And sin it openly all night,
 Who sainted it all day.

His darling hoard the miser views,
 Misses from friends decamp,
And many a statesman mischief brews
 To his country o'er his lamp.
So father and I, d'ye take me right,
 Are just on the same lay ;
I bare-fac'd sinners light by night,
 And he false saints by day.

SATURDAY NIGHT AT SEA.

ANDANTINO.

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff is for the treble clef voice, the middle staff is for the bass clef voice, and the bottom staff is for the bass clef bassoon or double bass. The tempo is marked 'ANDANTINO'. The key signature is one flat. The first two measures show the treble and bass staves in common time, while the bassoon staff shows a bass clef with a 'C' over it, indicating common time. Measure 3 begins with a piano dynamic (p) and shows the treble and bass staves in common time. The lyrics start with 'Twas Sa - tur-day night : the twink - ling stars Shone' in measure 4. The bassoon staff continues with a bass clef and a 'C' over it. Measures 5 through 8 continue the melody and lyrics. The bassoon staff shows a bass clef with a sharp sign over it. Measures 9 through 12 continue the melody and lyrics. The bassoon staff shows a bass clef with a sharp sign over it. Measures 13 through 16 continue the melody and lyrics. The bassoon staff shows a bass clef with a sharp sign over it. Measures 17 through 20 continue the melody and lyrics. The bassoon staff shows a bass clef with a sharp sign over it. Measures 21 through 24 continue the melody and lyrics. The bassoon staff shows a bass clef with a sharp sign over it. Measures 25 through 28 continue the melody and lyrics. The bassoon staff shows a bass clef with a sharp sign over it. Measures 29 through 32 continue the melody and lyrics. The bassoon staff shows a bass clef with a sharp sign over it. Measures 33 through 36 continue the melody and lyrics. The bassoon staff shows a bass clef with a sharp sign over it. Measures 37 through 40 continue the melody and lyrics. The bassoon staff shows a bass clef with a sharp sign over it. Measures 41 through 44 continue the melody and lyrics. The bassoon staff shows a bass clef with a sharp sign over it. Measures 45 through 48 continue the melody and lyrics. The bassoon staff shows a bass clef with a sharp sign over it. Measures 49 through 52 continue the melody and lyrics. The bassoon staff shows a bass clef with a sharp sign over it. Measures 53 through 56 continue the melody and lyrics. The bassoon staff shows a bass clef with a sharp sign over it. Measures 57 through 60 continue the melody and lyrics. The bassoon staff shows a bass clef with a sharp sign over it. Measures 61 through 64 continue the melody and lyrics. The bassoon staff shows a bass clef with a sharp sign over it. Measures 65 through 68 continue the melody and lyrics. The bassoon staff shows a bass clef with a sharp sign over it. Measures 69 through 72 continue the melody and lyrics. The bassoon staff shows a bass clef with a sharp sign over it. Measures 73 through 76 continue the melody and lyrics. The bassoon staff shows a bass clef with a sharp sign over it. Measures 77 through 80 continue the melody and lyrics. The bassoon staff shows a bass clef with a sharp sign over it. Measures 81 through 84 continue the melody and lyrics. The bassoon staff shows a bass clef with a sharp sign over it. Measures 85 through 88 continue the melody and lyrics. The bassoon staff shows a bass clef with a sharp sign over it. Measures 89 through 92 continue the melody and lyrics. The bassoon staff shows a bass clef with a sharp sign over it. Measures 93 through 96 continue the melody and lyrics. The bassoon staff shows a bass clef with a sharp sign over it. Measures 97 through 100 continue the melody and lyrics. The bassoon staff shows a bass clef with a sharp sign over it.

'Twas Sa - tur-day night : the twink - ling stars Shone
on the rip - pling sea; No du - ty call'd the

SATURDAY NIGHT AT SEA.

A musical score for 'Saturday Night at Sea' featuring three staves of music and lyrics. The music is in common time, with a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines, appearing below the notes. The score includes a treble clef, a bass clef, and a basso clef.

jo - vial tars, The helm was lash'd a - lee,— The
 helm was lash'd a - lee. The am - ple can a -
 born'd the board: Pre - par'd to see it out, Each
 gave the lass that he a - dor'd, And push'd the grog a -

SATURDAY NIGHT AT SEA.

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff uses a treble clef, the middle staff an alto clef, and the bottom staff a bass clef. The lyrics are placed below the vocal line of the top staff. The music includes various note values such as eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The tempo is indicated by a common time signature.

bout,— And push'd the grog a - bout.

Cried honest Tom, ' My Peg I'll toast,
A frigate neat and trim,
All jolly Portsmouth's fav'rite boast,
I'd venture life and limb :
Sail seven long years, and ne'er see land,
With dauntless heart and stout,
So tight a vessel to command—
Then push the grog about.'

' I'll give,' cried little Jack, ' my Poll,
Sailing in comely state ;
Top-ga'nt sails set, she is so tall,
She looks like a first-rate :
Ah ! would she take her Jack in tow,
A voyage for life throughout,
No better birth I'd wish to know—
Then push the grog about.'

' I'll give,' cried I, ' my charming Nan,
Trim, handsome, neat, and tight ;
What joy so fine a ship to man,—
She is my heart's delight !
So well she bears the storms of life,
I'd sail the world throughout,
Brave ev'ry toil for such a wife—
Then push the grog about.'

Thus to describe Poll, Peg, or Nan,
Each his best manner tried,
Till, summon'd by the empty can,
They to their hammocks hied :
Yet still did they their vigils keep,
Though the huge can was out ;
For, in soft visions, gentle sleep
Still push'd the grog about.

BEN BACKSTAY.

ANDANTINO.

The musical score consists of three systems of music. The top system shows the piano's right hand playing eighth-note chords and the left hand providing harmonic support. The middle system features a vocal line with lyrics: "Ben Back-stay lov'd the gen-tle An-na: Con-stant as pu - ri - ty was". The bottom system continues the piano's harmonic and rhythmic patterns. The music is in common time, with a key signature of one flat. The vocal line continues in the third system with the lyrics: "she;— Her ho-ney words, like suc-c'ring man-na, Cheer'd him each voy'ge he made to".

BEN BACKSTAY.

sea. One fa-tal morn - ing saw them part - ing: While each the o - ther's sor-row

dried, They, by the tear that then was start - ing,—They, by the

tear that then was start-ing, Vow'd to be con-stant till they died.

At distance from his Anna's beauty,
While howling winds the sky deform,
Ben sighs, and well performs his duty,
And braves for love the frightful storm :
Alas ! in vain—the vessel batter'd,
On a rock splitting, open'd wide ;
While, lacerated, torn, and shatter'd,
Ben thought of Anna, sigh'd, and died.
The semblance of each charming feature,
That Ben had worn around his neck,
Where art stood substitute for nature,
A tar, his friend, sav'd from the wreck.
In fervent hope, while Anna, burning,
Blush'd as she wish'd to be a bride,
The portrait came—joy turn'd to mourning ;—
She saw, grew pale, sunk down, and died.

IRISH DRINKING SONG

ALLEGRETTO.

The musical score consists of four staves of music. The top two staves are for the piano, showing chords and bass notes. The bottom two staves are for the voice, with lyrics written below the notes. The key signature changes from G major (two sharps) to D major (one sharp). The tempo is Allegretto.

Of the an-cients is't speak-ing, my soul, you'd be af-ter, That they
ne- ver got how came you so? Would you sa - riou-sly make the good

IRISH DRINKING SONG.

A musical score for a three-part Irish Drinking Song. The score consists of six staves of music, each with a treble clef, a bass clef, and a bass staff below it. The music is in common time. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing between the staves. The first two staves begin with the lyrics: "folks die with laugh-ter? To be sure, their dogs' tricks you don't know,— To be". The third and fourth staves continue with "sure, their dog tricks you don't know. Wid your smal - li - liow non-sense, and". The fifth and sixth staves continue with "all your queer bod-der-n's Since whis - ky's a li - quid di - vine, To be". The final two staves begin with "sure the old an-cients, as well as the mo-derns, Did not love a sly sup of good". The music features various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The piano accompaniment is indicated by a bass staff with chords and a treble staff with bass notes.

folks die with laugh-ter? To be sure, their dogs' tricks you don't know,— To be

sure, their dog tricks you don't know. Wid your smal - li - liow non-sense, and

all your queer bod-der-n's Since whis - ky's a li - quid di - vine, To be

sure the old an-cients, as well as the mo-derns, Did not love a sly sup of good

IRISH DRINKING SONG.

A musical score for a piano-vocal piece. The top staff is for the voice, starting with a treble clef and common time. The lyrics begin with "wine, - Did not love a sly sup of good wine." The bottom staff is for the piano, showing a bass clef and common time. The piano part includes chords and some rhythmic patterns. A dynamic marking "mf" (mezzo-forte) is placed above the piano staff. The music continues with more staves, though only the first two are fully visible.

Apicius and Æsop, as authors assure us,
Would swig till as drunk as a beast;
Den what do you tink of that rogue Epicurus?
Was not he a tight hand at a feast!

Wid your smallilow, &c.

Alexander the Great, at his banquets who drank hard,
When he no more worlds could subdue,
Shed tears, to be sure—but 'twas tears of the tankard,
To refresh him—and pray would not you ?

Wid your smallilow, &c.

Den dat t'other old fellow they call'd Aristotle,
Such a devil of a tippler was he,
That one night, having taken too much of his bottle,
The taef stagger'd into the sea.

Wid your smallilow, &c.

Den they made what they call of their wine a liberation,
Which, as all autority quotes,
They threw on the ground—musha, what boderation !
To be sure, 'twas not thrown down their troats.

Wid your smallilow, &c.

ALL THE WORLD'S A MASQUERADE.

VIVACE.

The sheet music consists of three staves of musical notation. The first staff is for the treble clef part, the second for the alto clef part, and the third for the bass clef part. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The time signature changes between common time (indicated by '2') and common time (indicated by '4'). The tempo is marked 'VIVACE.' with a dynamic 'mf'. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines. The first section of lyrics is: 'en't the world a mas-que-rade, Wid shrugs and queer gri - ma-ces, Where all man-kind a'. The second section of lyrics is: 'roar-ing trade Drive un - der-neath bare fa - ces.'

en't the world a mas-que-rade, Wid shrugs and queer gri - ma-ces, Where all man-kind a

roar-ing trade Drive un - der-neath bare fa - ces.

ALL THE WORLD'S A MASQUERADE.

Pray, don't the lov - er, let me ask, Hid by a fas - cine

bat - t'ry, Steal hearts a - way? and what's his mask? To be sure it is not

flat - t'ry, — To be sure it en't, — To be sure it en't, — To be sure it is not

flat - t'ry. Then join the gen - 'ral mas - que-rade, That men and man-ners

The sheet music consists of four systems of musical notation for voice and piano. The top system shows the vocal line and piano accompaniment in G major. The second system begins with a repeat sign and continues in G major. The third system begins with a repeat sign and continues in G major. The fourth system begins with a repeat sign and continues in G major. The lyrics are written below the vocal line, corresponding to the vocal parts of each system.

ALL THE WORLD'S A MASQUERADE.

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef, G major, and common time. The bottom staff is in bass clef, F major, and common time. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first section of lyrics is: "tra - ces; To be sure the best masks that are made For cheat-ing, en't bare fa - ces." The second section of lyrics is: "Weigh yonder lawyer—I'll be bail,
So able are his talents,
The devil himself, in t'other scale,
Would quickly kick the balance.
See that friar to a novice preach,
To holiness to win her;
Their masks dropp'd off, what are they each?
He's a taef, and she a sinner.
To be sure, they en't, &c."

Weigh yonder lawyer—I'll be bail,
So able are his talents,
The devil himself, in t'other scale,
Would quickly kick the balance.
See that friar to a novice preach,
To holiness to win her;
Their masks dropp'd off, what are they each?
He's a taef, and she a sinner.
To be sure, they en't, &c.

For her husband see you widow cry,
She'll never have another;
By my soul, she weeps wid but one eye,
For she's leering with the other.
You courtier see, who, in a crack,
Will promise fifty places;
By my soul, his friends scarce turn their back,
But he laughs before their faces.
To be sure he don't, &c.

LAMPLIGHTER DICK.

ALLEGRETTO.

The sheet music consists of five staves of musical notation. The first staff starts with a dynamic 'p' and a tempo marking 'ALLEGRETTO.'. The second staff begins with 'f'. The third staff has a dynamic 'p' and a tempo marking 'P'm'. The fourth staff starts with 'p'. The fifth staff starts with 'p'. The lyrics are written below the fourth and fifth staves. The lyrics are: 'jol - ly Dick the lamp-light - er, They say the sun's my dad; And' and 'tru - ly I be - lieve it, sir, For I'm a pret - ty lad. Fa - ther and I the'.

jol - ly Dick the lamp-light - er, They say the sun's my dad; And

tru - ly I be - lieve it, sir, For I'm a pret - ty lad. Fa - ther and I the

LAMPLIGHTER DICK.

world do light, And make it look so gay: The dif-fer-ence is, I

lights by night, And fa - ther lights by day,— The dif-fer-ence is, I

lights by night, and fa - ther lights by day,— And fa - ther lights by

day.

But father's not the likes of I
For knowing life and fun;
For I queer tricks and fancies spy,
Folks never show the sun: [light,
Rogues, owls, and bats, can't bear the
I've heard your wise ones say;
And so, d'y'e mind, I sees at night
Things never seen by day.

At night men lay aside all art,
As quite a useless task,
And many a face and many a heart
Will then pull off the mask,—

Each formal prude and holy wight
Will throw disguise away,
And sin it openly all night,
Who sainted it all day.
His darling hoard the miser views,
Misses from friends decamp,
And many a statesman mischief brews
To his country o'er his lamp.
So father and I, d'y'e take me right,
Are just on the same lay,—
I bare-fac'd sinners light by night,
And he false saints by day.

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCI.

THE TAR FOR ALL WEATHERS.

I SAIL'D from the Downs in the Nancy,
My jib how she smack'd through the breeze,
She 's a vessel as tight, to my fancy,
As ever sail'd on the salt seas.
So adieu to the white cliffs of Britain,
Our girls, and our dear native shore,
For if some hard rock we should split on,
We shall never see them any more.
But sailors were born for all weathers;
Great guns let it blow high, blow low,
Our duty keeps us to our tethers,
And where the gale drives we must go.

When we enter'd the gut of Gibraltar,
I verily thought she'd have sunk ;
For the wind so began for to alter,
She yaw'd just as thof she was drunk.
The squall tore the mainsail to shivers,—
Helm a-weather, the hoarse boatswain cries,
Brace the foresail athwart, see she quivers,
As through the rough tempest she flies.
But sailors, &c.

The storm came on thicker and faster,
As black just as pitch was the sky ;
When truly a doleful disaster
Befell three poor sailors and I :
Ben Buntline, Sam Shroud, and Dick Handsail,
By a blast that came furious and hard,
Just while we were furling the mainsail,
Were ev'ry soul swept from the yard.
But sailors, &c.

Poor Ben, Sam, and Dick, cried *Peccavi* ;
As for I, at the risk of my neck,
While they sunk down in peace to old Davy,
Caught a rope, and so landed on deck.
Well, what would you have? we were stranded,
And out of a fine jolly crew
Of three hundred that sail'd, never landed
But I, and I think twenty-two.
But sailors, &c.

After thus we at sea had miscarried,
Another guess way sat the wind,
For to England I came, and got married
To a lass that was comely and kind :
But whether for joy or vexation
We know not for what we were born ;
Perhaps I may find a kind station,
Perhaps I may touch at Cape Horn.
For sailors, &c.

SWEET IS THE DEWDROP.

SWEET is the dewdrop on the thorn,
That, like a prism, reflects the morn :
Sweet is the cheering solar ray,
That compasses the ample day :

Sweet is the balmy ev'ning's close,
That shuts the foliage of the rose :
These to creation joys impart
Like those which warm the grateful heart.

The little songsters on the spray
Spontaneous chant their grateful lay ;
Or, to the pebbly riv'let driv'n,
They sip, and lift their heads to heav'n ;
Or, for the worm or insect fly,
To feed their craving progeny :
Feelings a lesson that impart
To stimulate the grateful heart.

Mark vegetation, wondrous sight !
See how the germ breaks into light !
The fruitful show'r the tree receives,
And fresher green adorns its leaves :
Man cultivates the grateful soil,
And flow'rs and fruit reward his toil :
Plants, birds, all nature thus impart
Joys such as warm the grateful heart.

MOCK ITALIAN SONG.

FIRST choose a pretty melody,
To take in all the flats :
Then change your drift,
And suddenly
Prepare to shift
The key ;
Then growl
Like dogs, and miowl
Like cats :

Then chatter like monkeys—now low, and now
high ;
Then whine, and then sigh,
And all through the nose,
And then swim and die,
And then come to a close.

Among the flats and sharps now a tedious journey
travel,
Then lose yourself in knots of chords,
And then those knots unravel :
Then sigh and die,
And faint in bliss extatic,
And then the half-tones try,
For a touch of the chromatic.
Then where you set out come again,
And now—you're welcome home again.

Then once more the melody,
To take in all the flats :
Then change your drift,
And suddenly
Prepare to shift
The key ;
Then growl
Like dogs, and miowl
Like cats :

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBBDIN.

Then chatterlike monkeys—now low, and now high,
And all through the nose ;
And then swim and die,
And then come to a close,
Yet not shabbily,
But with a fine contabile,
In which go high and low, boy,
Still follow'd by the hautboy,
And all through the nose ;
And then swim and die,
And then come to a close.

POOR TOM, OR THE SAILOR'S EPITAPH.

HERE, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew ;
No more he'll hear the tempests howling,
For death has broach'd him to.
His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft ;
Faithful below he did his duty,
But now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare ;
His friends were many, and true-hearted,
His Poll was kind and fair :
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,—
Ah ! many's the time and oft ;
But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
When He who all commands
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands :
Thus Death, who kings and tars despatches,
In vain Tom's life has doff'd ;
For, though his body's under hatches,
His soul is gone aloft.

THE GREENWICH PENSIONER.

'TWAS in the good ship Rover
I sail'd the world around,
And for three years and over
I ne'er touch'd British ground ;
At length in England landed,
I left the roaring main,
Found all relations stranded,
And went to sea again.

That time bound straight to Portugal,
Right fore and aft we bore ;
And when we'd made Cape Ortugal,
A gale blew off the shore :
She lay, so did it shock her,
A log upon the main,
Till, sav'd from Davy's locker,
We stood to sea again.

Next in a frigate sailing,
Upon a squally night,
Thunder and lightning hauling
The horrors of the fight,
My precious limb was lopp'd off,—
I, when they eas'd my pain,
Thank'd God I was not popp'd off,
And went to sea again.

Yet still am I enabled
To bring up in life's rear,
Although I'm disabled,
And lie in Greenwich tier :
The King, God bless his royalty !
Who sav'd me from the main,
I'll praise with love and loyalty,
But ne'er to sea again.

CROWN ME, BACCHUS.

CROWN me, Bacchus, mighty god !
The victory is thine :
Cupid's bow yields to thy rod,
And Love submits to wine :
Love, the dream of idle boys,
That makes the sage an ass,—
Love cannot vie with those sweet joys
That crown the sparkling glass.

To plunge in care let lovers whine—
Such fools who will be may :
Good fellows glass in hand combine
To drive pale care away.
With grief of heart how many a boy
Goes mad to please some lass !
We, too, go mad, but 'tis with joy,
Fir'd by the sparkling glass.

How many dangle on a tree,
Who buckle to Love's tether !
True to our honest purpose, we
Hang, too—but 'tis together.
The lover numbers, by his sighs,
The moments as they pass :
We count them in a way more wise—
By putting round the glass.

See in his cage the husband sing ;
Wife, children, squall sonorous :
We make the air and glasses ring,
While singing Freedom's chorus.
No ! never shall presumptuous Love
The joys of wine surpass :
Worn out by bick'rings, even Jove
Seeks Bacchus and his glass.

THE TAR FOR ALL WEATHERS.

ALLEGRETTO.

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff is for the treble clef voice, the middle staff for the bass clef voice, and the bottom staff for the bass clef bassoon or double bass. The key signature is one flat, and the time signature is common time (indicated by '8'). The first section of the music begins with a forte dynamic (f) followed by a piano dynamic (p). The lyrics start with "I sail'd from the Downs in the Nan - ey, Her jib how she". The music continues with a series of eighth-note chords.

I sail'd from the Downs in the Nan - ey, Her jib how she

THE TAR FOR ALL WEATHERS.

The musical score consists of three staves of music in common time, key signature of one flat, and treble, bass, and alto clefs. The lyrics are integrated into the music as follows:

smack'd thro' the breeze, She's a ves - sel as tight, to my

fan - cy, A3 e - ver sail'd on the salt seas. So a-

dieu to the white cliffs of Bri - tain, Our girls, and our

dear na - tive shore, For if some hard rock we should

THE TAR FOR ALL WEATHERS.

A musical score for 'The Tar for All Weathers' featuring two staves of music with lyrics. The music is in common time, with a key signature of one flat. The first staff uses a treble clef, and the second staff uses a bass clef. The lyrics describe sailors' resilience and duty:

split on, ... We shall ne - ver see them a - zy more. But
sai - lors were born for all wea-thers; Great guns let it
blow high, blow low,— Our du - ty keeps us to our
te - thers, And where the gale drives we must go.

THE TAR FOR ALL WEATHERS.



When we enter'd the gut of Gibraltar,
I verily thought she'd have sunk ;
For the wind so began for to alter,
She yaw'd just as thof she was drunk.
The squall tore the mainsail to shivers,—
Hehn a-weather, the hoarse boatswain cries ;
Brace the foresail athwart, see she quivers,
As through the rough tempest she flies.
But sailors, &c.

The storm came on thicker and faster,
As black just as pitch was the sky ;
When truly a doleful disaster
Befell three poor sailors and I :
Ben Buntline, Sam Shroud, and Dick Handsail,
By a blast that came furious and hard,
Just while we were furling the mainsail,
Were ev'ry soul swept from the yard.
But sailors, &c.

Poor Ben, Sam, and Dick, cried *Peccavi* ;
As for I, at the risk of my neck,
While they sunk down in peace to old Davy,
Caught a rope, and so landed on deck.
Well, what would you have ? we were stranded,
And out of a fine jolly crew
Of three hundred that sail'd, never landed
But I, and I think twenty-two.
But sailors, &c.

After thus we at sea had miscarried,
Another gues way sat the wind,
For to England I came, and got married
To a lass that was comely and kind :
But whether for joy or vexation,
We know not for what we were born ;
Perhaps I may find a kind station,
Perhaps I may touch at Cape Horn.
But sailors, &c.

TOM BOWLING,
POOR TOM, OR THE SAILOR'S EPITAPH.

MARSHALLO.

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature changes between G major and C major. The tempo is marked 'MARSHALLO.' The lyrics are as follows:

Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bow-ling, The dar-ling of our crew; No
more he'll hear the tem-pests howl-ing, For death has broach'd him to. His
form was of the man-liest beau-ty, His heart was kind and soft;

TOM BOWLING.

Faith-ful be - low he did his du - ty, But now he's gone a - - loft, But
now he's gone a - - loft.

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare;
His friends were many, and true-hearted,
His Poll was kind and fair:
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,—
Ah! many 's the time and oft;
But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
When He who all commands
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands:
Thus Death, who kings and tars dispatches,
In vain Tom's life has doff'd;
For, though his body's under hatches,
His soul is gone aloft.

'TWAS IN THE GOOD SHIP ROVER,

OR, THE GREENWICH PENSIONER.

ANDANTINO.

The musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the piano, showing chords and bass notes. The third staff is for the vocal part, with lyrics appearing below the notes. The fourth staff is for the bassoon or cello, providing harmonic support. The vocal part begins with a melodic line, followed by a lyrical section with sustained notes and grace notes, and concludes with a rhythmic pattern. The lyrics are:

'Twas in the good ship Ro - ver I
sail'd the world a - round, And for three years and o - ver, I

'TWAS IN THE GOOD SHIP ROVER.

The musical score consists of four staves of music in common time, key signature of one flat. The lyrics are integrated into the music as follows:

ne'er touch'd Bri-tish ground,— And for three years and
o - ver, I ne'er touch'd Bri-tish—ground. At last in En-gland
land - ed, I left the roar-ing main. Found all re - la - tions
strand-ed, And went to sea a - gain. At last in En-gland

Accompaniment parts are present in the bass and tenor staves, particularly in the lower half of the page. A dynamic marking "p" (piano) is placed above the bass staff in the middle section.

'TWAS IN THE GOOD SHIP ROVER.

A musical score for a four-part vocal arrangement. The top staff uses a treble clef, the second and third staves use a bass clef, and the bottom staff uses an alto clef. The music consists of eight measures. The lyrics are as follows:

land - ed, I left the roar - ing main, Found
 all re - la - tions strand - ed, And went to sea a -
 gain, — And went to sea a - gain, And went to sea a -
 gain, — Found all re - la - tions strand - ed, And,

The score includes dynamic markings such as *cres* (crescendo) and various rests and note heads. Measures 5-8 feature eighth-note patterns on the bass and alto staves.

'TWAS IN THE GOOD SHIP ROVER.

went to sea a - gain.

That time bound straight to Portugal,

Right fore and aft we bore ;

And when we'd made Cape Ortugal,

A gale blew off the shore :

She lay, so did it shock her,

A log upon the main,

Till, sav'd from Davy's locker,

We stood to sea again.

Next in a frigate sailing,

Upon a squally night,

Thunder and lightning hailing

The horrors of the fight,

My precious timb was lopp'd off,—

I, when they eas'd my pain,

Thank'd God I was not popp'd off,

And went to sea again.

Yet still am I enabled

To bring up in life's rear,

Although I'm disabled,

And lie in Greenwich tier :

The King, God bless his royalty !

Who sav'd me from the main,

I'll praise with love and loyalty,

But ne'er to sea again.

THE WATERY GRAVE.

ANDANTINO

Would you hear a sad sto - ry of woe,
That
tears from'a stone might pro-voke; 'Tis con - cern - ing a tar, you must
know, As ho - nest as e'er bis-cuit broke: His

THE WATERY GRAVE.

A musical score for 'The Watery Grave' featuring three staves of music and lyrics. The music is in common time, key signature of one flat, and includes basso continuo parts. The lyrics describe Ben Block's life and death.

name was Ben Block, of all men
The most true, the most kind, the most

brave; But harsh treat - ed by for - tune, for Ben— but harsh

treat - ed by for - tune, for Ben In his prime found a wa - te - ry

grave.

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCI.

WIGS, OR THE INUNDATION.

[Feb. 2, 1791, the tide ran so uncommonly high in the Thames, that boats were floated into Westminster Hall.]

Good people, attend to my lay :
 I sing of a late inundation,
 That had like to have carried away
 All the wigs and long-robés in the nation.
 While thinking of no harm at all,
 But a few wretched people's undoing,
 Father Thames enter'd Westminster Hall,
 Threat'ning all law and justice with ruin.
 But let not their terrors these lawyers confound,—
 The old proverb decrees they can never be drown'd.
 Of the fright universal it spread,
 Conception can ne'er form a notion :
 Wigs bristled upright on each head,
 And counsellors stood without motion.
 The tide, that for no man will stay,
 While the clamour grew louder and louder,
 From ev'ry tie-wig wash'd away
 Common sense, with the curls and the powder :
 But why thus should water these lawyers confound?
 When the proverb decrees they can never be drown'd.
 Cries one, they're found out in their tricks,
 No wonder they put such despair on ;
 They fancy the Thames is the Styx,
 And each crazy old waterman Charon :
 That they'll soon before Minos be brought,
 Where naught avails twisting and turning,
 And where they'll in this case be taught,
 That drowning's an alias for burning ;
 Yet at no rate should water these lawyers confound ;
 They may burn'to besure, but they cannot be drown'd.
 And now by the current press'd hard,
 Each scrambles to enter some boat in,
 While, scatter'd all o'er Palace Yard,
 Wigs, briefs, and long-robés are seen floating ;
 In this chaos of justice, thieves, clerks,
 Jews, counsel, the boats are all trimming,
 While a sailor cries, ' Dam'me, these sharks
 Are your finest of fishes for swimming !' [found,
 Then why should their terrors these lawyers con-
 When, whateverawaits'em, they cannot be drown'd.
 At length safe arriv'd from the storm,
 Without fate or fortune once thanking,
 They swore that the city, next term,
 They'd indict, for the Thames not embanking ;
 That the wind that blew nobody good
 Was an ill one.—Thus parted these brothers,
 And, themselves scarce escap'd from the flood,
 Went home to brew mischief for others,
 And furnish a laugh for the public all round,
 That they should fear water who cannot be drown'd.

From the Wags; or, the Camp of Pleasure.

THE WATERY GRAVE.

WOULD you hear a sad story of woe,
 That tears from a stone might provoke ;
 'Tis concerning a tar, you must know,
 As honest as e'er biscuit broke :

His name was Ben Block, of all men
 The most true, the most kind, the most brave ;
 But harsh treated by Fortune, for Ben
 In his prime found a watery grave.

His place no one ever knew more ;
 His heart was all kindness and love ;
 Though on duty an eagle he 'd soar,
 His nature had most of the dove.
 He lov'd a fair maiden nam'd Kate ;
 His father, to int'rest a slave,
 Sent him far from his love, where hard fate
 Plung'd him deep in a watery grave.

A curse on all slanderous tongues !
 A false friend his mild nature abus'd,
 And sweet Kate of the vilest of wrongs,
 To poison Ben's pleasure, accus'd :
 That she never had truly been kind ;
 That false were the tokens she gave ;
 That she scorn'd him, and wish'd he might find
 In the ocean a watery grave.

Too sure, from this cankerous elf
 The venom accomplish'd its end :
 Ben, all truth and honour himself,
 Suspected no fraud in his friend.
 On the yard while suspended in air,
 A loose to his sorrows he gave ;
 ' Take thy wish,' he cried, ' false, cruel fair,'
 And plung'd in a watery grave.

A DROP OF THE CREATURE.

To ask would you come for to go
 How a true-hearted tar you'd discern,
 He's as honest a fellow, I'd have you to know,
 As e'er stepp'd betwixt stem and stern :
 Let furious winds the vessel waft,
 In his station, amidships, or fore, or aft,
 He can pull away,
 Cast off, belay,
 Aloft, allow,
 Avast, yo ho !
 And hand, reef, and steer,
 Know each halyard and jeer,
 And of duty every rig ;
 But his joy and delight
 Is, on Saturday night,
 A drop of the creature to swig.

The first voyage I made to sea,
 One day as I hove the lead,
 The main-top-gallant-mast went by the lee,
 For it blew off the Devil's head ;
 'Tumble up there, bear a hand, turn to,'
 While I, the foremost of the crew,
 Soon could pull away,
 Cast off, belay,
 Aloft, allow,
 Avast, yo ho !
 And hand, reef, and steer,
 Know each halyard and jeer,

A DROP OF THE CREATURE.

ALLEGRO

To ask would you come for to go How a true-heart-ed tar you'd dis-

cern, He's as ho - nest a fel - low, I'd have you to know, As e'er

stepp'd be-twixt stem and stern: Let fu - rious winds the ves - sel waft, In his

A DROP OF THE CREATURE.

sta - tion a - mid-ships, or fore, or aft, He can pull a-way, Cast off, be-lay, A-

loft, a-low, A-vast, yo ho! And hand, reef, and steer, Know each hal-yard and jeer, And of

du - ty ev - e - ry rig; But his joy and de - light Is, on Sa - tur - day night, A

drop of the crea-ture to swig.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBBIN.

And of duty every rig ;
But my joy and delight,
Was, on Saturday night,
A drop of the creature to swig.

There was Kit with a cast in his eye,
And Tom with the timber toe,
And shambling Will, for he hobbled awry,
All wounded a fighting the foe :
Three lads, though crazy grown and crank,
As true as ever bumbo drank,
For they'd pull away,
Cast off, belay,
Aloft, alow,
Avast, yo ho !
And hand, reef, and steer,
Know each halyard and jeer,
And of duty every rig ;
But their joy and delight
Was, on Saturday night,
A drop of the creature to swig.

Then over life's ocean I'll jog,
Let the storm or the Spaniards come on,—
So but sea-room I get, and a skin-full of grog,
I fear neither devil nor don :
For I am the man that's spract and draft,
In my station amidships, or fore, or aft,
I can pull away,
Cast off, belay,
Aloft, alow,
Avast, yo ho !
And hand, reef, and steer,
Know each halyard and jeer,
And of duty every rig ;
But my joy and delight
Is, on Saturday night,
A drop of the creature to swig.

SOUND ARGUMENT.

We bipeds, made up of frail clay,
Alas ! are but children of sorrow ;
And though brisk and merry to-day,—
We all may be wretched to-morrow,—
For sunshine's succeeded by rain :
Then, fearful of life's stormy weather,
Lest pleasure should only bring pain,
Let us all be unhappy together.

I grant, the best blessing we know
Is a friend—for true friendship's a treasure ;
And yet, lest your friend prove a foe,
Oh taste not the dangerous pleasure :
Thus friendship's a flimsy affair ;
Thus riches and health are a bubble ;
Thus there's nothing delightful but care,
Nor anything pleasing but trouble.

If a mortal would point out that life
Which on earth could be nearest to heaven,
Let him, thanking his stars, choose a wife
To whom truth and honour are given :

But honour and truth are so rare,
And horns, when they're cutting, so tingle,
That, with all my respect for the fair,
I'd advise him to sigh and live single.

It appears, from these premises, plain
That wisdom is nothing but folly,
That pleasure's a term that means pain,
And that joy is your true melancholy ;
That all those who laugh ought to cry,
That 'tis fine brisk and fun to be grieving,
And that since we must all of us die,
We should taste no enjoyment while living.

PATRICK O'ROW.

PATRICK O'Row is my name,
My calling's the trade of a boxer,
I'm a devil of a fellow for fame,—
Why I'm bottom like any game-cock, sir :

Oh ! I tips 'em so tight,
Left and right,
And to blind 'em so well I knows how ;
To the spine of the back I am blood ;
Ah ! honey, 'twould do your heart good,
To be lather'd by Patrick O'Row.

I presently knocks down my men,
'Your servant,' says I, 'pray call again ;'
Then I close up their peepers, and then
I wish you good night, Mr. Galaghan :
Were alive Master Slack,
On his back
I'd lay him as flat as he's now ;
'Tis my washing, my lodging, and food ;
Ah ! honey, 'twould do your heart good,
To be lather'd by Patrick O'Row.

There's Johnson, and George, and Big Ben,
Three bruisers that can well rally you ;
Though they thump'd the three Birmingham men,
Says I, 'My lads, little I value you :'
Mendoza and Ward
Can strike hard,
And to stop and put in well know how ;
Nay, they're ev'ry taef of 'em blood ;
Yet, honey, 'twould do them all good,
To be lather'd by Patrick O'Row.

Wid a handful of fellows like these,
Britannia what glory I'd bring her to ;
Let the Spaniards come on when they please,
Devil burn me, we'd teach them a ting or two ;
Wid a phalanx of fists
In our lists,
So nately we'd bodder their glow :
We'd presently try if they're blood ;
Ah ! honey, 'twould do their pride good,
To be lather'd by Patrick O'Row.

Come, all you tight lads that would earn
True fame, in a posse gather ye,
How your country you'd serve would ye learn,
Just only come here till I lather ye :

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCI.

Oh, I'll make you so tight
Left and right,
And each knock-me-down argument know ;
Come here, then, and try if you're blood ;
Devil burn me, 'twill do your hearts good
To be lather'd by Patrick O'Row.

THE SOLDIER'S ADIEU.

ADIEU, adieu, my only life,
My honour calls me from thee ;
Remember thou'rt a soldier's wife,—
Those tears but ill become thee :
What though by duty I am call'd,

Where thund'ring cannons rattle,
Where valour's self might stand appall'd,
When on the wings of thy dear love,
To heav'n above

Thy fervent orisons are flown ;

The tender pray'r

'Thou put'st up there
Shall call a guardian angel down,
To watch me in the battle.

My safety thy fair truth shall be,
As sword and buckler serving ;
My life shall be more dear to me,
Because of thy preserving :
Let peril come, let horror threat,
Let thund'ring cannons rattle,—
I'll fearless seek the conflict's heat,
Assur'd when on the wings of love,

To heav'n above, &c.

Enough : with that benignant smile
Some kindred god inspir'd thee,
Who knew thy bosom void of guile,
Who wonder'd and admir'd thee ;
I go assur'd, my life, adieu !
Though thund'ring cannons rattle,
Though murd'ring carnage stalk in view,
When on the wings of thy true love,

To heav'n above, &c.

NAUTICAL PHILOSOPHY.

I BE one of they sailors who thinks 'tis no lie,
That for every wherefore of life there's a why ;
That, be fortune's strange weather a calm or a squall,
Our berths, good or bad, are chalk'd out for us all :
That the stays and the braces of life will be found
To be some of 'em rotten and some of 'em sound ;
That the good we should cherish, the bad never seek,
For death will too soon bring each anchor a-peal.

When, astride on the yard, the top-lifts they let go,
And I com'd, like a shot, plump among 'em below ;
Why I catch'd at a halyard, and jump'd upon deck,
And so broke my fall, to save breaking my neck :

Just like your philosophers, for all their jaw,
Who, losing a rope, gladly catch at a straw ;—
Thus the good we should cherish, the bad never seek,
For death will too soon bring each anchor a-peal.

Why, now, that there cruise that we made off the
Banks,

Where I pepper'd the foe, and got shot for my thanks;
What then ! she soon struck ; and though crippled
on shore,

And laid up to refit, I had shinners galore :
At length, live and looking, I tried the false main,
And, to get more prize-money, got shot at again ;—
Thus the good we should cherish, the bad never seek,
For death will too soon bring each anchor a-peal.

Then just as it comes, take the bad with the good,
One man's spoon's made of silver, another's of
wood ;

What's poison for one man, 's another man's balm ;
Some are safe in a storm, and some lost in a calm :
Some are rolling in riches, some not worth a souce,
To-day we eat beef, and to-morrow lobs-scouse :—
Thus the good we should cherish, the bad never seek,
For death will too soon bring each anchor a-peal.

INDIAN DEATH-SONG.

THE sun's descending in the wave ;

I go, I go, my fate to brave :

Ghosts of dead Incas now appear,

Shriek as ye come

Cold from the tomb,

And see if Moniaco knows to fear.

Oh sun, my sire !

Lend me all thy noble fire :

Illia Moniaco to thy tomb,—

Oh, Atabalipa soon shall come ;

Cover me with scars !

Naught can control

The dauntless soul,

That shall live among its kindred stars.

What is 't to die ? To leave this clay,

And breathe in everlasting day ;

For robes celestial shake off dust,

Among the bless'd

From care to rest,

And emulate the virtues of the just .

Then, sun, my sire,

Lend me all thy noble fire,

Illia Moniaco, &c.

Adieu, ye friends ; vain world, adieu ;

Bliss is for me, but woe for you :

While I, new born, shall go to find

The upper heav'n,

You shall be driv'n,

Like scatter'd chaff, before false Fortune's wind.

Now sun, my sire,

I feel, I feel thy noble fire !

Illia Moniaco, &c.

SOUND ARGUMENT.

ALLEGRETTO.

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff uses a treble clef and a common time signature (indicated by '6/8'). The middle staff uses a bass clef and a common time signature (indicated by '6/8'). The bottom staff uses a bass clef and a common time signature (indicated by '6/8'). The first measure starts with a dynamic 'mf'. The lyrics begin in the second measure: 'We' (in the treble staff), 'for' (in the bass staff), and 'bi-peds, made up of frail clay,' (in the bass staff). The third measure continues with 'A - las ! are but chil-dren of sor - row ; And' (split between the treble and bass staves). The fourth measure concludes the vocal line.

mf

We
for
bi-peds, made up of frail clay,
A - las ! are but chil-dren of sor - row ; And

SOUND ARGUMENT.

though brisk and mer-ry to - day, We all may be wretch-ed to - mor - row, — For

sun-shine's suc-ceed-ed by rain: Then fear-ful of life's stor-my wea-ther, Lest

plea-sure should on-ly bring pain, Let us all be un-hap-py to - ge-ther, — Let us

all be un-hap-py to - ge-ther, — Let us all be un - hap-py to - ge - ther, — For

SOUND ARGUMENT.

sun-shine's suc-ceed-ed by rain : Then, fear-ful of life's stor-my wea - ther, Lest
 plea-sure should on-ly bring pain, Let us all be un-hap-py to - ge - ther.
cres
 for

I grant, the best blessing we know
 Is a friend—for true friendship's a treasure ;
 And yet, lest your friend prove a foe,
 Oh taste not the dangerous pleasure :
 Thus, friendship's a flimsy affair ;
 Thus riches and health are a bubble ;
 Thus there's nothing delightful but care,
 Nor anything pleasing but trouble.
 If a mortal would point out that life
 Which on earth could be nearest to heaven,
 Let him, thanking his stars, choose a wife
 To whom truth and honour are given :

But honour and truth are so rare,
 And horns, when they're cutting, so tingle,
 That, with all my respect for the fair,
 I'd advise him to sigh and live single.
 It appears, from these premises, plain
 That wisdom is nothing but folly,
 That pleasure's a term that means pain,
 And that joy is your true melancholy ;
 That all those that laugh ought to cry,
 That 'tis fine brisk and fun to be grieving,
 And that since we must all of us die,
 We should taste no enjoyment while living.

THE SOLDIER'S ADIEU.

LARGHETTO.

A musical score for 'The Soldier's Adieu'. The score consists of three staves of music. The top staff is for the soprano voice, the middle staff is for the piano accompaniment, and the bottom staff is for the bassoon or cello. The music is in common time, with a key signature of one flat. The vocal part begins with a dynamic of *p*. The lyrics are: 'A-dieu, a-dieu, my on - ly life, My ho - nour calls me from thee; Re - mem - ber thou'rt a sol - dier's wife,— Those'. The piano part features sustained notes and eighth-note patterns. The bassoon part provides harmonic support with sustained notes and eighth-note patterns.

THE SOLDIER'S ADIEU.

A musical score for 'The Soldier's Adieu' featuring three staves of music with lyrics. The music is in common time and consists of measures in G major, A minor, and G major. The lyrics are as follows:

tears but ill be - come thee : What though by du - ty
I am call'd, Where thund' - ring can - nons rat - tle, Where
va - lour's self might stand ap-pall'd, —Where va - lour's self might
stand ap-pall'd, When on the wings of thy dear love, To

THE SOLDIER'S ADIEU.

heav'n a - bove - - Thy fer-vent o - ri - sons are flown; The

ten - der pray'r - - Thou put'st up there Shall call a guar-dian an-gel down, - Shall

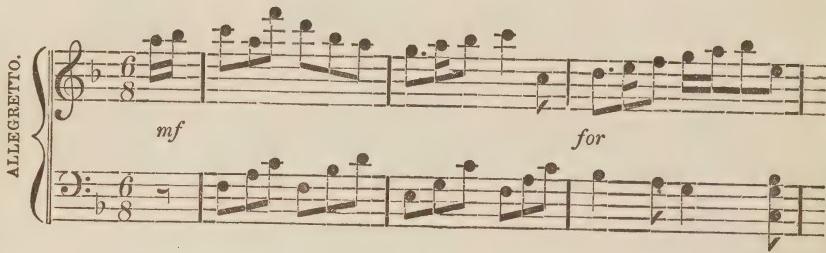
call a guar-dian an - gel down, To watch me in the bat-tle.

My safety thy fair truth shall be,
As sword and buckler serving;
My life shall be more dear to me,
Because of thy preserving:
Let peril come, let horror threat,
Let thund'ring cannons rattle,—
I'll fearless seek the conflict's heat,
Assur'd when on the wings of love,
To heav'n above, &c.

Enough : with that benignant smile
Some kindred god inspir'd thee,
Who knew thy bosom void of guile,
Who wonder'd and admir'd thee;
I go assur'd, my life, adieu!
Though thund'ring cannons rattle,
Though murd'ring carnage stalk in view,
When on the wings of thy true love,
To heav'n above, &c.

NAUTICAL PHILOSOPHY.

ALLEGRETTO.



Musical score for the second system, featuring two staves. The top staff is in treble clef, 6/8 time, and the bottom staff is in bass clef, 6/8 time. The lyrics 'I be one of they sai - lors who' are written below the top staff. The music consists of six measures of eighth-note patterns.

Musical score for the third system, featuring two staves. The top staff is in treble clef, 6/8 time, and the bottom staff is in bass clef, 6/8 time. The lyrics 'thinks 'tis no lie, That for ev - e - ry where - fore of' are written below the top staff. The music consists of six measures of eighth-note patterns.

NAUTICAL PHILOSOPHY.

A musical score for a voice and piano. The vocal part is in soprano clef, and the piano part is in bass clef. The music consists of eight staves of four-line staff paper. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The score begins with a key signature of one flat, and later changes to one sharp. The vocal line starts with "life there's a why; That, be for - tune's strange wea - ther a", followed by "calm or a squall, Our berths, good or bad, are chalk'd", "out for us all: That the stays and the bra - ces of", and "life will be found To be some of 'em rot - ten and". The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and bass notes.

life there's a why; That, be for - tune's strange wea - ther a

calm or a squall, Our berths, good or bad, are chalk'd

out for us all: That the stays and the bra - ces of

life will be found To be some of 'em rot - ten and

NAUTICAL PHILOSOPHY.

A musical score for "Nautical Philosophy" featuring four staves of music. The top staff uses a treble clef, the second staff an alto clef, the third staff a bass clef, and the bottom staff a bass clef. The music consists of quarter notes, eighth notes, sixteenth notes, and rests. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The score includes dynamic markings such as *p* (piano) and *cres* (crescendo).

some of 'em sound,—To be some of 'em rot - ten and
some of 'em sound; That the good we should che - rish, the
bad ne - ver seek, For death will too soon,— death will too soon,—
death will too soon bring each an - chor a - peak,— For

NAUTICAL PHILOSOPHY.

death will too soon bring each anchor a-peak.

mf

for

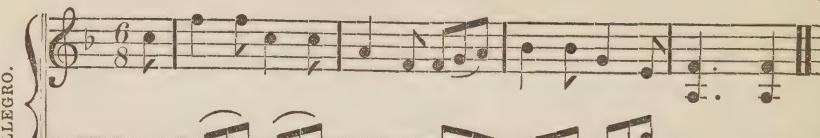
When, astride on the yard, the top-lifts they let go,
 And I com'd, like a shot, plump among 'em below,
 Why I catch'd at a halyard, and jump'd upon deck,
 And so broke my fall, to save breaking my neck :
 Just like your philosophers, for all their jaw,
 Who, losing a rope, gladly catch at a straw ;—
 Thus the good we should cherish, the bad never seek,
 For death will too soon bring each anchor a-peak.

Why now, that there cruise that we made off the banks,
 Where I pepper'd the foe, and got shot for my thanks !
 What then ! she soon struck ; and, though crippled on shore,
 And laid up to refit, I had shiners galore :
 At length, live and looking, I tried the false main,
 And, to get more prize-money, got shot at again ;—
 Thus, the good we should cherish, the bad never seek,
 For death will too soon bring each anchor a-peak.

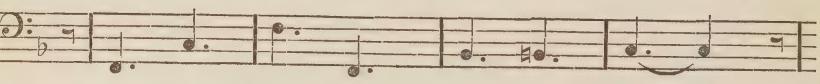
Then, just as it comes, take the bad with the good,—
 One man's spoon's made of silver, another's of wood ;
 What's poison for one man's another man's balm ;
 Some are safe in a storm, some are lost in a calm ;
 Some are rolling in riches, some are not worth a souse—
 To-day we eat beef, and to-morrow lobs-scouse :—
 Thus, the good we should cherish, the bad never seek,
 For death will too soon bring each anchor a-peak.

HAPPY JERRY.

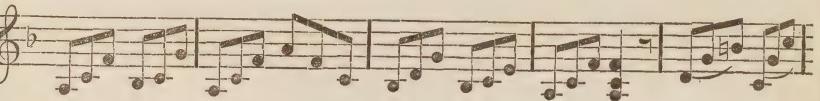
ALLEGRO.



I was the pride of all the Thames—My name is nat - ty Jer - ry,— The



best of smarts and flash-y dames I've car-ried in my wher - ry. For them no mor-tal



soul like me So mer-ri-ly did jog it; I lov'd my wife and friend, d'ye see, And



HAPPY JERRY.

won the prize of Dog-get,— I lov'd my wife and friend, d'yee see, And won the prize of

Dog-get. In coat and badge so neat and spruce I row'd all blithe and mer - ry, And

all the wa-ter-men did use To call me hap-py Jer - ry,—And all the wa-ter-

men did use to call me Hap-py Jer - ry.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBBDIN.

HAPPY JERRY.

I WAS the pride of all the Thames ;
 My name was Natty Jerry ;
 The best of smarts and flashy dames
 I've carried in my wherry :
 For then no mortal soul like me
 So merrily did jog it ;
 I lov'd my wife and friend, d'ye see,
 And won the prize of Dogget :
 In coat and badge, so neat and spruce,
 I row'd all blithe and merry,
 And ev'ry waterman did use
 To call me happy Jerry.

But times soon chang'd : I went to sea,—
 My wife and friend betray'd me,
 And in my absence treach'rously
 Some pretty frolics play'd me.
 Return'd, I us'd them like a man ;—
 But still 'twas so provoking,
 I couldn't enjoy my very can,
 Nor even fancy smoking.
 In tarnish'd badge, and coat so queer,
 No longer blithe and merry,
 Old friends now pass'd me with a sneer,
 And call'd me dismal Jerry.

At sea, as with a dang'rous wound
 I lay under the surgeons,
 Two friends each help I wanted found
 In every emergence.
 Soon after my sweet friend and wife
 Into this mess had brought me,
 These two kind friends, who sav'd my life,
 In my misfortunes sought me :
 'We're come,' cried they, 'that once again,
 In coat and badge so merry,
 Your kind old friends, the watermen,
 May hail you happy Jerry.

'I'm Peggy, once your soul's desire,
 To whom you prov'd a rover,
 Who since that time in man's attire
 Have sought you the world over.'
 'And I,' cried t'other, 'am that Jack,
 When boy, you us'd so badly,
 Though now the best friend to your back ;—
 Then, prithee, look not sadly.'
 Few words are best : I sez'd their hands ;
 My grateful heart grew merry ;
 And now in love and friendship's bands
 I'm once more happy Jerry.

JACK IN HIS ELEMENT.

BOLD Jack, the sailor, here I come ;
 Pray how d'ye like my nib,
 My trowsers wide, my trampers rum,
 My nab, and flowing jib ?

I sails the seas from end to end,
 And leads a joyous life ;
 In ev'ry mess I finds a friend,
 In ev'ry port a wife.
 I've heard them talk of constancy,
 Of grief, and such-like fun ;—
 I've constant been to ten, cried I,
 But never griev'd for one :
 The flowing sails we tars unbend,
 To lead a jovial life ;
 In ev'ry mess to find a friend,
 In ev'ry port a wife.
 I've a spanking wife at Portsmouth gates,
 A pygmy at Goree,
 An orange-tawny up the Streights,
 A black at St. Lucie !
 Thus, whatso'ever course I bend,
 I lead a jovial life :
 In ev'ry mess I finds a friend,
 In ev'ry port a wife.
 Will Gaft by death was ta'en aback :
 I came to bring the news ;
 Poll whimper'd sore,—but what did Jack ?
 Why, stood in William's shoes
 She cut, I chas'd, but in the end
 She lov'd me as her life ;
 And so she got an honest friend,
 And I a loving wife.
 Thus be we sailors all the go ;
 On Fortune's sea we rub ;
 We works, and loves, and fights the foe,
 And drinks the gen'rous bub :
 Storms that the mast to splinters rend
 Can't shake our jovial life ;
 In ev'ry mess we find a friend,
 In ev'ry port a wife.

DEATH OR VICTORY.

HARK ! the din of distant war !
 How noble, in the clangour !
 Pale Death ascends his ebon car,
 Clad in terrific anger :
 A doubtful fate the soldier tries,
 Who joins the gallant quarrel :
 Perhaps on the cold ground he lies,
 No wife, no friend, to close his eyes,
 Though nobly mourn'd,
 Perhaps return'd,
 He's crown'd with victory's laurel.
 How many who, disdaining fear,
 Rush on the desp'rate duty,
 Shall claim the tribute of a tear
 That dims the eye of beauty ?
 A doubtful fate, &c.
 What nobler fate can fortune give ?
 Renown shall tell our story,
 If we should fall,—but if we live,
 We live our country's glory.
 'Tis true, a doubtful fate, &c.

JACK IN HIS ELEMENT.

LIVELY.

The sheet music consists of five staves of musical notation. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a common time signature. The second staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one flat, and a common time signature. The third staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a common time signature. The fourth staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one flat, and a common time signature. The fifth staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a common time signature. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes in three distinct sections. The first section starts with 'Bold Jack, the sai - lor,' followed by a measure of rests. The second section starts with 'here I come; Pray how d'ye like my nib' followed by 'My trou - sers wide, my'. The third section starts with 'tram - pers rum, My nab and flow - ing jib?' followed by 'I sails the seas from'.

Bold Jack, the sai - lor,

here I come; Pray how d'ye like my nib My trou - sers wide, my

tram - pers rum, My nab and flow - ing jib? I sails the seas from

JACK IN HIS ELEMENT.

The musical score consists of three staves of music in common time, key signature of one flat. The top staff uses a treble clef, the middle staff an alto clef, and the bottom staff a bass clef. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first section of lyrics is:

end to end, And leads a joy - ous life; In ev'ry mess I
 finds a friend. In ev' - ry port a wife, In ev' - ry port a
 wife.

The second section of lyrics is:

I've heard them talk of constancy,
 Of grief, and such-like fun ;—
 I've constant been to ten, cried I,
 But never griev'd for one :
 The flowing sails we tars unbend,
 To lead a jovial life ;
 In ev'ry mess to find a friend,
 In ev'ry port a wife.

The third section of lyrics is:

I've a spanking wife at Portsmouth gates,
 A pygmy at Goree,
 An orange-tawny up the streights,
 A black at St. Lucie ;
 Thus, whatsomever course I bend,
 I leads a jovial life ;
 In ev'ry mess I finds a friend,
 In ev'ry port a wife.

Will Gaft by death was ta'en aback ;
 I came to bring the news ;
 Poll whimper'd sore,—but what did Jack ?
 Why, stood in William's shoes :
 She cut, I chas'd, but in the end
 She lov'd me as her life ;
 And so she got a honest friend,
 And I a loving wife.
 Thus be we sailors all the go ;
 On Fortune's sea we rub ;
 We works, and loves, and fights the foe,
 And drinks the gen'rous bub :
 Storms that the mast to splinters rend
 Can't shake our jovial life :
 In ev'ry mess we find a friend,
 In ev'ry port a wife.

MORALITY IN THE FORETOP.

MODERATO.

A musical score for a piano-vocal piece. The score consists of five systems of music, each with two staves: treble and bass. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats), and the time signature is common time (indicated by 'C'). The vocal part is in the soprano range, and the piano part provides harmonic support. The lyrics are integrated into the vocal line. The vocal line begins with 'Two real tars, whom du - ty call'd To watch in the fore-' followed by 'top,' and continues with 'Thus one a - no - ther o - ver - haul'd, And took a cheer - ing drop, and took a cheer - ing drop:- 'I'. The piano part features rhythmic patterns such as eighth-note chords and sixteenth-note figures.

MORALITY IN THE FORETOP.

Musical score for "Morality in the Foretop" featuring two staves of music with lyrics. The music is in common time, key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The lyrics are as follows:

say, Will Hatchway,' cried Tom Tow, 'Of con - duct what's your sort,
of con - duct what's your sort, As through the voy-age of life you
go, To bring you safe to port? As through the voy - age of
life you go, To bring you safe to port? To bring you

MORALITY IN THE FORETOP.

safe to port? To bring you safe to port? As

through the voy-age of life you go, To bring you safe to

port?

Cried Jack, ' You lubber, don't you know ?
 Our passions close to reef,
 To steer where honour points the prow,
 To hand a friend relief :
 These anchors get but in your pow'r,
 My life for 't that's your sort ;
 The bow'r, the sheet, and the best bow'r,
 Shall bring you up in port.'

' Why then you're out, and there's an end,'
 Tom cried out, blunt and rough :—
 ' Be good, be honest, serve a friend,
 Be maxims well enough :

Who swabs his brow at others' woe,
 That tar's for me your sort ;
 His vessel right a-head shall go,
 To find a joyful port.
 ' Let storms of life upon me press,
 Misfortunes make me reel,—
 Why, dam'me ! what's my own distress ?—
 For others let me feel :
 Ay, ay, if bound with a fresh gale
 To heav'n, this is your sort,—
 A handkerchief's the best wet sail
 To bring you safe to port,'

BUXOM NÀN.

ALLEGRETTO.

The musical score consists of two staves of piano music in common time, key of A major (two sharps). The top staff uses a treble clef and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. The tempo is Allegretto, indicated by a bracket on the left and a metronome mark of 24. Dynamics include *mf*, *p*, and *p*. The lyrics are integrated into the music:

The wind was hush'd, the
for
storm was o - ver, Un - furl'd was ev' - ry flow - ing

BUXOM NAN.

sail, From toil re - leas'd, when Dick of Do - ver Went

with his mess - mates to re - gale: 'All dan - ger's

mf

o'er,' cried he, 'my neat hearts; Drown care, then, in the smiling

can; Come, bear o hard: let's toast our sweet-hearts, And first I'll

p *mf*

BUXOM NAN.

A musical score for 'Buxom Nan.' featuring three staves of music with lyrics. The music is in common time, with a key signature of two sharps. The vocal line is in soprano C-clef, the bass line is in bass F-clef, and the piano accompaniment is in soprano G-clef. The lyrics are:

give you Bux - om Nan,— Come, bear a hand ; let's toast our
sweet-hearts, And first I'll give you Bux - om Nan,— first I'll
give you Bux - om Nan.

The score includes dynamic markings such as *p*, *mf*, and *p*.

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCI.

THE JOYS OF THE COUNTRY.

LET bucks and let bloods to praise London agree,
Oh! the joys of the country, my jewel, give me!
Where sweet is the flow'r that the May-bush adorns,
And how charming to gather it, but for the thorns;
Where we walk o'er the mountains, with health
our cheeks glowing,
As warm as a toast, honey, when it en't snowing,
Where nature to smile when she joyful inclines,
And the sun charms us all the year round when it
shines:

Oh! the mountains, and valleys, and bushes,
The pigs, and the screech-owls, and thrushes!
Let bloods and let bucks to praise London agree,
Oh! the joys of the country, my jewel, for me!

There twelve hours on a stretch we in angling de-
light,
As patient as Jobs, though we ne'er get a bite;
There we pop at the wild ducks, and frighten the
crows,
While so lively the icicles hang to our clothes;
There wid aunts, and wid cousins, and grandmo-
thers talking, [ing,
We're caught in the rain as we're all out a-walk-
While the muslins and gausess cling round each
fair she, [sea.
That they look all like Venuses sprung from the
Oh! the mountains, &c.

Then how sweet in the dog-days to take the fresh
air, [hair:
Where, to save you expense, the dust powders your
Thus pleasures, like snowballs, increase as they
roll,
And tire you to death—not forgetting the bowl:
Where in mirth and good-fellowship always de-
lighting, [fighting:—
We agree—that is, when we're not squabbling and
Den wid your toasts and pint bumpers we boddier
the head,
ust to see who most gracefully staggers to bed.
Oh! the mountains, &c.

THE VIRTUE OF DRUNKENNESS.

If the beauty of truth unadorn'd is seen best,
The man that is drunk of fair truth is the test;
For liquor man's natural temper assumes,
While ev'ry thing artful flies off with the fumes:
The vizor of life is pull'd off by the bowl,
And the face of a drunkard exhibits his soul:
Then beware all who are in rascality sunk—
You'll all be detected if once you get drunk.

If contempt of all danger true courage e'er gave,
The man that is drunk as a lion is brave;
For, like any Cæsar he'll riot and storm,
And talk of great feats he's too weak to perform;

He'll utter big oaths, know not what to be at,
Thump his head with his fist—but there's nothing
in that:

Then beware, braggadocios, in cowardice sunk—
You'll all be detected if once you get drunk.

If strong ipse-dixit true wisdom implies,
The man that is drunk is like Solomon wise;
For of cocks and of bulls he'll tell many a tale,
And swear to the truth of 'em rather than fail:
He'll reconcile opposites, prove false is true,
Vouch he does not know what, of he does not know
who:

Then beware, all ye varlets in falsity sunk—
You'll all be detected if once you get drunk.

Come on,—let us drink, then: right conscious, the
bowl,

In each rosy cheek though it light up the soul,
Can nothing of worldly deformity show,
Nor prove that we aught but with honesty glow:
'Tis the ordeal of truth, and of gen'rous delight,
Which, to keep us all honest, we'll try ev'ry night;
Proving still by our acts in no meanness we're sunk,
But true honest friends, whether sober or drunk.

BUXOM NAN.

THE wind was hush'd, the storm was over,
Unfurld was ev'ry flowing sail,
From toil releas'd, when Dick of Dover
Went with his messmates to regale:
'All danger's o'er,' cried he, 'my neat hearts;
Drown care, then, in the smiling can;
Come, bear a hand; let's toast our sweethearts,
And first I'll give you Buxom Nan.

'She's none of those that's always giggling,
And stern and stern made up of art;
One knows a vessel by her rigging,—
Such ever slight a constant heart:
With straw hat and pink streamers flowing,
How oft to meet me has she ran;
While for dear life would I be rowing,
To meet with smiles my buxom Nan.

'Jack Jollyboat went to the Indies,—
To see him stare when he came back!
The girls were all off the hinges,
His Poll was quite unknown to Jack:
Tant-masted all, to see who's tallest,
Breastworks, top-ga'nt sails, and a fan,
'Messmate,' cried I, 'more sail than ballast,'
Ah, still give me my buxom Nan.

'None in life's sea can sail more quicker,
To show her love, or serve a friend:—
But hold—I'm preaching o'er my liquor;
This one word, then, and there's an end:
Of all the wenches whatsoever,
I say, then, find me out who can,
One half so tight, so kind, so clever,
Sweet, trim, and neat, as buxom Nan.'

DEATH OR VICTORY.

ANDANTINO.

The musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the piano, with the right hand in treble clef and the left hand in bass clef, both in common time and key signature of one flat. The bottom two staves are for the voice, with the soprano in treble clef and the bass in bass clef, also in common time and key signature of one flat. The vocal part includes lyrics in parentheses. The piano part features eighth-note chords and sixteenth-note patterns, while the vocal part uses eighth and sixteenth note rhythms.

Hark ! the din of dis - tant war,— How no - ble is the
clan-gour! Pale Death as - cends his e - bon car, Clad in ter - ri - fic

DEATH OR VICTORY.

an - ger: A doubt-ful fate the sol - dier tries, Who joins the gal - lant

quar - rel: Per-haps on the cold ground he lies, No wife, no friend, to

close his eyes, Though no - bly mourn'd, Per - haps re - turn'd, He's

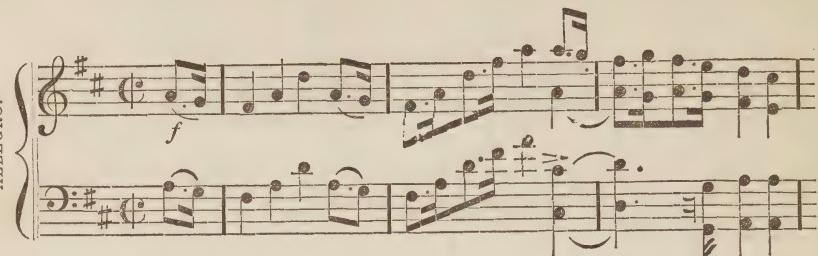
crown'd with Vic - t'ry's lau - - rel.

How many who, disdaining fear,
Rush on the desp'rete duty,
Shall claim the tribute of a tear
That dims the eye of beauty.
A doubtful life, &c.

What nobler fate can fortune give?
Renown shall tell our story,
If we should fall,—but if we live,
We live our country's glory.
'Tis true, a doubtful fate, &c.

SOLDIER DICK.

ALLEGRO.



Why, don't you know me by my scars? I'm sol - dier Dick, come

from the wars; Where ma-ny a head with - out a hat Crowds ho-nour's bed—but

what of that? Beat drums, play fifes, 'tis glo - ry calls; What ar - gu - fies who

SOLDIER DICK.

stands or falls? Lord, what should one be sor - ry for? Life's but the for - tune

of the war: Then rich, or poor, or well, or sick, Still laugh and sing shall

sol-dier Dick—Still laugh and sing shall sol - dier Dick.

I us'd to look two ways at once,—
 A bullet hit me on the sconce,
 And dowsh'd my eye—d'ye think I'd wince?
 Why, lord, I've never squinted since.
 Beat drums, &c.

Some distant keep from war's alarms,
 For fear of wooden legs and arms;
 While others die safe in their beds,
 Who all their lives had wooden heads.
 Beat drums, &c.

Thus gout or fever, sword or shot,
 Or something, sends us all to pot:
 That we're to die, then, do not grieve,
 But let's be merry while we live.
 Beat drums, &c.

THE SHIPWRECK.

ANDANTINO.

A - vert yon o - men, gra - cious Heav'l ! The ug - ly scud, By
ri - sing winds re - sist-less driv'n, Kiss - es the flood. How hard the lot for

THE SHIPWRECK.

The musical score consists of three staves of music in common time, treble clef, and B-flat key signature. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first staff begins with the lyrics "sai-lors cast, That they should roam For years, to pe-rish thus at last In". The second staff begins with "sight of home! For if the co-ming gale we mourn A tem-pest". The third staff begins with "grows, Our ves-sel's shat-ter'd so, and torn, That down she goes!". The music features various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The piano accompaniment is provided by the bottom two staves, which show bass and treble clefs with corresponding note heads.

The tempest comes, while meteors red
Portentous fly;
And now we touch old ocean's bed,
Now reach the sky!
On sable wings, in gloomy flight,
Fiends seem to wait,
To snatch us in this dreadful night,
Dark as our fate :

Unless some kind, some pitying pow'r
Should interpose,
She labours so, within this hour,
That down she goes.
But see, on rosy pinions borne,
O'er the mad deep,
Reluctant beams the sorr'wing morn,
With us to weep .

Deceitful sorrow, cheerless light,
Dreadful to think !
The morn is ris'n, in endless night
Our hopes to sink !
She splits ! she parts !—thro' sluices
The water flows ;— [driv'n,
Adieu, ye friends ! have mercy, heav'n !
For down she goes !

SWIZZY.

ANDANTE.

A musical score for 'SWIZZY.' featuring a piano part (treble and bass staves) and a vocal part (treble staff). The music is in common time, with a key signature of one flat. The piano part includes dynamic markings such as *f* and *mf*. The vocal part has lyrics written below the staff. The score consists of five systems of music, each ending with a double bar line and repeat dots.

If, bold and brave, thou canst not bear Thy - self from all thou
lov'st to tear, Thy - self from all thou lov'st to tear,— If,
while winds war, and bil - lows roll, A spark of fear in-

SWIZZY.

vade thy soul,— If thou'rt ap - pall'd when can-nons roar, I

pri - thee, mess-mate, stay a - shore; There, like a lub - ber,

whine and blub - ber, Still for thy ease and safe - ty bu - sy; Nor

dare to come where ho - nest Tom, and Ned, and Dick, and

SWIZZY.

The musical score consists of three staves of music in common time and G major. The top staff features a melody line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The middle staff contains a harmonic bass line. The bottom staff provides a harmonic bass line. The lyrics are integrated into the music:

Ben, and Phil, and Jack, and Dick, aad Bob, and Bill,
 All - - wea - thers sing, and drink their swiz - zy.

If, shouldst thou lose a limb in fight,
 She who made up thy heart's delight,—
 Poor recompense that thou art kind,—
 Shall prove inconstant as the wind;
 If such hard fortune thou'dst deplore,
 I prithee, messmate, stay ashore :

There, like a lubber, &c.

If pris'ner in a foreign land,
 No friend, no money at command,
 That man thou trusted hadst alone
 All knowledge of thee should disown ;
 If this should vex thee to the core,
 I prithee, messmate, stay ashore.
 There, like a lubber, &c.

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCI.

FAMILY LIKENESS.

LOVELY woman ! pride of nature !
Good, and sweet, and kind, and fair,
Than man a higher style of creature,
Perfect as celestials are !
See Myra come, like stately Juno,
Ever fair, and ever young ;—
Completely like, as I and you know,—
Myra, like Juno, has a tongue.
Young Celia's charms, that beam so sweetly,
To paint, ah what can words avail ?
She's Venus' self, and so completely,
That Celia is, like Venus, frail :
To woo the charming Gloriana,
Audacity would stand afraid ;
She's chaste and icy as Diana,
And, like Diana, an old maid.
Thus women boast a near relation,
'Tis plain, to the celestial race ;
Thus we of their divine creation
A family-resemblance trace :
If, then, some faults of this complexion,
Like spots upon that sun, their fame,
Rust this same model of perfection,
The stars, not women, are to blame.

MORALITY IN THE FORETOP.

Two real tars, whom duty call'd
To watch in the foretop,
Thus one another overhaul'd,
And took a cheering drop :
'I say, Will Hatchway,' cried Tom Tow,
' Of conduct what's your sort,
As through the voyage of life you go,
To bring you safe to port ?'
Cried Jack, ' You lubber, don't you know ?
Our passions close to reef,
To steer where honour points the prow,
To hand a friend relief :
These anchors get but in your pow'r,
My life for 't that's your sort ;
The bow'r, the sheet, and the best bow'r,
Shall bring you up in port.'
' Why then you're out, and there's an end,'
Tom cried out, blunt and rough ;—
' Be good, be honest, serve a friend,
Be maxims well enough :
Who swabs his brows at others' woe,
That tar's for me your sort ;
His vessel right a-head shall go,
To find a joyful port.
' Let storms of life upon me press,
Misfortunes make me reel,—
Why, dam'me ! what's my own distress ?—
For others let me feel :
Ay, ay, if bound with a fresh gale
To heav'n, this is your sort,—
A handkerchief's the best wet sail
To bring you safe to port.'

THE DUSTMAN.

I'm dashing Dick the dustman ;
None my calling can degrade,
For I am not the first man
Who has driv'n a dirty trade :
Dust ho ! dust ho ! I rings my bell and cries ;
My tricks, if you would find 'em,
Pretty early you must rise ;
For watch me still,
Howe'er you will,
I bears off many a prize ;
And when I wants to blind 'em,
I throws dust in their eyes.
Why, what's your man of honour ?
And what's your madam Fame ?
A jilt when he has won her,
That proves a dirty name :
Vict'ry ! vict'ry ! each draws his sword and cries,
In the midst of slaughter find him,
See where the savage flies ;
He spares no life,
No friend, nor wife,
Where'er he finds a prize ;
Till death at last, to blind him,
Throws dust in his eyes.
The lawyer, the physician,
And e'en the learn'd divine,
Each drives, in his condition,
As black a trade as mine :
Fees ho ! fees ho ! each draws his purse and cries,
Their consciences can't bind 'em,
The wretched patient dies ;
All prayers fail,
While in a jail
The ruin'd client lies ;
Unless you throw, to blind 'em,
Gold-dust in their eyes.
And so, d'y'e see, men bustle,
To see who's dirty first,
And one another hustle,
And all to raise the dust :
Dust ho ! dust ho ! each draws his purse and cries,
And he, old Nick behind him
Will take, to mount up tries ;
All scrambling go,
Both friend and foe,
To bear away some prize,
And each throws dust, to blind him,
Plump in his neighbour's eyes.

SWIZZY.

If, bold and brave, thou canst not bear
Thyself from all thou lov'st to tear,—
If, while winds war, and billows roll,
A spark of fear invade thy soul,—
If thou'rt appall'd when cannons roar,
I prithee, messmate, stay ashore ;
There, like a lubber,
Whine and blubber.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

Still for thy ease and safety busy ;
Nor dare to come,
Where honest Tom,
And Ned, and Nick,
And Ben, and Phil,
And Jack, and Dick,
And Bob, and Bill,
All weathers sing, and drink their swizzy.

If, shouldst thou lose a limb in fight,
She who made up thy heart's delight,—
Poor recompense that thou art kind,—
Shall prove inconstant as the wind ;
If such hard fortune thou 'dst deplore,
I prithee, messmate, stay ashore :
There, like a lubber, &c.

If pris'ner in a foreign land,
No friend, no money at command,
That man thou trusted hadst alone
All knowledge of thee should disown ;
If this should vex thee to the core,
I prithee, messmate, stay ashore.

There, like a lubber, &c.

SOLDIER DICK.

WHY, don't you know me by my scars ?
I'm soldier Dick, come from the wars ;
Where many a head without a hat
Crowds honour's bed—but what of that ?
Beat drums, play fifes, 'tis glory calls ;
What argufies who stands or falls ?
Lord, what should one be sorry for ?
Life's but the fortune of the war :
Then rich, or poor, or well, or sick,
Still laugh and sing shall soldier Dick.

I us'd to look two ways at once,—
A bullet hit me on the sconce,
And dowsh'd my eye—d'y'e think I'd wince ?
Why, lord, I've never squinted since.
Beat drums, &c.

Some distant keep from war's alarms,
For fear of wooden legs and arms ;
While others die safe in their beds,
Who all their lives had wooden heads.
Beat drums, &c.

Thus gout or fever, sword or shot,
Or something, sends us all to pot :
That we're to die, then, do not grieve,
But let's be merry while we live.
Beat drums, &c.

THE SHIPWRECK.

AVERT yon omen, gracious Heav'n !
The ugly scud,
By rising winds resistless driv'n,
Kisses the flood.

How hard the lot for sailors cast,
That they should roam
For years, to perish thus at last
In sight of home !
For if the coming gale we mourn
A tempest grows,
Our vessel's shatter'd so and torn,
That down she goes !

The tempest comes, while meteors red
Portentous fly ;
And now we touch old ocean's bed,
Now reach the sky !
On sable wings, in gloomy flight,
Fiends seem to wait,
To snatch us in this dreadful night,
Dark as our fate :
Unless some kind, some pitying pow'r
Should interpose,
She labours so, within this hour,
That down she goes.

But see, on rosy pinions borne,
O'er the mad deep,
Reluctant beams the sor'wing morn,
With us to weep :
Deceitful sorrow, cheerless light,
Dreadful to think !
The morn is ris'n, in endless night
Our hopes to sink !
She splits ! she parts !—through sluices driv'n,
The water flows ;—
Adieu, ye friends ! have mercy, Heav'n !
For down she goes !

THE NEGRO AND HIS BANJER.

ONE Negro, wi my banjer,
Me from Jenny come,
Wid cunning yei
Me savez spy,
De buckra world one hum,
As troo a street a stranger
Me my banjer strum :
My missy for one black dog about the house me kick,
Him say my nassy tawny face enough to make him
sick ;
But when my massa he go out, she then no longer
rail,
For first me let the captain in, and then me tell no
tale :
So aunt Quashy say,
De tabby, brown, or black, or white,
You see um in one night,
Ev'ry sort of cat be gray.
One Negro, &c.

To fetch a lilly money back, you go to law they call ;
The court and all the tie-wig soon strip you, shirt
and all ;

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCI.

The courtier call him friend and foe,
And fifty story tell,
To-day say Yes, to-morrow No,
And lie like any hell :
And so, though Negro black for true,
He black in buckra country too.
One Negro, &c.

OLYMPIAN HUNT.

BARDS call themselves a heav'nly race,
Topers find heav'n in wine,—
We truly boast, who love the chase,
An origin divine.
The deities all hunters are :
Great Jove, who spends his life
In hunting of the willing fair,
Is hunted by his wife.
Then come and wake the drowsy morn,
While the swift game we follow ;
The feather'd throng and tuneful horn
Shall join the hunter's halloo.

Gay Bacchus, on his tun, that hack,
Toasts for view-halloos gives ;
While Merc'ry, with his Bow-street pack,
Scours heav'n to hunt for thieves :
Bold Mars, a blood-hound, hunts for fame ;
Nor till its latest breath
Will he e'er leave the panting game,
But comes in at the death.
Then come, &c.

Diana, in her sacred grove,
Saw rash Actæon near ;
And, though she seem'd to scorn his love,
She took him for her deer :
Yet vex'd to think this hint so sly
On the fool she could not pass,
From his own hounds she made him fly,
And kill'd him for an ass.

Then come, &c.

Great Juno, wretched, restless fair,
On jealous fury bent,
Still in full cry is hunting care,
And still on a wrong scent :
Indeed, the fair oft mount their nag,
By the hunting mania struck ;
And if Actæon was a stag,
Poor Vulcan was a buck.

Then come, &c.

THE CAMP OF PLEASURE.

WHILE whim, and glee, and jest, and song,
Display their charming treasure,
Mingling in gay laughter's throng,
Come to the camp of pleasure.
All human beings have their cares—
Life's made of joy and sorrow ;
To balance life, then, our affairs
Should of our pleasures borrow :

Youth's joy's season, so is age ;
Each temper, sex, complexion,
In mirth may harmlessly engage,
As well as in reflection.

While whim, &c.

You who proudly roll in wealth,
You whose means are slender,
You whose lungs proclaim your health,
You whose frames are tender,
You who wear grave wisdom's wigs,
You who deal in folly,
You who merry are as grigs,
You who are melancholy :—

While whim, &c.

Where's 'mongst them all the cynic elf,
Of joy the open scorner,
But doff'd the sage, and to himself
Took pleasure in a corner ?
In short, who sets up to despise
Those joys that mirth awaken,
I will not rudely say he lies,
But surely he's mistaken.

While whim, &c.

DEATH ALIVE.

SINCE by cutting of trots all our glories increase,
Of war let us sing, because why ?—it brings peace :
Of hacking and hewing, in front and in rear,
Of some kilt by the sword, and some dying through
fear.
Death alive ! what sweet slaughter'ring, and cutting,
and scars !
Is it honour you'd seek,—won't you go to the
wars ?
Where death his long scythe bathes in gore to the
hilt,
And whips heads from shoulders so clever ;
And where, should you have the good luck to be kilt,
By my soul, you'll be living for ever !

The army's drawn out, the confusion's begun,
While our arms shine so bright that they dazzle
the sun ;
Oh, the glorious sight ! but the best of the joke,
The devil a soul are we seeing but smoke.

Death alive ! &c. *

Like Will-o'-the-wisp, while our bosoms it fires,
See glory lead on over bushes and briars ;
Pass, begone, hiccius doxius, just like cup and ball,
Now 'tis here, and now there, and now no where
at all.

Death alive ! &c.

That war is delightful, then, who can deny ?
To be living for ever, ah who would not die !
Your fame's up from the moment it puts you
to bed,
And you grow a great man by the loss of your head !

Death alive ! &c.

SHENKIN AND WINNY.

ALLEGRETTO.

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef, 6/8 time, and the bottom staff is in bass clef, 6/8 time. The tempo is Allegretto. The music features various rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and dynamic markings such as *p* (piano) and *f* (forte). The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes in a narrative style. The first section of lyrics is: "Young Shen-kin was born in Gla - mor-gan-shire, Ods! will hur poor heart run". The second section continues: "all up-on Win-ny? And hur't kiss, and hur't luff, and hur't call her hur tear, And".

SHENKIN AND WINNY.

make her cry,—Shen-kin, the tif - fle is in ye! Her

preath is as sweet as a leek, or a coat's,—Her preath is as sweet as a

leek, or a coat's,—Her's like a plue moun-tain, so ta - per and thin; Aif her

put-ter and seece would but yield her ten croats,—Aif her put - ter and seece would but

SHENKIN AND WINNY.

A musical score for two voices, consisting of five staves of music. The top staff uses a treble clef, and the bottom staff uses an bass clef. The music is in common time. The lyrics are as follows:

yield her ten croats,—To - mor-row should see Shen-kin mar-ried to Win,—To-
mor-row should see Shen-kin mar-ried to Win,—Shen-kin mar-ried to Win,—Shen-kin
mar-ried to Win.

The score includes several rests and dynamic markings, such as a forte dynamic in the fourth staff. The music concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots at the end of the fifth staff.

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCI:

IRISH ITALIAN SONG.

To be sure,
I'm not a connoisseur,
Arrah! will you now be aesy?
I don't the op'ra know at all,
And then I have not heard them squall,
From Mingotti to Marchesi!
Wid dere con amore,
Dere il mio cuore,
Dere amorosa,
Dere tormentosa,
Dere occhietti,
Si Furbetti,
Dere amante
Constante,
The padre,
The madre,
The bella
Sorella,
The moglie, the figlio,
Et tutt' il famiglio :

The soft John Bull to take by the ears,
To whom this Babel proves the music of the spheres!

And as they sigh,
And pant, and die,
He joins the roar,
And cries out 'Bravo!' and 'Encore!'

There was silver Lovatini,
And graceful Zamparini,
That bawling taef Morigi,
Who turn'd monkey to oblige ye ;
The mellow Scotti,
The tender Pachierotti,
Manzoli, Guarducci,
Peretti, Tenducci,

And then, O cara,
The wonderful and surprising Madame Mara !
Who pretty well have sack'd the pence,
And sold the Englitch sound for sense.

To be sure,
I'm not a connoisseur,

Arrah! will you now be aesy ?
I don't the op'ra know at all,
And then I have not heard them squall,
From Mingotti to Marchesi !

Wid dere con amore,
Dere il mio cuore,
Dere amorosa,
Dere tormentosa,
Dere occhietti,
Si Furbetti,
Dere amante
Constante,
The padre,
The madre,
The bella
Sorella,
The moglie, the figlio,
Et tutt' il famiglio :

The soft John Bull to take by the ears,
To whom this Babel proves the music of the spheres!

And as they go on with their dolce amare,
Their dolce cantare,

Viva l' amore !

Their tombetti sonate

Canoni sparate,

Lara lara la,

Boo, boo, boo,

Astonish'd John Bull cries out 'Bravo! Encore!'
And swears all Englitch music's a vile bore.

SHENKIN AND WINNY.

YOUNG Shenkin was born in Glamorganshire,
Ods! will hur poor heart run all upon Winny,
And hur't kiss, and hur'luff, and hur't call her
hur tear,

And make her cry,—Shenkin, the tiffle is in ye
Her preath is as sweet as a leek, or a coat's,
Her's like a plue mountain, so taper and thin;
Aif her putter and seece would but yield her ten
croats,

To-morrow should see Shenkin married to Win.

When the curate at eve on the crowty playt,
Oh te choys of hur heart Shenkin, danc'd with
his Winny,

And hur lufft and telighted so in the tear mait,
That she patting hur, cried out, The tiffle is in ye.
You skip like the kits, and you pout like the coats,
To mollify sure enough I shall bekin :
Aif your putter and seece would but yield you ten
croats,

To-morrow should see Shenkin married to Win.

Ah! if her coot urship, great Squire Ap Shones,
Could see how hurs creefing, as sure as a kinny,
His powells would yearn with hur crunts and he
croans,

Ah no! he'd himself fall in love with sweet Winny.
Thus Shenkin complain'd, as he drove home his
goats,

While the squire and his comrades from hunting
came in :

He heard the fond tale, kindly paid the ten groats,
And the next morning saw Shenkin married to
Win.

CELIA.

Celia's an angel; by her face

The rose and lily's sham'd;

The tresses of love's queen, for grace,

With her's can ne'er be nam'd :

'The gods,' cried one, 'that face with care
Form'd in their best of humours.'

What pity 'tis! both face and hair

Were bought at the perfumer's.

Celia has sworn to love till death ;—

For words so full of bliss,

I could have long'd, but for her breath,

To steal an ardent kiss :

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBBDIN.

Rapture itself is poor and cold,
To joy that she discovers ;
What pity she the same has told
To fifty other lovers.

Celia is young ; behold her mien,
Alert from top to toe ;
'My aunt,' says she, 'was just fifteen
Some thirty years ago.'
Thus youth and beauty's best delights
Sweet Celia are adorning ;
For she a Venus is at nights,
A sybil in the morning.

THE WOODMAN.

FAB remov'd from noise and smoke,
Hark ! I hear the woodman's stroke,
Who dreams not, as he fells the oak,
What mischief dire he brews :
How art shall shape his falling trees,
For aid of luxury and ease ;—
He weighs not matters such as these,
But sings, and hacks, and hews.

Perhaps, now fell'd by this bold man,
That tree shall form the spruce sedan,*
Or wheelbarrow, where oyster Nan
So runs her vulgar rig ;
The stage, where boxers crowd in flocks,
Or else for quacks ; perhaps, the stocks ;
Or pôsts for signs, or barbers' blocks,
Where smiles the parson's wig.

Thou mak'st, bold peasant, oh what grief !
The gibbet on which hangs the thief,
The seat where sits the great Lord Chief,
The throne, the cobbler's stall :
Thou pamper'st life in ev'ry stage,
Mak'st folly's whims, pride's equipage,
For children toys, crutches for age,
And coffins for us all.

Yet justice let us still afford :
These chairs, and this convivial board,
The bin that holds gay Bacchus' hoard,
Confess the woodman's stroke :
He made the press that bled the vine,
The butt that holds the gen'rous wine,
The hall itself, where tipplers join,
To crack the mirthful joke.

PEACE AND WAR.

IN peace, when sprightly drum and fife
Quick marches sweetly play,
Then charming is the soldier's life,
To lounge it all the day :

* Sedan, though now so seldom seen, were very much in use among the nobility and gentry at the time when Dibdin penned this song. They were at one time so numerous, that the military were obliged to be called in to quell a serious riot which had been created by the *charmen* who carried them.

How different the trade is
From war's destructive call !
He ogles all the ladies,
And dances at the ball.
The sash so sweet a zone is,
So pow'rful are its charms,
That Mars, become Adonis,
Reclines in Venus' arms.
No more upon the dang'rous plain
Death grimly stalks abroad ;
No more
The gasping and unpiti'd slain,
Welt'ring in gore,
For unavailing help implore :
Their spirits issue with a groan,
Their eyes are clos'd in endless night ;
Beholders are with horror aw'd,
And dread a fate, sad fate of woe,
That soon may be their own.
No time for pity now ! the fight
Grows hot,
The trumpet sounds a charge,
Soldiers and steeds with ardour glow ;
Stern carnage takes the field,
And traverses his bound'ries long and large :
The word is—Die or yield,
And mercy is forgot.—
Such is the dreadful ardour of the war ;
Yet diff'rent far
When all these horrors cease,
And soldiers taste the joys of smiling peace.
Sweet peace, &c.
The well-pack'd column, like a rock,
While they the war sustain,
Sternly receive an army's shock,
The glorious terror of the plain :
Advancing near,
The foe is struck aghast,
The panic spreads,
Pale fear
Gains on 'em fast ;
To order's post confusion now succeeds,
And now the front becomes the rear !
All resolution's gone,
While wan despair,
Turn'd gen'ral, to destruction leads 'em on :
They fly !
'Follow !' the victors cry ;
War's dreadful tempest comes,
Trumpets and drums,
Shouts, groans, and thund'ring cannons, rend the
sky !
The banners, flutt'ring late in air,
Now from the bearers' grasp are torn,
And on the spear
Of vict'ry borne :—
The stroke's decisive !—glutted war,
Descending from his sanguine car,
Tir'd soldiers from their post release,
To taste the joys of smiling peace.
Sweet peace, &c.

THE WOODMAN.

LENTO E SEMPLICE.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is for the voice, and the lower staff is for the piano. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats), and the time signature is common time (indicated by '8'). The vocal line begins with a series of eighth-note chords, followed by a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with sustained chords and rhythmic patterns. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the vocal line in a standard musical notation style.

Far re-mov'd from noise and smoke, Hark! I hear the wood-man's stroke, Who

dreams not, as he fells the oak, What mis-chief dire he brews: How

art shall shape his fall - ing trees, For aid of lux-u - ry and ease,—How

THE WOODMAN.

The musical score consists of two staves, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The first staff begins with a sixteenth-note pattern followed by eighth notes. The lyrics "art shall shape his fall - ing trees, For aid of lux - u - ry and ease;—He" are written below the notes. The second staff begins with a dotted half note followed by eighth notes. The lyrics "weighs not mat-ters such as these, But sings, and hacks, and hews— sings," are written below the notes. The third staff begins with a sixteenth-note pattern followed by eighth notes. The lyrics "sings, sings, sings, and hacks, and hews." are written below the notes. The fourth staff continues the eighth-note patterns. The fifth staff begins with a sixteenth-note pattern followed by eighth notes. The sixth staff continues the eighth-note patterns.

art shall shape his fall - ing trees, For aid of lux - u - ry and ease;—He

weighs not mat-ters such as these, But sings, and hacks, and hews— sings,

sings, sings, sings, and hacks, and hews.

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCI.

NEIGHBOURS' FARE.

[This song was written shortly after the breaking-out of the French Revolution.]

HAVE you heard, my good neighbours, the wonderful news,—

How the French are no longer to wear wooden shoes ?

How the nobles their titles agree to forget ?

And with cobbler and prince 'tis hey fellow well met ?

Sing kick down distinction, kick off wooden shoes,

Sing brotherly love between Christians and Jews,

Oh rare, O rare !

Yea and nay, thee and thou,

Is now

All the rage,

The year ninety's the date of the true golden age :

Let ev'ry French frizeur then die in despair,

For freedom's the word, and a straight head of hair.

The stage for this play (I had almost said farce)

Was, of all other places, the Grand Field of Mars :

They erected their castle of liberty there,

Where Montgolfier went up in his castle of air.

Sing kick down distinction, &c.

So substantial's become what was formerly froth,
That they, who could never be trusted on oath,
Are now, to the wonder of each other nation,
Like Quakers, believ'd on their bare affirmation.

Sing kick down distinction, &c.

Such virtue as this to the world must be dear,
But woe to us all if it once should come here :
It transforms the most dressy to so many Quakers,
And makes even lords pay their butchers and bakers.

Sing kick down distinction, &c.

Adieu, ye fair dames, to cards, scandal, and tea ;
Adieu, Scotch and Welshmen, to proud pedigree ;
Madame Virtue is coming to lead Vice a dance,
And all follow fashions imported from France.

Sing kick down distinction, &c.

Ye men of the robe your sad fortune deplore,
Burn your wigs, for your foul occupation's no more;
Fair truth in each action shall find out a flaw,
And justice, turn'd counsel, shall supersede law.

Sing kick down distinction, &c.

Then publish the tidings through Fame's mighty rolls,

In England and Lapland, and under the poles ;
For men are turn'd angels, and brutes are turn'd men,

And Eden, not chaos, is come back again.

Sing kick down distinction, &c.

THE TRUE ENGLISH SAILOR.

JACK dances and sings, and is always content;

In his vows to his lass he'll ne'er fail her ;

His anchor's a-trip when his money's all spent—

And this is the life of a sailor.

Alert in his duty, he readily flies

Where winds the tir'd vessels are flinging ;
Though sunk to the sea-gods, or toss'd to the skies,
Still Jack is found working and singing.

Long-side of an enemy, boldly and brave,
He'll with broadside on broadside regale her ;
Yet he'll sigh to the soul o'er that enemy's grave,—
So noble's the mind of a sailor.

Let cannons roar loud, burst their sides let the bombs,

Let the winds a dread hurricane rattle ;
The rough and the pleasant he takes as it comes,
And laughs at the storm and the battle.

In a fostering pow'r while Jack puts his trust,
As fortune comes, smiling he'll hail her ;
Resign'd still, and manly, since what must be must,
And this is the mind of a sailor.

Though careless and headlong, if danger should press,

And rank'd 'mongst the free list of rovers,
Yet he'll melt into tears at a tale of distress,
And prove the most constant of lovers.

To rancour unknown, to no passion a slave,
Nor unmanly, nor mean, nor a railer,
He's gentle as mercy, as fortitude brave,
And this is a true English sailor.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

BLESS'd friendship, hail ! thy gifts possessing,

That happy mortal's rich indeed :

Thou willing giv'st each earthly blessing

To all, but those who stand in need :

Thy words are sweet as Hybla's honey ;

In accents kind, and mild, and civil,

Flows thy advice :—thou giv'st not money,

For money is the very devil :

And rather than the foul temptation

Should into scrapes thy friend betray --

Disint'rested consideration !—

Thou kindly tak'st it all away.

Are his affairs at rack and manger ?

Lest a bad world thy friend should chouse,

No time for thee to play the stranger,

Thou deign'st to manage all his house ;

To make him thy good pleasure tarry,

To kiss thy feet, to leap o'er sticks,

To run, to hop, to fetch, to carry,

And play a thousand monkey tricks.

Nay, if thy liq'rish chops should water,

To ease him of domestic strife,

Thou ridd'st him of a flirting daughter,

Or, kinder still, thou steal'st his wife.

Come, then, my friend, prevent my pleasure,

And out of doors politeness kick ;

With me and mine pray keep no measure,

Drench me with bumpers, make me sick :

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

My cellar bleed, devour my mutton,
Upon my vitals dine and sup :
Come on, thou kind, thou friendly glutton,
Kill, barbecue, and eat me up.
Then, to the last a friend, desert me,
That, wise by dear experience grown,
And having no kind friend to hurt me,
I may, at last, become my own.

THE DIFFICULT TASK.

WHAT song shall I chant? while I sing Venus' sparrows,
Her cestus, her dove,—
Shall I hold forth on love?
Source of so many blessings and ills,
On which so many Cupids have blunted their arrows,
And so many poets their quills!
All its pains and its pleasures, its mischiefs and joys,
Have been sung o'er and o'er, by fond girls and wain boys;
Not a single new thought the Pierian spring
On love can inspire,—nor of love will I sing.
While I celebrate uproar, and bottles and glasses,
That fools think divine,—
Shall my song be on wine?
Source of so many surfeits and feasts,
Where so many topers have toasted their lasses,
And so many men become beasts!
Let those describe wine, who can drink till they reel,
'Twere folly to write on a theme I can't feel;
How can I, who ne'er drink but what flows from health's spring,
Find words the delight of a drunkard to sing?
While I celebrate men who all comfort and pleasure
Leave at home for a name,—
Shall I descant on fame?
Source of so many murders and woes,
Where so many heroes have plunder'd for treasure,
And so many friends become foes!
A stranger to battles, and all their delight,
Fond of peace and its joys, I can't shudder and write:
The best plume that e'er hero bore off from Fame's wing
Should not tempt me a scene of such horror to sing.
What shall be my song? Shall I celebrate riches?
Whose grasp can combine
Love, glory, and wine!
Source of each mortal man's rise and fall:
That thing youth and age, high and low, that bewitches!
A nothing that comprehends all!
Be the theme these of others, they cannot be mine:
Till love's led by prudence, by temperance wine,
Till war shall sweet peace, and gold charity bring,
Reason smiles, and forbids me such folly to sing.

CROTCHETS AND QUAVERS.

But, perhaps, while thus boldly exposing each elf,
A dupe to passion, or folly, or pelf,
I the critic severest become of myself,
Presuming to hope for your favours—
What is it to me who sings great, or sings small,
Or whether knave first ev'r knave likes to call ;
Or who's roguish, or honest?—Lord, nothing at all,
But to eke out the crotchetts and quavers.

Advice from a lawyer, a smile from his grace,
From a hypocrite treachery with a smooth face,
From a bishop a blessing, a gamester ames ace,
The public receive for their favours :
Thus in their vocation all earnestly join ;
For what should a man circulate but his own coin ?
Let us humbly entreat, then, you'll not refuse mine,
Though compos'd but of crotchetts and quavers.
Ev'ry piece is full weight, nor debas'd by vile art ;
Sterling gratitude still will be found in each part ;
The lively impression was made on my heart,
For what less can purchase your favours ?
Thus I fearless submit to pass through your mint :
When assay'd, should you find there's no counterfeit,
The stamp of your kind approbation imprint,
To pass current my crotchetts and quavers.

SAVAGE LOVE-LONG.

So sweet I'll dress my Zootka fair,
Such pretty toys her charms shall deck !
The nails of foes shall grace her hair,
Their eyes and teeth adorn her neck .
A hut I'll build her of catalps,
And sweetly hang it round with scalps ;
Aud as we frantic skip and sing,
And join to form the mystic ring,
And cymbals twang,
And tymbals bang,
And jump and prance,
And frisk in wedlock's devious dance,
We'll drink and yam,
And make the banjer cry giam, giam.

The rose let Europe's beauties boast,
Asia the saffron's sickly dye ;
Let ebon wives grace Afric's coast :—
Can these with lovely Zootka vie ?
Her olive cheek the gloss outshines
That decorates the copper mines—
Come then, and frantic, &c.

Some shave their eyebrows for the fair,
Others for love pull out their teeth,
Some by the roots tear up their hair,
To form a pretty marriage-wreath :
My lovely fist at Zootka's nose
Shall aim a hundred tender blows :
And as they frantic, &c.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

ALLEGRETTO.

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef, common time, and major key. It features sixteenth-note patterns. The bottom staff is in bass clef, common time, and major key. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes in two sections. The first section of lyrics is: "Bless'd friend - - ship, hail! thy gifts pos - sess - ing, That". The second section of lyrics is: "hap - - - py mor - tal's rich in - - deed: Thou will - - ing". The music concludes with a final section of chords.

Bless'd friend - - ship, hail! thy gifts pos - sess - ing, That

hap - - - py mor - tal's rich in - - deed: Thou will - - ing

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

giv'st each earth - ly bless - ing To all, - - - but those who
 are in need: Thy words - - are sweet - - as Hy - - - bia's
 ho - ney; In ac - - - cents kind, - - and mild, - - and ci - - - vil,
 Flows thy ad - vice: - thou giv'st not mo - ney, For mo - - ney

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

The musical score consists of three staves of music in common time, key of G major (indicated by a sharp sign). The top staff is for the soprano voice, the middle staff for the alto or tenor, and the bottom staff for the bass or double bass. The lyrics are as follows:

is - - the ve - ry de - vil,—For mo - ney is - - the
ve - - - - - ry de - vil: And ra - - - ther than the
foul - - temp-ta - tion Should in - - - to scrapes thy friend be-
tray— Dis - in - - - t'rested - - - con - si - - - der - a - tion! Thou

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.



Are his affairs at rack and manger?
Lest a bad world thy friend should chouse,
No time for thee to play the stranger,
Thou deign'st to manage all his house ;
To make him thy good pleasure tarry,
To kiss thy feet, to leap o'er sticks,
To run, to hop, to fetch, to carry,
And play a thousand monkey tricks.
Nay, if thy liq'rish chops should water,
To ease him of domestic strife,
Thou ridd'st him of a flirting daughter,
Or, kinder still, thou steal'st his wife.

Come then, my friend, prevent my pleasure,
And out of doors politeness kick ;
With me and mine pray keep no measure,
Drench me with bumpers, make me sick :
My cellar bleed, devour my mutton,
Upon my vitals dine and sup :
Come on, thou kind, thou friendly glutton,—
Kill, barbecue, and eat me up.
Then, to the last a friend, desert me,
That, wise by dear experience grown,
And having no kind friend to hurt me,
I may, at last, become my own

THE TRUE ENGLISH SAILOR.

ALLEGRETTO.

Musical score for 'The True English Sailor'. The score consists of three systems of music. The top system shows the piano accompaniment in G major, with dynamics 'p' (piano) and 'f' (forte). The middle system shows the vocal melody in G major, with lyrics: 'Jack dan - ces and sings, and is al - ways con-tent; In his'. The bottom system shows the piano accompaniment in G major, with lyrics: 'vows to his lass he'll ne'er fail her; His'. The score is written on four-line staves with various note heads and rests.

THE TRUE ENGLISH SAILOR.

The musical score consists of five staves of music in common time, key signature of one sharp (F#), and treble clef. The lyrics are integrated into the music as follows:

an - chor's a - trip when his mo - ney's all spent,— and

this is the life of a sai - lor.

A - lert in his du - ty he rea - di - ly flies Where

winds the tir'd ves - sels are fling-ing; Though sunk to the sea-gods or

THE TRUE ENGLISH SAILOR.

A musical score for 'The True English Sailor' featuring four staves of music. The music is in common time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are integrated into the melody, appearing below the notes. The score consists of four systems of music, each with a treble clef, a bass clef, and a basso clef. The lyrics are:

toss'd to the skies, Still Jack is found work-ing and.
sing-ing,— Still Jack is found work-ing and sing-ing. Long
side of an en - e - my, bold - ly and brave, He'll with
broad-side on broad-side re - gale her; Yet he'll sigh to the soul o'er that

THE TRUE ENGLISH SAILOR.

The musical score consists of three staves of music in common time, key of G major. The top staff uses a treble clef, the middle staff an alto clef, and the bottom staff a bass clef. The lyrics are integrated with the music, appearing below the notes. The first section of lyrics is:

en - e - my's grave, — So no - ble's the mind of a
sai - lor.

The second section of lyrics is:

Let
can - nons roar loud, burst their sides let the bombs, Let the

The third section of lyrics is:

winds a dread hur - ri - cane rat - tle; The

THE TRUE ENGLISH SAILOR.

A musical score for 'The True English Sailor' featuring three staves of music and lyrics. The music is in common time, key signature of one sharp (F#), and includes basso continuo parts. The lyrics are as follows:

rough and the plea-sant he takes as it comes,—The rough and the plea-sant he
takes as it comes, And laughs at the storm and the bat-tle,— And
laughs at the storm and the bat-tle. In a fos - ter - ing pow - er While
Jack puts his trust, As for-tune comes smil-ing he'll hail her; Re-

THE TRUE ENGLISH SAILOR.

A musical score for 'The True English Sailor' featuring four staves of music in G major and common time. The lyrics are integrated into the melody. The first section of lyrics is:

sign'd still, and man - ly, since what must be must, And this is the mind of a
sai - lor. Though

The second section of lyrics is:

care-less and head-long, if dan-ger should press, And rank'd'mongst the free list of,

The third section of lyrics is:

ro - vers, Yet he'll melt in-to tears at a tale of dis - tress,— he'll

THE TRUE ENGLISH SAILOR.

A musical score for 'The True English Sailor' featuring three staves of music and lyrics. The music is in common time, key signature of one sharp, and consists of measures in 16th-note patterns. The lyrics are as follows:

melt in-to tears at a tale of dis-tress,—he'll melt in - to tears at a
tale of dis-tress, And prove the most con-stant of lov - ers. To
ran-cour un-known, to no pas-sion a slave, Nor un - man - ly, nor mean, nor a
rail - er, He's gen - tle as mer - ry, as for - ti-tude brave, And

THE TRUE ENGLISH SAILOR.



THE DIFFICULT TASK.

ALLEGRO.

The musical score consists of two staves of music in common time, key signature of one flat, and dynamic *f*. The top staff is for treble clef and the bottom staff is for bass clef. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The lyrics are:

What song shall I chant? while I sing Ve - nus' spar-rows, Her ces - tus, her
dove,—Shall I hold forth on love? Source of so ma - ny bless-ings and
ills, On which so ma - ny Cu - pids have blunt-ed their ar - rows, And

THE DIFFICULT TASK.

A musical score for three voices (Soprano, Alto, Bass) in common time, key signature of one flat. The music consists of five systems of four measures each. The lyrics are as follows:

so many po - ets their quills! All its pains and its pleas - ures, its
mis - chiefs and joys, Have been sung o'er and o'er by fond girls and vain
boys; Have been sung o'er and o'er by fond girls and vain boys. Not a
sin - gle new thought the Pi - e - ri . an spring On love ean in-

THE DIFFICULT TASK.

The musical score consists of three staves of music in common time and G major. The top staff features a treble clef, the middle staff has a bass clef, and the bottom staff has an alto clef. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first section of lyrics is:

- - spire; Nor of love will I sing. Not a sin - - gle new
 thought the Pi - e - - ri - an spring On love can inspire: nor of
 love will I sing.

The music concludes with a forte dynamic (f) followed by a series of eighth-note chords.

While I celebrate uproar, and bottles and glasses,
 That fools think divine,—
 Shall my song be on wine?

Source of so many surfeits and feasts,
 Where so many topers have toasted their lasses,
 And so many men become beasts!
 Let those describe wine who can drink till they reel,
 'Twere folly to write on a theme I can't feel;

How can I, who ne'er drink but what flows from
 health's spring

Find words the delight of a drunkard to sing?

While I celebrate men who all comfort and pleasure
 Leave at home for a name,—

Shall I descend on fame:

Source of so many murders and woes,
 Where so many heroes have plunder'd for treasure,
 And so many friends become foes!

A stranger to battles, and all their delight,
 Fond of peace and its joys, I can't shudder and
 write:

The best plume that e'er hero bore off from Fame's
 wing

Should not tempt me a scene of such horror to sing.

What shall be my song? Shall I celebrate riches?
 Whose grasp can combine

Love, glory, and wine!

Source of each mortal man's rise and fall:
 That thing youth and age, high and low, that be-
 witches!

A nothing that comprehends all!
 Be the theme these of others, they cannot be mine:
 Till love's led by prudence, by temperance wine,
 Till war shall sweet peace, and gold charity bring,
 Reason smiles, and forbids me such follies to sing.

THE WILY FOX.

ALLEGRO
MODERATO.

A musical score for 'The Wily Fox' featuring two staves of music and lyrics. The top staff is in G major and the bottom staff is in C major. The tempo is Allegro Moderato. The music includes dynamic markings: *p*, *mf*, and *f*. The lyrics are:

The morn - ing breaks; Those rud - dy streaks Pro-
claim the op' - ning day; With glow - ing health, The sports-man's wealth,— A
way, boys, come a - way,— A - way, a - way, a - way, boys, come a-

THE WILY FOX.

The sheet music consists of five staves of musical notation. The first staff begins with a treble clef, followed by two bass staves. The third staff starts with a treble clef, and the fourth and fifth staves start with bass clefs. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first section of lyrics is: "way ;—With glow-ing health, The sports-man's wealth, A-way, boys, come a - way. The". The second section starts with "mel-low horn - - - - - The mel-low horn, On the still morn Pours". The third section starts with "sounds which e-cho mocks, which e-cho mocks ;— The mel-low horn On". The final section starts with "the still morn Pours sounds which e - cho mocks; While fol-low-ing bound, Man,".

THE WILY FOX.

A musical score for 'The Wily Fox' featuring four staves of music. The lyrics are integrated into the music as follows:

- Staff 1: horse, and hound, T'un-earth the wi - ly fox. Hark! e - cho mocks the
- Staff 2: wind-ing horn.—Hark! e - cho mocks the wind-ing horn - - -
- Staff 3: That on th'ex-pand-ed wing of morn, Though sweet the sound, in dread - ful yell Tolls
- Staff 4: out a knell, To the de-vo-ted fox,— To the de-vo-ted fox.

BONNY KATE.

ANDANTINO.

The wind was hush'd, The flee - cy wave - -

p

scarce-ly the ves - sel's sides could lave, When on the mi - - zen-

top his stand Tom Clue-line tak - ing, spied #the land. Oh,

sf

BONNY KATE.

sweet re - ward for all his toil! Once more he views his na - tive soil,—Once

more he thanks in - dul-gent fate, that brings him to his bon-ny Kate,—Once

more he thanks in - dul-gent fate, That brings him to his bon - ny Kate

That brings him to his bon-ny bon-ny Kate.

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCI.

THE WILY FOX.

THE morning breaks ;
Those ruddy streaks
Proclaim the op'ning day ;
With glowing health,
The sportsman's wealth ;—
Away, boys, come away.
The mellow horn
On the still morn
Pours sounds which echo mocks ;
While following bound
Man, horse, and hound,
T' unearth the wily fox.
Hark ! echo mocks
The winding horn,
That on th' expanded wing of morn,
Though sweet the sound, in dreadful yell
Tolls out a knell
To the devoted fox.
Now off he 's thrown,
The day 's our own,—
See yonder where he takes ;
To cheat our eyes,
In vain he tries
The rivers and the brakes.
The mellow horn
Breaks on the morn,
And leads o'er hills and rocks ;
While following bound
Man, horse, and hound,
T' entrap the wily fox.
Hark ! echo mocks, &c.
Now, now he 's sez'd !
The dogs, well pleas'd,
Behold his eye-balls roll :
He yields his breath,
And from his death
Is born the flowing bowl.
The mellow horn,
That through the morn
Led over hills and rocks,
Now sounds a call,
To see the fall
Of the expiring fox.
Hark ! echo mocks, &c.

BONNY KATE.

THE wind was hush'd, the fleecy wave
Scarcely the vessel's sides could lave,
When in the mizen-top his stand
Tom Clueline taking, spied the land.
Oh, sweet reward for all his toil !
Once more he views his native soil ;
Once more he thanks indulgent fate,
That brings him to his bonny Kate.
Soft as the sighs of Zephyr flow,
Tender and plaintive as her woe,
Serene was the attentive eve,
That heard Tom's bonny Kitty grieve.

' Oh, what avails,' cried she, ' my pain ?
He 's swallow'd in the greedy main :
Ah, never shall I welcome home,
With tender joy, my honest Tom !

Now high upon the faithful shroud,
The land, awhile that seem'd a cloud,
While objects from the mist arise,
A feast presents Tom's longing eyes.
A riband near his heart which lay
Now see him on his hat display,
The given sign to show that fate
Had brought him safe to bonny Kate.

Near to a cliff, whose heights command
A prospect of the shelly strand,
While Kitty fate and fortune blam'd,
Sudden with rapture she exclaim'd,
' But see, oh, heav'n ! a ship in view,—
My Tom appears among the crew ;
The pledge he swore to bring safe home
Streams in his hat—'tis honest Tom !'

What now remains were easy told :
Tom comes, his pockets lin'd with gold ;
Now rich enough no more to roam,
To serve his king he stays at home ;
Recounts each toil, and shows each scar,
While Kitty and her honest tar
With rev'rence teach to bless their fates
Young honest Toms and bony Kates.

LITTLE BEN.

RESPLENDENT gleam'd the ample moon,
Reflected on the glitt'ring lee ;
The bell proclaim'd night's awful noon,
And scarce a ripple shook the sea,
When thus,—for sailors, nature's care,
What education has denied,
Are of strong sense a bounteous share
By observation well supplied,—
When thus, in bold and honest guise,
For wisdom mov'd his tongue,
Drawing from reason comfort's drop,
In truth and fair reflection wise,
Right cheerfully sung
Little Ben, that kept his watch on the main top :—
Why should the hardy tar complain ?
'Tis certain true he weathers more
From dangers on the roaring main
Than lazy lubbers do ashore.
Ne'er let the noble mind despair,
Though roaring seas run mountains high ;
All things are built with equal care,
First-rate or wherry, man or fly :—
If there 's a Pow'r that never errs,—
And certainly 'tis so—
For honest hearts what comforts drop—
As well as kings and emperors,
Why not take in tow
Little Ben, that keeps his watch in the main top ?

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBBDIN.

What though to distant climes I roam,
Far from my darling Nancy's charms?
The sweeter is my welcome home,
To blissful moorings in her arms.

Perhaps she on that sober moon
A lover's observation takes,
And longs that little Ben may soon
Relieve that heart which sorely aches:
Ne'er fear; that Pow'r that never errs,
That guards all things below—
For honest hearts, what comforts drop!—
As well as kings and emperors,
Will surely take in tow
Little Ben, that keeps his watch in the main top.

From Private Theatricals.

BILL BOBSTAY.

TIGHT lads have I sail'd with, but none e'er so
sightly
As honest Bill Bobstay, so kind and so true :
He'd sing like a mermaid, and foot it so lightly,
The forecastle's pride, and delight of the crew !
But poor as a beggar, and often in tatters,
He went, though his fortune was kind without
end ;
'For money,' cried Bill, 'and them there sort of
matters,
What's the good on't, d'ye see, but to succour
a friend ?

'There's Nipcheese, the purser, by grinding and
squeezing,
First plund'rинг then leaving the ship, like a rat,
The eddy of fortune, stands on a stiff breeze in,
And mounts, fierce as fire, a dog-vane in his hat.
My bark, though hard storms on life's ocean should
rock her,
Tho' she roll in misfortune and pitch end for end,
No, never shall Bill keep a shot in the locker,
When by handing it out be can succour a friend.

'Let them throw out their wifes, and cry, 'Spite of
their crosses,
And forgetful of toil that so hardly they bore,
That sailors at sea earn their money like horses,
To squander it idly like asses ashore.'
Such lubbers their jaw would coil up, could they
measure,
By their feelings, the gen'rous delight without
end,
That gives birth in us tars to that truest of pleasure,
The handing out rhino to succour a friend.

'Why, what's all this nonsense they talks of, and
pothe,
About rights of man? What a plague are they at?
If they mean that each man to his messmate's a
brother,
Why, the lubberly swabs, ev'ry fool can tell that.

The right of us Britons we know 's to be loyal,
In our country's defence our last moments to
spend,
To fight up to the ears to protect the blood royal,
To be true to our wives, and to succour a friend.'

ROSES AND LILIES.

BEAUTY I sell! who'll buy? who'll buy?
Roses and lilies, girls! here am I;
Neither black, brown, nor fair, shall have cause
for complaint,
They shall look just like angels, and all without paint:
Who'll buy? who'll buy?
Here am I.

Come, maids, and be beautiful,—easy 's the task;
Use the rouge newly taken from modesty's mask :
As it blooms shall fair truth show your heart in
the flush,
And duty's enamel shall polish the blush ;
For duty gives charms that will last all your lives :
None but dutiful daughters make beautiful wives.
Beauty I sell, &c.

Now 's your time, all ye wives, would ye beautiful
grow,
Draw some drops from content's lucid fount as
they flow ;
Take the mildness of love, throw away all the art,
Mix these in endearment's alembic, the heart ;
Let the fire of attention the whole gently boil,
Then add nature's best gloss, a perpetual smile.
Beauty I sell, &c.

Come round me; I've wares for maid, widow, and
wife :
This essence of truth to the eyes gives a life ;
This tincture of sweetness shall lilies disclose ;
And from this, virtue's balm, shall spring beauty's
best rose :
Then, while art is in fashion, how can you refuse
That which nature and reason permit you to use?
Beauty I sell, &c.

VIRTUE.

THE peasant in his humble cot,
The Ethiop on the sandy Nile,
The mole-like Laplander, whose grot
Boasts little genial Nature's smile :
These, bless'd with virtue, are not poor ;
Her cheering voice such thrilling comfort brings,
It throws around the thatch obscure
A joy that shames the palaces of kings

Oh, virtue! sorrowing man's relief,
In pity by kind Heaven sent,
That tear'st away the thorn of grief,
And plant'st, instead, the rose content!—
Thy smallest spark such lustre owns,
With it such truth and dignity it brings,—
It throws obscurity on thrones,
And beams to dim the diadem of kings !

LITTLE BEN.

ALLEGRETTO.

A musical score for 'Little Ben' in common time, key signature of one flat. The score consists of three staves: treble, bass, and alto. The tempo is Allegretto. The lyrics are:

Res - plen - dent gleam'd the am - ple moon, Re-
flec - ted on the glitt' - ring lee; The bell proclaim'd night's

LITTLE BEN.

aw - ful noon, And scarce a rip-ple shook the sea; When

p

thus, for sai - lors, na - ture's care, What ed - u - ca - tion has de -

nied, Are of strong sense a boun - teous snare By

ob-ser - va - tion well sup - plied,— When thus in bold and

LITTLE BEN.

A musical score for 'Little Ben' featuring two staves of music. The top staff uses a treble clef and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. Both staves are in common time and key signature of B-flat major. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The lyrics describe Little Ben's honest ways, his wisdom, and his fondness for his watch.

hon - est guise, For wis - dom mov'd his tongue, Draw-ing from
wis - dom, com - fort's drop, In truth and fair re-flec - tion wise, Right
cheer - ful - ly sung Little Ben, that kept his watch, lit - tle Ben, that kept his
watch, lit - tle Ben, that kept his watch on the main top, Lit - tle

LITTLE BEN.

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef, the middle staff is in bass clef, and the bottom staff is another bass clef staff. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The time signature is common time. The music features various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The bass staff contains a dynamic marking 'f' (fortissimo) in the middle section. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes in a cursive font.

Why should the hardy tar complain?
'Tis certain true he weathers more
From dangers on the roaring main
Than lazy lubbers do ashore.
Ne'er let the noble mind despair,
Though roaring seas run mountains high;
All things are built with equal care,
First rate or wherry, man or fly:
If there's a Pow'r that never errs—
And certainly 'tis so—
For honest hearts what comforts drop—
As well as kings and emperors,
Why not take in tow
Little Ben, that keeps his watch in the main top?

What though to distant climes I roam,
Far from my darling Nancy's charms?
The sweeter is my welcome home,
To blissful moorings in her arms.
Perhaps she on that sober moon
A lover's observation takes,
And longs that little Ben may soon
Relieve that heart which sorely aches:
Ne'er fear; that Pow'r that never errs,
That guards all things below—
For honest hearts, what comforts drop!—
As well as kings and emperors,
Will surely take in tow
Little Ben, that keeps his watch in the main top.

BILL BOBSTAY.

MALLEGRETTO.



BILL BOBSTAY.

A musical score for 'BILL BOBSTAY' featuring two staves of music with lyrics. The music is in common time, key signature of one flat, and consists of treble and bass staves. The lyrics are as follows:

sing like a mer-maid, and foot it so light-ly, The
fore - cas - tle's pride and de - light of the crew! But
poor as a beg - gar, and of - ten in tat - ters, He
went, though his for - tune was kind with - out end: 'For

BILL BOBSTAY.

mo - ney,' cried Bill, 'and them there sort of mat - ters,— For
 mo - ney,' cried Bill, 'and them there sort of mat - ters, What's the
 good on't, d'ye see, but to suc - cour a friend?'

'There's Nipcheese, the purser, by grinding and squeezing,
 First plund'ring then leaving the ship like a rat,
 The eddy of fortune, stands on a stiff breeze in,
 And mounts, fierce as fire, a dog-vane in his hat.
 My bark, though hard storms on life's ocean should rock her,
 Tho' she roll in misfortune and pitch end for end,
 No, never shall Bill keep a shot in the locker,
 When by handing it out he can succour a friend.
 'Let them throw out their wipes, and cry, 'Spite of
 their crosses,
 And forgetful of toil that so hardly they bore,
 That sailors at sea earn their money like horses,
 To squander it idly like asses ashore.' [measure,
 Such lubbers their jaw would coil up, could they

By their feelings, the gen'rous delight without end,
 That gives birth in us tars to that trust of pleasure,
 The handing out rhino to succour a friend.
 'Why, what's all this nonsense they talks of, and pothe,
 About rights of man? What a plague are they at?
 If they mean that each man to his messmate's a brother,
 Why the lubberly swabs, ev'ry fool can tell that.
 The right of us Britons we know's to be loyal,
 In our country's defence our last moments to spend,
 To fight up to the ears to protect the blood royal,
 To be true to our wives, and to succour a friend.'

ROSES AND LILIES.

ALLEGRETTO.

The musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the piano, with the right hand in treble clef and the left hand in bass clef, both in common time (indicated by '8'). The tempo is Allegretto. The bottom two staves are for the voice, with the soprano in treble clef and the alto in bass clef, also in common time (indicated by '8').
The vocal part begins with the lyrics "Beau - ty I sell, who'll buy, who'll buy?" followed by a repeat sign. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support throughout.
The vocal part continues with the lyrics "Ro - ses and Li - lies, girls! here am I: Neither black, brown, nor". The piano accompaniment continues to provide harmonic support throughout.

ROSES AND LILIES.

A musical score for three voices (Soprano, Alto, Bass) in common time, key of G major. The vocal parts are supported by a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are as follows:

fair, shall have cause for complaint, They shall look just like an - - gels,
look just like an - - gels, look just like an - gels, and all with - out
paint: Who'll buy? who'll buy? - Here am I.

The score concludes with a "Fine." at the end of the vocal line.

ROSES AND LILIES.

Come, maids, and be o-eau-ti-fu,- ea-sy's the task; Use the

rouge new-ly ta-ken from mo-des-ty's mask: As it blooms shall fair

truth show your heart in the flush, And du-t-y's en-a-mel shall po-lish the

blush, and du-t-y's en-a-mel shall po-lish the blush; For du-t-y gives

The musical score consists of four staves of music in common time, treble clef, and G major (indicated by a sharp sign). The first staff contains the vocal line and the piano accompaniment. The second staff continues the vocal line. The third staff begins with a piano accompaniment and then continues the vocal line. The fourth staff concludes the vocal line. The lyrics are integrated into the musical structure, appearing below the corresponding staves.

ROSES AND LILIES.

charms that will last all your lives, du - ty gives charms that will

last all your lives: None but du - ti - ful daugh - ters make beau - ti - ful wives.

Repeat

Now's your time, all ye wives, would ye beau - ti - ful grow, Draw some drops from con-

tent's lu - cid fount as they flow; Take the mild-ness of love, Throw a - way all the

ROSES AND LILIES.

A musical score for three voices (Soprano, Alto, Bass) in common time, G major. The vocal parts are supported by a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are as follows:

art, Mix these in en - dear - ment's a - lem - bic, the heart; Let the fire of at -

ten - tion the whole gen - tly boil; Let the fire of at - ten - tion the whole gen - tly

boil, Then add Na - ture's best gloss, Na - ture's best gloss, a per - pet - u - al smile.

Come round me; I've wares for maid, wi - dow, and wife : This es - sence of

The score consists of three staves: Treble, Alto, and Bass. The piano part is indicated by a brace under the bass staff.

ROSES AND LILIES.

truth to the eyes gives a life; This tinc - ture of sweetness shall
 li - lies disclose; And from this, vir - tue's balm will spring beau - ty's best rose: Then,
 while art's in fash - ion, how can you re - fuse That which na - ture and rea - son per -
 mit you to use, That which Na - ture and rea - son per - mit you to use?
Repeat & al Fine.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBBDIN.

THE ROYAL NUPTIALS.

[Written on the occasion of the marriage of the late Duke of York to the Princess Frederica Charlotte, daughter of the King of Prussia, on Sept. 29, 1794.]

To the plain, to the plain, hark! hark! we are summon'd away;

The birds with new notes thrill the heart through the ear;

The trees and flow'rs fresh liv'ry have put on to-day,

And the sun with new glory begins his career!

Some splendid occasion Arcadia invites

To the court of its lov'd, its illustrious lord, Where, while pleasures and sports blend their various delights,

Plenty empties her well-loaded horn on the board.

What, what can it mean?

For our hearts' king and queen

May just fate thus each day some new pleasures prepare.

The sports are begun!

'Tis the nuptials propitious of Fred'rick their son;

And the song, and the dance, and the clarion so loud,

And those acclamations we hear from the crowd, All hail the royal pair.

Now louder it grows! 'tis the bridegroom and bride; What loyalty rent the glad air as it rung,—

He a Mars, in his car, Venus she, by his side;

He a hero, and she from a hero's race sprung.

Venus here finds her court; three sweet Graces are seen,

Than Cytherea more lovely, more mild than her dove,

The fair stranger to hail, in their hearts to reign queen,

Each a sister in beauty, a sister in love:

And see the glad throng,

For the dance and the song

With eager respectful affection prepare!

The sports are begun;

George sanctions the nuptials of Fred'rick his son:

While the song, &c.

Again a loud burst! What new shouts rend the air?

A fond brother a bride to a fond brother gives!

While a father, a mother, a progeny rare,

Each alike imparts transports, and transport receives.

Long, long may their joys in a tide of love flow,

Pure, unmix'd, from the conjugal fount whence they spring:

The first title of human perfection we know

Is the parent whose virtues illustrate the king.

And see the glad throng,

For the dance and the song

With eager respectful attention prepare!

The sports are begun;

George sanctions the nuptials of Fred'rick his son:

While the song, &c.

THE LUCKY ESCAPE.

I THAT once was a ploughman, a sailor am now; No lark, that, aloft, in the sky, Ever flutter'd his wings to give speed to the plough,

Was so gay or so careless as I:

But my friend was a carfind* aboard a king's ship, And he ax'd me to go just to see for a trip;

And he talk'd of such things,

As if sailors were kings,

And so teasing did keep,

That I left my poor plough, to go ploughing the deep:

No longer the horn

Call'd me up in the morn;

I trusted the carfind and the inconstant wind, That made me for to go, and leave my dear behind.

I did not much like for to be aboard a-ship;— When in danger there's no door to creep out:

I lik'd the jolly tars, I lik'd bumbo and flip,

But I did not like rocking about:

By and by comes a hurricane—I did not like that; Next a battle, that many a sailor laid flat:

Ah! cried I, who would roam,

That like me had a home?

Where I'd sow and I'd reap,

Ere I left my poor plough, to go ploughing the deep;

Where sweetly the horn

Call'd me up in the morn,

Ere I trusted the carfind and the inconstant wind, That made me for to go, and leave my dear behind.

At last safe I landed, and in a whole skin,

Nor did I make any long stay,

Ere I found by a friend, who I ax'd for my kin,

Father dead, and my wife run away:

Ah! who but thyself, said I, hast thou to blame? Wives losing their husbands, oft lose their good name:

Ah! why did I roam,

When so happy at home,

I could sow, and could reap,

Ere I left my poor plough to go ploughing the deep:

When so sweetly the horn

Call'd me up in the morn:

Curse light upon the carfind and the inconstant wind,

That made me for to go, and leave my dear behind.

'Why, if that be the case,' said this very same friend,

'And you ben't no more minded to roam,

Gi'e's a shake by the fist, all your care's at an end—

Dad's alive, and your wife safe at home!

Stark staring with joy, I leap'd out of my skin,

Buss'd my wife, mother, sister, and all of my kin:

Now, cried I, let them roam,

Who want a good home?

I am well, so I'll keep,

Nor again leave my plough, to go ploughing the deep:

* Dibdin says that this word, clearly a corruption of carpenter, occasioned him at least forty anonymous letters.

VIRTUE.

ANDANTE.

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff has a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a tempo marking of 'ANDANTE'. It features a dynamic 'mf' and includes a sixteenth-note run. The middle staff has a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff also has a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes in three distinct sections. The first section contains the words 'The pea - sant— The pea - sant,' with 'for' written above the first 'peasant'. The second section contains 'in his hum - ble cot,' followed by 'The Ethiope,—the Ethiope on the'. The music concludes with a final section of notes.

The pea - sant— The pea - sant,
for

in his hum - ble cot, The Ethiope,—the Ethiope on the

VIRTUE.

san - - - dy Nile, The mole - like Lap-land-er, whose grot,— The

mole - like Lap-land-er, Whose grot - - - Boasts lit-tle ge - nial Na-ture's

p

smile: These, bless'd with vir - tue, are not poor; Her cheer-ing voice such

cres

thrilling com - fort brings, It throws a-round the thatch ob-scure—

f

VIRTUE.

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff uses a treble clef, the middle staff an alto clef, and the bottom staff a bass clef. The key signature is one flat, and the time signature is common time. The lyrics are integrated into the vocal line:

It throws a - round the thatch ob - scure A joy, a
joy, a joy that shames the pa-la ces of kings. for

The piano accompaniment is present in the bass and middle staves, providing harmonic support.

Oh virtue! sorrowing man's relief,
In pity by kind Heaven sent,
That tear'st away the thorn of grief,
And plant'st, instead, the rose content!—
Thy smallest spark such lustre owns,
With it such truth and dignity it brings,—
It throws obscurity on thrones,
And beams to dim the diadem of kings!

THE LUCKY ESCAPE.

ALLEGRETTO.

The musical score consists of two staves of music in common time, key signature of one flat. The top staff is for the treble clef (G-clef) voice, and the bottom staff is for the bass clef (F-clef) voice. The tempo is Allegretto, indicated by the text 'ALLEGRETTO.' on the left. The music features eighth-note patterns and dynamic markings such as *p* (piano) and *f* (forte). The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first section of lyrics is:

I that once was a plough-man a sai - lor am now; No

The second section of lyrics is:

lark, that, a - loft, in the sky, E-ver flutter'd his wings to give

THE LUCKY ESCAPE.

speed to the plough, Was so gay or so care - less as

I, — Was so gay or so care - less as I: But my

friend was a car-fin-do a-board a king's ship, And he ax'd me to go just to

sea for a trip; And he talk'd of such things as if sai-lors were kings, And so

THE LUCKY ESCAPE.

teas-ing did keep,—and so teas-ing did keep, That I left my poor plough, to go

plough-ing the deep: No lon - ger the horn Call'd me up in the morn, —No

lon - ger the horn call'd me up in the morn: I trust - ed the car-fin-do and

the in - con - stant wind, That made me for to go, and leave my

THE LUCKY ESCAPE.



I did not much like for to be aboard a-ship ;—
 When in danger there's no door to creep out
 I lik'd the jolly tars, I lik'd bumbo and flip,
 But I did not like rocking about :
 By and by comes a hurricane—I did not like that ;
 Next a battle, that many a sailor laid flat :
 ‘ Ah! ’ cried I, ‘ who would roam,
 That like me had a home ?
 Where I’d sow and I’d reap,
 Ere I left my poor plough, to go ploughing the deep ;
 Where sweetly the horn
 Call’d me up in the morn,
 Ere I trusted the carfindo and the inconstant wind,
 That made me for to go, and leave my dear behind.’

At last safe I landed, and in a whole skin,
 Nor did I make any long stay,
 Ere I found, by a friend, who I ax’d for my kin,
 Father dead, and my wife run away :
 ‘ Ah! who but thyself,’ said I, ‘ hast thou to blame ?’
 Wives losing their husbands, oft lose their good name :’

 Ah! why did I roam,
 When so happy at home ?
 I could sow, and could reap,
 Ere I left my poor plough to go ploughing the deep :
 When so sweetly the horn
 Call’d me up in the morn :
 Curse light upon the carfindo and the inconstant wind.
 That made me for to go, and leave my dear behind.

‘ Why, if that be the case,’ said this very same friend,
 ‘ And you be’n’t no more minded to roam,
 Gi’e’s a shake by the fist, all your care’s at an end—
 Dad’s alive, and your wife safe at home !’
 Stark staring with joy, I leap’d out of my skin,
 Buss’d my wife, mother, sister, and all of my kin :
 ‘ Now,’ cried I, ‘ let them roam,
 Who want a good home ;
 I am well, so I’ll keep,
 Nor again leave my plough to go ploughing the deep :
 Once more shall the horn
 Call me up in the morn,
 Nor shall any damn’d carfindo, nor the inconstant wind.
 E’er tempt me for to go, and leave my dear behind.’

THE BEGGAR.



Why, good peo-ple, all, at what do you pry? Is't the stump of my arm or my
leg? Or the place where I lost my good-look-ing eye? Or is it to see me

The musical score continues with two staves of piano music. The top staff has a treble clef and the bottom staff has a bass clef. The lyrics are written below the notes in the middle of the page.

leg? Or the place where I lost my good-look-ing eye? Or is it to see me

The musical score continues with two staves of piano music. The top staff has a treble clef and the bottom staff has a bass clef. The lyrics are written below the notes in the middle of the page.

THE BEGGAR.

beg? Lord love you, hard for-tune is no-thing at all; And he's but a fool and a

dance Who ex-pects, when he's run-ning full - butt 'gainst a wall, Not to

get a good rap on the sconce,— Not to get a good rap on the

sconce. If beg, bor - row, or steal, be the choice of man-kind, Sure - ly

THE BEGGAR.

The musical score consists of three staves of music in common time, key signature of one flat. The top staff is for the treble clef part, the middle staff for the bass clef part, and the bottom staff for the bass clef part. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes where they fit. The first section of lyrics is:

I choose the best of the three ! Be - sides, as times go, what a
 com-fort to find, That in this bad world there's some cha - ri -
 ty.

The second section of lyrics is:

f

For a soldier I listed, to grow great in fame,
 And be shot at for sixpence a day ;
 Lord help the poor poultry wherever I came,
 For how could I live on my pay ?
 I went to the wars, to fight the king's foes,
 Where the bullets came whistling by, [nose,
 Till they swell'd three ribs, broke the bridge of my eye :—
 Queer'd my napper, and knock'd out my eye :—
 Well, what of all this ? I'd my legs and my arms,
 And at Chelsea to lay up was free ;
 Where my pipe I could smoke, talk of battles and
 And bless his good majesty's charity. [storms,
 But thinking it shameful to live at my ease,
 Away, while the frolic was warm,
 In search of good fortune, I sails the salt seas,
 And so loses my leg and my arm : [self sure ;
 With two strings to my bow, I now thought my -
 But such is the fortune of war,

As a lobster at Greenwich they show'd me the
 At Chelsea they call'd me a tar :— [door,
 So, falling to nothing between those two stools,
 I, the whole world before me, was free
 To ask comforts from misers, and pity from fools,
 And live on that air, men's charity.
 And what now of all this here patter at last ?
 How many who hold their heads high,
 And in fashion's fine whirligig fly round so fast,
 Are but beggars as well as I !
 The courtier he begs for a snug sinecure ;
 For a smile beg your amorous elves ; [the poor,
 Churchwardens hand the plate, and beg round for
 Just to pamper and fatten themselves :—
 Thus we're beggars throughout the whole race of
 As by daily experience we see ; [mankind,
 And, as the times go, what a comfort to find
 That in this bad world there's some charity.

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCI.

Once more shall the horn
Call me up in the morn,
Nor shall any damn'd carfido, nor the inconstant
wind,
E'er tempt me for to go, and leave my dear behind.

THE BEGGAR.

WHY, good people all, at what do you pry ?
Is't the stump of my arm or my leg ?
Or the place where I lost my good-looking eye ?
Or is it to see me beg ?
Lord love you ! hard fortune is nothing at all ;
And he's but a fool and a dunce,
Who expects, when he's running full-butt 'gainst
a wall,
Not to get a good rap on the sconce.
If beg, borrow, or steal, be the choice of mankind,
Surely I choose the best of the three ;
Besides, as times go, what a comfort to find
That in this bad world there's some charity.

For a soldier I listed, to grow great in fame,
And be shot at for sixpence a day ;
Lord help the poor poultry wherever I came,
For how could I live on my pay ?
I went to the wars, to fight the king's foes,
Where the bullets came whistling by,
Till they swivell'd three ribs, broke the bridge of
my nose,
Queer'd my napper, and knock'd out my eye :—
Well, what of all this ? I'd my legs and my arms,
And at Chelsea to lay up was free ;
Where my pipe I could smoke, talk of battles and
storms,
And bless his good majesty's charity.

But thinking it shameful to live at my ease,
Away, while the frolic was warm,
In search of good fortune, I sails the salt seas,
And so loses my leg and my arm :
With two strings to my bow, I now thought myself sure ;
But such is the fortune of war,
As a lobster at Greenwich they show'd me the door,
At Chelsea they call'd me a tar :—
So, falling to nothing between those two stools,
I, the whole world before me, was free
To ask comforts from misers, and pity from fools,
And live on that air, men's charity.

And what now of all this here patter at last ?
How many who hold their heads high,
And in fashion's fine whirligig fly round so fast,
Are but beggars as well as I !
The courtier he begs for a snug sinecure ;
For a smile beg your amorous elves ;
Churchwardens hand the plate, and beg round for
the poor,
Just to pamper and fatten themselves :—

Thus we're beggars throughout the whole race of
mankind,
As by daily experience we see ;
And, as the times go, what a comfort to find
That in this bad world there's some charity.

THE RARA AVIS.

SWEET sung the lark, high pois'd in air,
When, on as sweet a morn,
In Hymen's fane, one fate to share,
Anna and I were sworn.
Sweetly the thrush, in varied song,
The vacant joy increas'd,
When kindly came the village throng
To join the marriage feast.
But sweeter sang the nightingale,
Love's herald of the grove,
When Cynthia, through the silver vale,
Led to the bow'r of love !

The lark's sweet morning-song of joy
Is known by that content ;
A lovely girl and blooming boy
Are giv'n us to cement :
The thrush still merrily at noon
In varied cadence sings,
When smiling Fortune oft some boon,
To cheer our labour, brings :
Nor, time far distant, shall we grieve,
Though blessing now, and bless'd,
When Philomel, at nature's eve,
Shall lull us into rest.

CONJUGAL COMFORT.

'DEAR John, prithee tell me,' cried Ruth,
To Gubbins, her husband, one day,
'Dost not think, in good sooth,
I should swear but the truth,
Did I swear what I'm going to say ?
That wedlock's a state,
In good-humour, that Fate
Contriv'd to bless woman and man,
And that Giles, here, 's an ass,
Who such fortune lets pass ?—
All should marry as soon as they can.'
'Why, Goody,' cried Gubbins, 'you know
My thoughts of the thing 'fore to-day ;
Nor, as I shall show,
Need one many miles go,
To prove what I'm going to say.
Did wives ever scold,
Were they ugly or old,
A spouse were a mis'able man ;
But smooth is their tongue,
They're all comely and young !—
Giles, get married as soon as you can.'

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBBDIN.

'If one's children one wish'd in their grave,
Still plaguing one day after day,
The girls fashion's slaves,
The boys puppies and knaves,
One then might have something to say :
But brats are no evil,—
They ne'er play the devil,—
Nor have wives from their duty e'er ran ;
Then since, my friend Giles,
Wedlock greets you with smiles,
Get married as soon as you can.'

Cried Ruth, ' Will you let your tongue run ?
Here, you scurvy old villain, I rule !'
' Rogues there are,' said the son ;
' But, old Quiz, am I one ?'
Cried the daughter, ' My father's a fool !'
' Don't you see,' Gubbins cried,
' I've the tenderest bride,
And best children that ever bless'd man ?
Giles, would you be driven
To bedlam or heaven,
Get married as soon as you can !'

LEAP-YEAR.

WON'T you hail the leap-year, by that am'rous rogue Janus
Once in ev'ry four years consecrated to Vanus ?
Oh, the fine lovely season for frolic and sporting,
When the men are made love to, the girls go a-courtin' !
Then come round me, dear creatures, and frolic and frisk it,
Sing smallilow, batheshin, ah arroo Pat !
(To be sure, dere won't be some fine fun and gig going forward !)
'Faith and conscience, and you may say dat.
Mister Vanus, come put on a masculine air,
Throw yourself on your knees, curse your stars,
Lie and swear ;
Perfection, says you, to your beauty's a quiz,
Cries Miss Mars, ' Do you love me ?—'I do, damme, whiz !'
Then come round me, dear creatures, and frolic and frisk it,
And dance it, and whisk it,
Sing Smallilow, batheshin, ah arroo Pat !
(To be sure, dere won't be fine sighing and dying—ah, 'faith and lying too !)
'Faith and conscience, and you may say dat.
Rich young ladies of sixty, new-born to love's joys,
Shall hobble, and mumble their courtship to boys ;
Girls shall court from the shiners of old men assistance,
With their eye on a handsome tight lad in the distance !
Then come round me, dear creatures, and frolic and frisk it,
And dance it, and whisk it,

Sing smallilow, batheshin, ah arroo Pat !
(To be sure they won't make the best use of their time, honey !)
'Faith and conscience, and you may say dat.

Miss Maypole shall stoop to the arms of an imp ;
And the tall Lady Gawk shall court my Lord Shrimp ;
Miss Pigmy shall climb round the neck of a tall man,
And the rich Widow Mite court a big Irish jolman. Then come round me, dear creatures, and frolic and frisk it :

And dance it, and whisk it,
Sing smallilow, batheshin, ah arroo Pat !
(To be sure, the little devils won't ogle, as if they had not an hour to live !)
'Faith and conscience, and you may say dat.

Miss Champansy, whose monkey has so many charms,
Of a fine powder'd coxcomb shall rush to the arms ;
To court Mister Sciatric Miss Spasm shall hop,
And Miss Chevaux-de-frise shall address Mr. Crop. Then come round me, dear creatures, and frolic and frisk it,
And dance it, and whisk it,
Sing smallilow, batheshin, ah arroo Pat !
(To be sure, the bold little devils won't put the fellows in a fine flusteration !)
'Faith and conscience, and you may say dat.

Thus you've nothing to do, jolmen all, but sit still,
And 'faith ev'ry Jack will soon find out a Jill ;
Come on, ye bold devils, swear, lie, and make speeches,—

'Tis leap-year, and the petticoats govern the breeches !
Then come round me, dear creatures, and frolic and frisk it,
And dance it, and whisk it,
Sing smallilow, batheshin, ah arroo Pat !
(Ah, the dear creatures ! to be sure, they won't cut a comical figure when they are dressed in their inexpressibles !)
'Faith and conscience, and you may say dat.

TANTIVY.

LET sons of sloth dream time away,
Regardless what may follow,
And rail at us who wake the day
With horn, and hound, and halloo :
We their pursuits should find the same,
To their secrets were we privy ;
Each man to hunt some fav'rite game
Through life goes on tantivy.

The book-worm hunts the ancient schools,
And walks with Aristotle ;
Black-legs and ladies hunt for fools ;
The toper hunts his bottle.

TANTIVY.

ALLEGRO.

Let sons of sloth dream time a-way, Re-gard-less what may fol-low, And
ral at us who wake the day With horn, and hound, and hal-loo,— With
horn, and hound, and hal-loo: We their pur-suits should find the same, To their

TANTIVY.

A musical score for "TANTIVY." The score consists of four staves of music, each with a treble clef, a bass clef, and a basso clef. The key signature is one flat. The music is in common time. The lyrics are integrated into the vocal parts:

se-crets were we pri-vy; Each man to hunt some fav'-rite game Through

life goes on tan - ti - vy,— tan - ti - vy, tan - ti - vy, tan - ti - vy,— Tan-

ti - vy, tan - ti - vy, tan - ti - vy,— Through life goes on, tan - ti - vy.

The score concludes with a dynamic marking "f" followed by two double bar lines.

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCI.

Thus should we find, whate'er the name,
To their secrets were we privy,
Mankind to hunt, &c.

When doctors come in at the death—
For true-bred hunters these are—
The patient cries, with his last breath,
'Et tu, Brute!—then fall Caesar.
Thus we with safety might proclaim,
To their secrets were we privy,
Mankind to hunt, &c.

The misanthrope hunts out for woes ;
Muck-worms are gold pursuing ;
While neck-or-nothing, as he goes,
The spendthrift hunts his ruin,
Thus, &c.

Bold tars for honour hunt the wind ;
Outrageous saints hunt sinners ;
While with round belly, capon-lin'd,
Fat Aldermen hunt dinners.
Thus should we find men's views the same,
To their secrets were we privy,
All, all to hunt, &c.

Fame courtiers hunt from place to place ;
Rakes hunt new sets and features ;
While gen'rous hearts urge on the chase,
To relieve their fellow-creatures :
Let us, while to our actions' aim
Regardless who are privy,
In chase of pleasure, as fair game,
Through life go on tantivy.

POOR PEG.

Poor Peggy lov'd a soldier-lad,
More, far more, than tongue can tell ye ;
Yet was her tender bosom sad,
Whene'er she heard the loud reveillez :
The fifes were screech-owls to her ears,
The drums like thunder seem'd to rattle ;
Ah ! too prophetic were her fears,—
They call'd him from her arms to battle !
There wonders he against the foe
Perform'd, and was with laurels crown'd ;
Vain pomp ! for soon death laid him low
On the cold ground.

Her heart all love, her soul all truth,
That none her fears or flight discover,
Poor Peg, in guise a comely youth,
Follow'd to the field her lover.
Directed, by the fife and drum,
To where the work of death was doing,—
Where of brave hearts the time was come,
Who, seeking honour, grasp at ruin,—
Her very soul was chill'd with woe !
New horror came in ev'ry sound,
And whisper'd death had laid him low
On the cold ground.

With mute affliction as she stood,
While her woman's fears confound her,
With terror all her soul subdu'd,
A mourning train came thronging round her :
The plaintive fife and muffled drum
The martial obsequies discover ;
His name she heard, and cried, ' I come,
Faithful to meet my murder'd lover !'
Then, heart-rent by a sigh of woe,
Fall, to the grief of all around,
Where death had laid her lover low,
On the cold ground !

NOTHING BUT DRUNK.

MANKIND all get drunk, ay, and womankind, too,
As by proof I shall presently show you :—
See that upstart, to pow'r who unworthily grew,
With good-fortune so drunk he don't know you.
Then round with the bowl,—the tree's known by
its trunk,—
'Tis not liquor our natures can vary ;
And pow'r as completely can make a man drunk,
As claret, or sack, or canary.
Why reels that poor wretch ? Why his eyes does
he roll ?
Why mutter and storm in that fashion ?
What wine has he drunk ? How oft emptied the
bowl ?
Not at all, sir ; the man's in a passion !
Then round with the bowl,—the tree's known by
its trunk,—
'Tis not liquor our natures can vary ;
And passion as easy can make mortals drunk,
As claret, or sack, or canary.
See that whimsical creature now cry, and now laugh,
Now rave, and now storm, and now fidget !
He's not drunk, sir, for all he's so like a great calf ;
'Tis jealousy makes him an idiot !
Then round with the bowl,—the tree's known by
its trunk,—
'Tis not liquor our natures can vary ;
And love as completely can make a man drunk,
As claret, or sack, or canary.
See those beautiful creatures like angels come on,
Form'd us fellows to keep to our tether ;
Say, en't it a pity they are all half gone ?
Not with wine, but a cap and a feather !
Then round with the bowl,—the tree's known by
its trunk,—
'Tis not liquor our natures can vary ;
And fashion as easy can make ladies drunk,
As claret, or sack, or canary.
Thus passion, or power, or whim, or caprice,
Poor mortals can make *non se ipse* ;
We swill like a sponge, or a may'r at a feast,
The men drunk, and the ladies all tipsy !

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBBDIN.

Then round with the bowl,—the tree's known by
its trunk,—
'Tis not liquor our natures can vary ;
And folly as easy can make mortals drunk,
As claret, or sack, or canary.

JACK'S GRATITUDE.

I've sail'd round the world without fear or dismay ;
I've seen the wind foul, and I've seen the wind
fair ;
I've been wounded, and shipwreck'd, and trick'd
of my pay ;
But a brave British sailor should never despair.

When in a French prison I chanc'd for to lie,
With no light from the heavens, and scarce any air,
In a dungeon, instead of in battle, to die,
Was dismal, I own ; but I did not despair.

But, Lord ! this is nothing—my poor upper works
Got shatter'd, and I was oblig'd to repair ;
I've been shot by the French, and a slave 'mongst
the Turks ;
But a brave British sailor should never despair.

But for all these misfortunes, I'd yet cut a dash,
Laid snug up my timbers, and never known care,
If the agent had not run away with the cash,
And so many brave fellows plung'd into despair.

So coming long-side of our bold royal tar,*
I told him the rights on't,—for why should I care ?
Of my wrongs and my hardships, and wounds in
the wars,
And if he would right me, I should not despair.
Says his Highness, says he, ' Such ill treatment
as thine
Is a shame, and henceforward thy fortune's my
care :'
So now blessings on him sing out me and mine ;
And thus British seamen should never despair.

So straightway he got it made into a law,
That each tar of his rhino should have his full
share ;
And so agents, d'ye see, may coil up their slack jaw,
For the Duke is our friend, and we need not despair.

Then push round the grog : though we face the
whole world,
Let our royal tar's pennant but fly in the air,
And the sails of our navy again be unfurl'd,
We'll strike wond'ring nations with awe and
despair.

THE DRUMMER.

DAPPER Ted Tattoo is my natty name,
For a roll or a trevally ;
Among the girls loud sounds my fame,
When I their quarters rally.

* His late Majesty, King William IV., is here alluded to, who at that time was an officer in the Royal Navy.

For with fife and drum
I smirking come,
Leer, cock my hat,
Swear, and all that ;
Nor ever dread
A broken head
Where the cause of strife's a doxy :
But as for wars,
And wounds, and scars,
And fighting foes,
And thumps, and blows,
I'd rather fight by proxy.

When chiefs and privates mingled lie,
And gasp without assistance,
In baggage-wagon perch'd up, I
Stand umpire at a distance :
And with fife and drum
I smirking come
'Mongst soldiers' wives,
Who lead merry lives ;
Nor ever dread
A broken head
Where the cause of strife's a doxy :
Let their husbands go,
And, 'gainst the foe,
Gain glory's scars
In honour's wars :
I'd rather fight by proxy.

Yet think ye I am not renown'd
In foreign wars and civil ?
Why, sir, when safe at home and sound,
Zounds, I could fight the devil !
And with fife and drum
Can smirking come,
And cock my hat,
Leer, and all that ;
Nor ever dread
A broken head
When the cause of strife's a doxy :
Let others go,
And, 'gainst the foe,
Gain glory's scars
In honour's wars :
I'd rather fight by proxy.

Thus through the world I make a noise,
Where'er I'm a sojourner,
The mighty wonder and surprise
Of ev'ry chimney corner !
Where with fife and drum
I smirking come,
And rap out Zounds !
And talk of wounds,
Nor ever dread
A broken head
Where the cause of strife's a doxy :
They're fools who go,
And, 'gainst the foe,
In glory's wars
Gain honour's scars :
I'm wise, and fight by proxy.

POOR PEG.

ANDANTE.

Poor Peggy lov'd a sol - dier-lad,
More, far more, than tongue can tell ye ; Yet was her tender bosom sad, When-
e'er she heard the loud re - veil - lez, whene'er she heard the loud re-veil-lez :

POOR PEG.

The fifes were screech-owls to her ears, The
drums like thun - der seem'd to rat - tle, The drums like thun - der
seem'd to rat-tle; Ah!
too pro-phe-tic were her fears,—They call'd him from her arms to battle; they

POOR PEG.

call'd him from her arms to bat - tle! There wonders he a - gainst the foe Per-

mf

form'd, and was with laurels crown'd; Vain pomp! for soon death lald him low

p

On the cold ground, On the cold ground.

pp

Her heart all love, her soul all truth,
That none her fears or flight discover,
Poor Peg, in guise a comely youth,
Follow'd to the field her lover.
Directed, by the fife and drum,
To where the work of death was doing,—
Where of brave hearts the time was come,
Who, seeking honour, grasp at ruin,—
Her very soul was chill'd with woe!
New horror came in ev'ry sound,
And whisper'd death had laid him low,
On the cold ground.

With mute affliction as she stood,
While her woman's fears confound her,
With terror all her soul subdu'd,
A mourning train came thronging round her:
The plaintive fife and muffled drum
The martial obsequies discover;
His name she heard, and cried, 'I come,
Faithful to meet my murder'd lover!'
Then, heart-rent by a sigh of woe,
Fell, to the grief of all around,
Where death had laid her lover low,
On the cold ground!

NOTHING BUT DRUNK.

CON SPIRITO.

A musical score for two voices and piano. The vocal parts are in treble clef, and the piano part is in bass clef. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The tempo is indicated as *f* (fortissimo). The score consists of four systems of music. The first system starts with a forte dynamic. The second system begins with a piano dynamic. The third system contains lyrics: "Man-kind all get drunk, ay, and woman-kind, too, As by proof I shall presently". The fourth system contains lyrics: "show you:—See that upstart, to pow'r who un - wor-thi-ly grew— See that up - start, to". The piano part features sustained notes and chords throughout the piece.

NOTHING BUT DRUNK.

Sheet music for "NOTHING BUT DRUNK." The music is in common time, key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The vocal part (treble clef) and piano accompaniment (bass and treble staves) are provided. The lyrics are:

pow'r who un - wor-thi-ly grew, With good fortune so drunk he don't know you, With good
for - tune so drunk he don't know you. Then round with the bowl, round with the
bowl, round with the bowl—the tree's known by its trunk—'Tis not li - quor our
na - tures can va - ry; And pow'r as com-plete-ly will make a man drunk;

The piano part includes dynamic markings like *mf*.

NOTHING BUT DRUNK.

pow'r as com-plete ly will make a man drunk, As cla-ret, or sack, or ca - na - ry—
f
 pow'r as completely can make a man drunk, As cla-ret, or sack, or ca-
mf
 na - ry.
f

Why reels that poor wretch? Why his eyes does he
 Why mutter and storm in that fashion? [roll?
 What wine has he drunk? How oft tempted the bowl?
 Not at all, sir; the man's in a passion!
 Then round with the bowl,—the tree's known by
 its trunk,—
 'Tis not liquor our natures can vary;
 And passion as easy can make mortals drunk,
 As claret, or sack, or canary.
 See that whimsical creature now cry, and now laugh,
 Now rave, and now storm, and now fidget!
 He's not drunk, sir, for all he's so like a great calf;
 'Tis jealousy makes him an idiot!
 Then round with the bowl,—the tree's known by
 its trunk,—
 'Tis not liquor our natures can vary;
 And love as completely can make a man drunk.
 As claret, or sack, or canary.

See those beautiful creatures like angels come on,
 Form'd us fellows to keep to our tether;
 Say, en't it a pity they are all half gone?
 Not with wine, but a cap and a feather!
 Then round with the bowl,—the tree's known by
 its trunk,—
 'Tis not liquor our natures can vary;
 And fashion as easy can make ladies drunk,
 As claret, or sack, or canary.
 Thus passion, or power, or whim, or caprice,
 Poor mortals can make *non se ipse*;
 We swill like a sponge, or a may'r at a feast,
 The men drunk, and the ladies all tipsy!
 Then round with the bowl,—the tree's known by
 its trunk,—
 'Tis not liquor our natures can vary;
 And folly as easy can make mortals drunk
 As claret, or sack, or canary.

JACK'S GRATITUDE.

MODERATO.

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff is for the treble clef voice, and the bottom staff is for the bass clef voice. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The tempo is MODERATO. The first section of lyrics is:

I've sail'd round the world with-out fear or dis-

The second section of lyrics is:

may; I've seen the wind foul, and I've seen the wind fair; I've been

JACK'S GRATITUDE.

wound-ed, and shipwreck'd, and trick'd of my pay; But a brave Bri-tish
 sai-lor should ne-ver des-pair.

When in a French prison I chanc'd for to lie,
 With no light from the heavens, and scarce any air,
 In a dungeon, instead of in battle, to die,
 Was dismal, I own ; but I did not despair.
 But, Lord ! this is nothing—my poor upper works
 Got shatter'd, and I was oblig'd to repair ;
 I've been shot by the French, and a slave 'mongst
 the Turks ;
 But a brave British sailor should never despair.
 But for all these misfortunes, I'd yet cut a dash,
 Laid snug up my timbers, and never known care,
 If the agent had not run away with the cash,
 And so many brave fellows plung'd into despair.
 So coming long-side of our bold royal tar,
 I told him the rights on't,—for why should I care ?
 Of my wrongs and my hardships, and wounds in the
 wars,
 And if how he would right me, I should not despair.

Says his Highness, says he, ‘ Such ill treatment as
 thine
 Is a shame, and henceforward thy fortune's my
 care :’
 So now blessings on him sing out me and mine ;
 And thus British seamen should never despair.
 So straightway he got it made into a law,
 That each tar of his rhino should have his full
 share ;
 And so agents, d'ye see, may coil up their slack jaw,
 For the Duke is our friend, and we need not despair.
 Then push round the grog : though we face the whole
 world,
 Let our royal tar's pennant but fly in the air,
 And the sails of our navy again be unfurld,
 We'll strike wond'ring nations with awe and
 despair.

TACK AND TACK.

The storm came on ! each rag aboard
Was into tatters rent ;
The rain through ev'ry crevice pour'd ;
All fear'd the dread event :
The pumps were chok'd ! their awful doom
Seem'd sure, at ev'ry strain ;
Each tar despair'd—e'en gallant Tom,
To see his love again !

The leak was stopp'd ! the winds grew dull ;
The billows ceas'd to roar ;
And the torn ship, almost a hull,
In safety reach'd the shore.
Crowds ran to see the wondrous sight :
The storm had rag'd in vain !
And gallant Tom, with true delight,
Beheld his love again.

TACK AND TACK.

ALLEGRETTO.

A - dieu, my gal-lant sai - or ! O - obey thy du - ty's call,— Though
false the sea, there's truth a - shore; Till na - ture is found

TACK AND TACK.

chan-ging, thou'rt sure of con-stant Poll : And yet, as now we sev - er, Ah ! much I fear that
 nev - er Shall I, a - las ! be - hold thee more !

Jack kiss'd her, hitch'd his trowsers, and hied him
 to begone,
 Weigh'd anchor, and lost sight of shore :
 Next day a brisk south-wester a heavy gale brought
 on :
 ‘ Adieu,’ cried Jack, ‘ for ever,
 For much I fear, that never
 Shall I, sweet Poll, behold you more.’

Poll heard that to the bottom was sunk her honest
 And for a while lamented sore; [tar,
 At length, cried she, ‘ I'll marry; what should I
 tarry for ?

I may lead apes for ever ;—
 Jack's gone, and never, never
 Shall I, alas, behold him more !’

Jack safe and sound returning, sought out his
 faithful Poll :
 ‘ Think you,’ cried she, ‘ that false I swore :
 I'm constant still as ever,—tis nature's chang'd,
 that's all ;
 And thus we part for ever,
 For never, sailor, never
 Shall I behold you more !’

‘ If, as you say, that nature, like winds, can shift
 About-ship for a kinder shore; [and veer
 I heard the trick you play'd me, and so, d'y'e see,
 my dear,
 To a kind heart for ever
 I've splic'd myself ;—so never
 Shall I, false Poll, behold you more.’

THE SOLDIER'S LAST RETREAT.

ANDANTINO.

A - las! the bat - tle's lost and won: Dick Flint's borne off the
field By Death, from whom the stout - est run,—Who makes whole ar - mies
yield! Dick well in ho - nour's foot-steps trod, Brav'd war and its a-

THE SOLDIER'S LAST RETREAT.

The musical score consists of two staves of music in common time, key signature of one flat. The top staff uses a treble clef and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The score includes dynamic markings such as *f* (fortissimo) and *>* (slur).

alarm; Now death be - beneath the hum - ble sod—Now Death be - beneath the

hum - ble sod Has ground - ed his arms!— ground-ed his

arms!— Now Death be - beneath the hum - ble sod, Has ground - ed his

arms!

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ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCI.

THE BEAU.

LADIES and gentlemen, I'm a beau,—
A beau I have been all my life ;
And yet may the devil fetch me, if I know
How I, whose whole trade is
To tickle up the ladies,
Have never yet got me a wife.
I started in life 'bout the year sixty-two ;
My small-clothes were scarlet, my stockings were
blue,
My shoes were half-boots ; pudding-sleeves, too, I
wore ;
My hat in the true pistol cock ; and the more
O'er the fair to prevail,
I sported a fine ramillies for a cue,—
For what's a beau or a monkey without a tail ?

Fashion thus yields to fashion, as night yields to day :
The huge hat, that was cock'd with an air,
Soon was kick'd out of doors, or the smart Nivernois
The charm'd world sung the praises,
The belles put on jazies,
And the beaux sported now their own hair.
By that time it came to the year sev'nty-two :
The fashions a mixture of old were and new ;
Your hair like a bushel might look, or a wig,
Or nine hairs of a side, with the tail of a pig ;
For me, o'er the fair to prevail,
I'd sev'n yards of ribbon to make me a queue ;
For what's a beau or a monkey without a tail ?

Again with the varying modes did I jump,—
Of fashion I gave the grand pas :
My coat hung to my heels, or was tuck'd to my
rump ;
In all circles shoving,
A beau, or a sloven
With a slouch, or a chapeau-de-bras.
Thus I sported my figure about eighty-two :
Drove a two-story gig, that four pony rats drew ;
Wore a coat with sev'n capes, thirteen waistcoats
in one ;
And, that I might ne'er be in folly outdone,
With the fair to prevail,
A large porter's knot would have scarce held my
queue ;—
For what's a beau or a monkey without a tail ?

Thus in all sorts of modish assemblies the first,
Have my purse, health, and spirits, been hack'd ;
But the polish worn off, nothing left but the rust,
I of fashion's strange stages,
Like Shakspeare's Sev'n Ages,
Play the farce, though I'm in the last act.
Arriv'd to the year of our Lord ninety-two,
I dress, and I coax, and I flirt, but 'twont do :
At a hundred-and-one I should still be a fop ;
But done up, and nick-nam'd by the world the
Gray Crop,
Can I hope to prevail ?
To play gallantry's part I have now lost my cue,—
For what's a beau or a monkey without a tail ?

THE SOLDIER'S LAST RETREAT.

ALAS ! the battle 's lost and won :
Dick Flint 's borne off the field
By Death, from whom the stoutest run,—
Who makes whole armies yield !
Dick well in honour's footsteps trod,
Brav'd war and its alarms ;
Now death beneath the humble sod
Has grounded his arms !

Dick 's march'd before us, on a route—
Where ev'ry soldier 's sent ;
His fire is dead, his courage out,
His ammunition spent :
His form, so active, 's now a clod ;
His grace no longer charms ;
For death beneath the humble sod
Has grounded his arms !

Come, fire a volley o'er his grave ;
Dead-marches let us beat ;
War's honours well become the brave,
Who sound their last retreat.
All must obey Fate's awful nod,
Whom life this moment warms ;
Death, soon or late, beneath the sod
Will ground the soldier's arms !

TACK AND TACK.

ADIEU, my gallant sailor ! obey thy duty's call,—
Though false the sea, there 's truth ashore ;
Till nature is found changing, thou 'rt sure of con-
stant Poll :
And yet, as now we sever,
Ah ! much I fear that never
Shall I, alas ! behold thee more !

Jack kiss'd her, hitch'd his trowsers, and hied him
to begone,
Weigh'd anchor, and lost sight of shore :
Next day a brisk south-wester a heavy gale brought
on :
‘ Adieu,’ cried Jack, ‘ for ever,
For much, I fear, that never
Shall I, sweet Poll, behold you more.’

Poll heard that to the bottom was sunk her honest tar,
And for a while lamented sore ;
At length, cried she, ‘ I'll marry ; what should I
tarry for ?
I may lead apes for ever ;—
Jack 's gone, and never, never
Shall I, alas, behold him more !’

Jack safe and sound returning, sought out his faith-
ful Poll :
‘ Think you,’ cried she, ‘ that false I swore ?
I'm constant still as ever,—tis nature 's chang'd,
that 's all ;
And thus we part for ever,
For never, sailor, never
Shall I behold you more !’

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBBDIN.

' If, as you say, that nature, like winds, can shift
and veer
About-ship for a kinder shore ;
I heard the trick you play'd me, and so, d'ye see,
my dear,
To a kind heart for ever
I've splic'd myself, so never
Shall I, false Poll, behold you more.'

THE REWARD OF FIDELITY.
THE storm had ceas'd, the vessel, striving,
Lay on the frightful breakers, torn,
When, scarcely the drown'd crew surviving,
Jack pin'd his destiny forlorn :
' Where are those friends whom late I cherish'd,
That manly, noble, honest band ?
Ah ! do I live, my messmates perish'd,
To wail them in a foreign land ?
' Where is my love, my charming Kitty ?
Alas ! unmindful of my grief,
To others' woes she gives her pity,
Nor thinks her Jack most wants relief.
But see what numbers curious thronging,
To view our mis'ry, crowd the strand !
Hard fate's perhaps my life prolonging,
For murder in a foreign land.
' But do my flatt'r'ing eyes deceive me ?
Or, if they do, what out-stretch'd arms
Are these thus tender'd to relieve me ?—
'Tis she ! 'tis she ! in all her charms.
My faith and truth, to so much beauty,
Fate, to reward, with partial hand
This pattern sends of love and duty,
To save me in a foreign land !'

THE SAILOR'S CONSOLATION.
SPANNING Jack was so comely, so pleasant, so jolly,
Though winds blew great guns, still he'd whistle
and sing ;
Jack lov'd his friend, and was true to his Molly,
And, if honour gives greatness, was great as a
king :
One night, as we drove with two reefs in the main-
sail,
And the scud came on low'r'ing upon a lee shore,
Jack went up aloft, for to hand the top-ga'nt sail,
A spray wash'd him off, and we ne'er saw him
more :—
But grieving's a folly,
Come, let us be jolly,
If we've troubles at sea, boys, we've pleasures
on shore.
Whistling Tom still of mischief, or fun in the middle,
Thro' life in all weathers at random would jog ;
He'd dance, and he'd sing, and he'd play on the
fiddle,
And swig with an air his allowance of grog :

Long-side of a Don, in the Terrible frigate,
As yard-arm and yard-arm we lay off the shore ;
In and out whistling Tom did so caper and jig it,
That his head was shot off, and we ne'er saw
him more :
But grieving's a folly, &c.

Bonny Ben was to each jolly messmate a brother,
He was manly and honest, good-natur'd and free,
If ever one tar was more true than another

To his friend and his duty, that sailor was he :
One day with the davit to weigh the cadge-anchor,
Ben went in the boat on bold craggy shore ;
He over-board tipt, when a shark, and a spanker,
Soon nipt him in two, and we ne'er saw him
more :—

But grieving's a folly, &c.

But what of it all, lads, shall we be down-hearted
Because that mayhap we now take our last sup ?
Life's cable must one day or other be parted,
And death in safe moorings will bring us all up :
But 'tis always the way on't; one scarce finds a
brother

Fond as pitch, honest, hearty, and true to the
core,
But by battle, or storm, or some damn'd thing or
other,
He's popp'd off the hooks, and we ne'er see him
more !—

But grieving's a folly, &c.

MEUM AND TUUM.

ARRAH if 'tis no lie in this world we are living,—
And it en't, for it's seen ev'ry day,—
That the truest of joys honest hearts are receiving
Are those they are giving away :
Sure men are all sisters, and cousins, and brothers;
And 'tis clear to the stupidest elf,
That the best kind of comfort a man gives to others,
Is that which he takes to himself :
Thus this bodder and game, this same meum and
tuum,

Means the devil a meaning but suum.

For your friend's peace of mind should you let your
mouth water,
And be getting the wish you obtain ;
In possessing his purse, or his wife, or his daughter,
What delight would the joy be but pain !
Then let knav'ry alone, the vain work's useless
labour,
Be 't for love, or for pow'r, or for pelf ;
For every wrong that a man does his neighbour,
Sure is he not doing himself ?
Thus this bodder, &c.

If I'm rich, and should choose to do good to another,
Arrah 'fai for the selfish design
Devil tank me ; for if you allow I'm his brother,
'Fait and conscience sure isn't he mine ?

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCI.

'But,' says musty Morality, 'choose objects fitting:
Just your sermons lay by on the shelf;
Why, you stupid old big-wig, arrah! sure, en't I
getting,
For one joy of his, ten for myself?
Thus, this bodder, &c.'

Then from such botheration in pity release us;
Fortune all you bestow will repay;
And though poor as Job, you'll be rich as Crœsus,
For you'll keep what you've given away:—
The fine gen'rous maxim thenwhile you're pursuing,
Spend your all to hoard mountains of pelf;
Soar high while you're sinking, be prosp'r'ous in ruin,
And give joy, to enjoy it yourself.

And thus have I prov'd, &c.

THE SAILOR'S RETURN.

[In some publications, Dibdin entitled this song
'William and Nancy.]

BLEAK was the morn when William left his Nancy!
The fleecy snow frown'd on the whiten'd shore,
Cold as the fears that chill'd her dreary fancy,
While she her sailor, from her bosom tore:
To his fill'd heart a little Nancy pressing,
While a young tar the ample trousers ey'd,
In need of firmness, in this state distressing,
Will check'd the rising sigh, and fondly cried:
‘ Ne'er fear the perils of the fickle ocean,
Sorrow's all a notion,
Grief all in vain;
Sweet love, take heart,
For we but part
In joy to meet again.’

Loud blew the wind, when, leaning on that willow
Where the dear name of William printed stood,
Poor Nancy saw, toss'd by a faithless billow,
A ship dash'd gainst a rock that topp'd the flood:
Her tender heart, with frantic sorrow thrilling,
Wild as the storm that howl'd along the shore,
No longer could resist a stroke so killing,—
“ Tis he! she cried, ‘ nor shall I see him more!
‘ Why did he ever trust the fickle ocean?
Sorrow's my portion,
Misery and pain!
Break, my poor heart,
For now we part,
Never to meet again.’

Mild was the eye, all nature was smiling,
Four tedious years had Nancy pass'd in grief,
When, with her children the sad hours beguiling,
She saw her William fly to her relief!
Sunk in his arms with bliss he quickly found her,
But soon return'd to life, to love, and joy;
While her grown young ones anxiously surround her,
And now Will clasps his girl, and now his boy:
Did not I say, though 'tis a fickle ocean,
Sorrow's all a notion,
Grief all in vain?
My joy how sweet!
For now we meet,
Never to part again!

LIFE'S A PUN.

‘ **LIFE** 's a jest,’ says the poet; arrah! sure, 'tis.
a pun—
Men call black for white through some quibbling
pretence,
And expressions still use where the sound is all
one,
Tho' as distant as London from Dublin the sense.
Then let 'em now just go their gig and their fun,—
This life, by my soul, 's nothing more than a pun,
Where men play on our passions to turn us all fools,
And make puns and quibbles, that we may make
bulls.

That he's o'er head and ears the fond lover de-
clares,
And must marry or hang: the dear creature, beset,
Consents, little dreaming he puns while he swears,
For the taeft does not mean he's in love, but in
debt.

Then let them now just go their gig and their fun,—
This life, by my soul, 's nothing more than a pun,
Where fine dashing lovers fond widows turn fools,
And make puns and quibbles, that they may make
bulls.

‘ That sweet babe,’ says old Bolus, ‘ I'll quickly
restore
To that mother from whom the dear creature
had birth,’
Punning rogue! by and by, sir, the child is no more;
So he lies and speaks truth, for he meant mo-
ther earth!

Then let 'em now just go their gig and their fun,—
This life, by my soul, 's nothing more than a pun;
And thus learned physicians their patients turn
fools,
And make puns and quibbles, that they may make
bulls.

Says the courtier, ‘ My friend, you shall have a
snug place,—
A douceur or two more, and your suit cannot fail!’
The dear punning courtier gets into disgrace,
And you get, sure enough, a snug place in a jail!
Then let 'em now just go their gig and their fun,—
This life, by my soul, 's nothing more than a pun;
And thus courtiers turn their dependants and fools,
And make puns and quibbles, that they may make
bulls.

Thus one thing they say, and another express;
Thus feathers cut throats, thus are sycophants
civil;
Don't bishops and ladies say No, and mean Yes?
Don't we call women angels for playing the devil?
Then let 'em now just go their gig and their fun,—
This life, by my soul, 's nothing more than a pun:
Thus men laugh in their sleeves, while they turn
their friends fools,
And make puns and quibbles, that they may make
bulls.

THE LUCKY ESCAPE.

ALLEGRETTO.

The musical score consists of two staves of music for piano, with lyrics integrated into the vocal line. The top staff is for the treble clef (G-clef) and the bottom staff is for the bass clef (F-clef). The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (indicated by 'C'). The tempo is Allegretto, as indicated by the bracketed text above the first staff. The music features various dynamics, including *p* (piano) and *f* (forte). The lyrics are:

I that once was a plough-man a sai - lor am now; No
lark, that, a - loft, in the sky, E-ver flutter'd his wings to give

THE LUCKY ESCAPE.

A musical score for 'The Lucky Escape' featuring two staves of music and lyrics. The music is in common time, with a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines, appearing below the notes. The score consists of six systems of music, each starting with a treble clef and a bass clef. The lyrics are:

speed to the plough, Was so gay or so care - less as
I, — Was so gay or so care - less as I: But my
friend was a car-fin-do a-board a king's ship, And he ax'd me to go just to
sea for a trip; And he talk'd of such things as if sai-lors were kings, And so

THE LUCKY ESCAPE.

teas-ing did keep,—and so teas-ing did keep, That I left my poor plough, to go

plough-ing the deep : No lon - ger the horn Call'd me up in the morn,—No

lon - ger the horn call'd me up in the morn : I trust - ed the car-fin-do and

the in - con - stant wind, That made me for to go, and leave my

THE LUCKY ESCAPE.



I did not much like for to be aboard a-ship ;—
 When in danger there's no door to creep out
 I lik'd the jolly tars, I lik'd bumbo and flip,
 But I did not like rocking about :
 By and by comes a hurricane—I did not like that;
 Next a battle, that many a sailor laid flat :
 ‘ Ah ! ’ cried I, ‘ who would roam,
 That like me had a home ?
 Where I’d sow and I’d reap,
 Ere I left my poor plough, to go ploughing the deep ;
 Where sweetly the horn
 Call’d me up in the morn,
 Ere I trusted the carfindo and the inconstant wind,
 That made me for to go, and leave my dear behind.’

At last safe I landed, and in a whole skin,
 Nor did I make any long stay,
 Ere I found, by a friend, who I ax’d for my kin,
 Father dead, and my wife run away :
 ‘ Ah ! who but thyself,’ said I, ‘ hast thou to blame ?
 Wives losing their husbands, oft lose their good name :’

 Ah ! why did I roam,
 When so happy at home ?
 I could sow, and could reap,
 Ere I left my poor plough to go ploughing the deep :
 When so sweetly the horn
 Call’d me up in the morn :
 Curse light upon the carfindo and the inconstant wind,
 That made me for to go, and leave my dear behind.

‘ Why, if that be the case,’ said this very same friend,
 ‘ And you be’nt no more minded to roam,
 Gi’e’s a shake by the fist, all your care’s at an end—
 Dad’s alive, and your wife safe at home !’
 Stark staring with joy, I leap’d out of my skin,
 Buss’d my wife, mother, sister, and all of my kin :
 ‘ Now,’ cried I, ‘ let them roam,
 Who want a good home ;
 I am well, so I’ll keep,
 Nor again leave my plough to go ploughing the deep :
 Once more shall the horn
 Call me up in the morn,
 Nor shall any damn’d carfindo, nor the inconstant wind,
 E’er tempt me for to go, and leave my dear behind.’

THE BEGGAR.

VIVACE.



Why, good peo-ple, all, at what do you pry? Is't the stump of my arm or my



leg? Or the place where I lost my good-look-ing eye? Or is it to see me



THE BEGGAR.

A musical score for 'The Beggar' featuring three staves of music. The top staff uses a treble clef, the middle staff an alto clef, and the bottom staff a bass clef. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The lyrics are:

beg? Lord love you, hard for-tune is no-thing at all; And he's but a fool and a
dunce Who ex-pects, when he's run-ning full - butt 'gainst a wall, Not to
get a good rap on the sconce,— Not to get a good rap on the
sconce. If beg, bor - row, or steal, be the choice of man-kind, Sure - ly

THE BEGGAR.

The musical score consists of three staves of music in common time, treble clef, and B-flat key signature. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first staff begins with the lyrics "I choose the best of the three! Be - sides, as times go, what a". The second staff begins with "com-fort to find, That in this bad world there's some cha - ri -". The third staff begins with "ty.". The music features various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The bassoon part includes dynamic markings like [door] and f.

For a soldier I listed, to grow great in fame,
And be shot at for sixpence a day;
Lord help the poor poultry wherever I came,
For how could I live on my pay?
I went to the wars, to fight the king's foes,
Where the bullets came whistling by, [nose,
Till they swivell'd three ribs, broke the bridge of my
Queer'd my napper, and knock'd out my eye:—
Well, what of all this? I'd my legs and my arms,
And at Chelsea to lay up was free;
Where my pipe I could smoke, talk of battles and
And bless his good majesty's charity. [storms,
But thinking it shameful to live at my ease,
Away, while the frolic was warm,
In search of good fortune, I sails the salt seas,
And so loses my leg and my arm: [self sure;
With two strings to my bow, I now thought my-
But such is the fortune of war,

As a lobster at Greenwich they show'd me the
At Chelsea they call'd me a tar:— [door,
So, falling to nothing between those two stools,
I, the whole world before me, was free
To ask comforts from misers, and pity from fools,
And live on that air, men's charity.
And what now of all this here patter at last?
How many who hold their heads high,
And in fashion's fine whirligig fly round so fast,
Are but beggars as well as I!
The courtier he begs for a snug sinecure;
For a smile beg your amorous elves; [the poor,
Churchwardens hand the plate, and beg round for
Just to pamper and fatten themselves:—
Thus we're beggars throughout the whole race of
As by daily experience we see; [mankind,
And, as the times go, what a comfort to find
That in this bad world there's some charity.

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCI.

Once more shall the horn
Call me up in the morn,
Nor shall any dam'd carfindo, nor the inconstant
wind,
E'er tempt me for to go, and leave my dear behind.

THE BEGGAR.

Why, good people all, at what do you pry ?
Is't the stump of my arm or my leg ?
Or the place where I lost my good-looking eye ?
Or is it to see me beg ?
Lord love you ! hard fortune is nothing at all ;
And he's but a fool and a dunce,
Who expects, when he's running full-butt 'gainst
a wall,
Not to get a good rap on the sconce.
If beg, borrow, or steal, be the choice of mankind,
Surely I choose the best of the three ;
Besides, as times go, what a comfort to find
That in this bad world there's some charity.

For a soldier I listed, to grow great in fame,
And be shot at for sixpence a day ;
Lord help the poor poultry wherever I came,
For how could I live on my pay ?
I went to the wars, to fight the king's foes,
Where the bullets came whistling by,
Till they swivell'd three ribs, broke the bridge of
my nose,
Queer'd my napper, and knock'd out my eye :—
Well, what of all this ? I'd my legs and my arms,
And at Chelsea to lay up was free ;
Where my pipe I could smoke, talk of battles and
storms,
And bless his good majesty's charity.

But thinking it shameful to live at my ease,
Away, while the frolic was warm,
In search of good fortune, I sails the salt seas,
And so loses my leg and my arm :
With two strings to my bow, I now thought my-
self sure ;
But such is the fortune of war,
As a lobster at Greenwich they show'd me the
door,
At Chelsea they call'd me a tar :—
So, falling to nothing between those two stools,
I, the whole world before me, was free
To ask comforts from misers, and pity from fools,
And live on that air, men's charity.

And what now of all this here patter at last ?
How many who hold their heads high,
And in fashion's fine whirligig fly round so fast,
Are but beggars as well as I !
The courtier he begs for a snug sinecure ;
For a smile beg your amorous elves ;
Churchwardens hand the plate, and beg round for
the poor,
Just to pamper and fatten themselves :—

Thus we're beggars throughout the whole race of
mankind,
As by daily experience we see ;
And, as the times go, what a comfort to find
That in this bad world there's some charity.

THE RARA AVIS.

SWEET sung the lark, high pois'd in air,
When, on as sweet a morn,
In Hymen's fane, one fate to share,
Anna and I were sworn.
Sweetly the thrush, in varied song,
The vacant joy increas'd,
When kindly came the village throng
To join the marriage feast.
But sweeter sang the nightingale,
Love's herald of the grove,
When Cynthia, through the silver vale,
Led to the bow'r of love !

The lark's sweet morning-song of joy
Is known by that content ;
A lovely girl and blooming boy
Are giv'n us to cement :
The thrush still merrily at noon
In varied cadence sings,
When smiling Fortune oft some boon,
To cheer our labour, brings :
Nor, time far distant, shall we grieve,
Though blessing now, and bless'd,
When Philomel, at nature's eve,
Shall lull us into rest.

CONJUGAL COMFORT.

' Dear John, prithee tell me,' cried Ruth,
To Gubbins, her husband, one day,
' Dost not think, in good sooth,
I should swear but the truth,
Did I swear what I'm going to say ?
That wedlock 's a state,
In good-humour, that Fate
Contriv'd to bless woman and man,
And that Giles, here, 's an ass,
Who such fortune lets pass ?—
All should marry as soon as they can.'
' Why, Goody,' cried Gubbins, ' you know
My thoughts of the thing 'fore to-day ;
Nor, as I shall show,
Need one many miles go,
To prove what I'm going to say.
Did wives ever scold,
Were they ugly or old,
A spouse were a mis'able man ;
But smooth is their tongue,
They're all comely and young !—
Giles, get married as soon as you can.'

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBBDIN.

'If one's children one wish'd in their grave,
Still plaguing one day after day,
The girls fashion's slaves,
The boys puppies and knaves,
One then might have something to say :
But brats are no evil,—
They ne'er play the devil,—
Nor have wives from their duty e'er ran ;
Then since, my friend Giles,
Wedlock greets you with smiles,
Get married as soon as you can.'

Cried Ruth, 'Will you let your tongue run ?
Here, you scurvy old villain, I rule !'
'Rogues there are,' said the son ;
'But, old Quiz, am I one ?'
Cried the daughter, 'My father's a fool !'
'Don't you see,' Gubbins cried,
'I've the tenderest bride,
And best children that ever bless'd man ?
Giles, would you be driven
To bedlam or heaven,
Get married as soon as you can !'

LEAP-YEAR.

Won't you hail the leap-year, by that am'rous
rogue Janus
Once in ev'ry four years consecrated to Vanus ?
Oh, the fine lovely season for frolic and sporting,
When the men are made love to, the girls go a-
courting !
Then come round me, dear creatures, and frolic
and frisk it,
Sing smallilow, batheshin, ah arroo Pat !
(To be sure, dere won't be some fine fun and gig
going forward !)
'Faith and conscience, and you may say dat.
Mister Vanus, come put on a masculine air,
Throw yourself on your knees, curse your stars,
lie and swear ;
Perfection, says you, to your beauty's a quiz,
Cries Miss Mars, 'Do you love me ?—'I do,
damme, whiz !'
Then come round me, dear creatures, and frolic
and frisk it,
And dance it, and whisk it,
Sing Smallilow, batheshin, ah arroo Pat !
(To be sure, dere won't be fine sighing and dying—
ah, 'faith and lying too !)
'Faith and conscience, and you may say dat.
Rich young ladies of sixty, new-born to love's joys,
Shall hobble, and mumble their courtship to boys ;
Girls shall court from the shiners of old men as-
sistance,
With their eye on a handsome tight lad in the dis-
tance !
Then come round me, dear creatures, and frolic
and frisk it,
And dance it, and whisk it,

Sing smallilow, batheshin, ah arroo Pat !
(To be sure they won't make the best use of their
time, honey !)
'Faith and conscience, and you may say dat.
Miss Maypole shall stoop to the arms of an imp ;
And the tall Lady Gawkys shall court my Lord Shrimp;
Miss Pigmy shall climb round the neck of a tall
man,
And the rich Widow Mite court a big Irish jolman.
Then come round me, dear creatures, and frolic
and frisk it :
And dance it, and whisk it,
Sing smallilow, batheshin, ah arroo Pat !
(To be sure, the little devils won't ogle, as if they
had not an hour to live !)
'Faith and conscience, and you may say dat.
Miss Champansy, whose monkey has so many
charms,
Of a fine powder'd coxcomb shall rush to the arms ;
To court Mister Sciatric Miss Spasm shall hop,
And Miss Chevaux-de-frise shall address Mr. Crop.
Then come round me, dear creatures, and frolic
and frisk it,
And dance it, and whisk it,
Sing smallilow, batheshin, ah arroo Pat !
(To be sure, the bold little devils won't put the
fellows in a fine flusteration !)
'Faith and conscience, and you may say dat.
Thus you've nothing to do, jolmen all, but sit still,
And 'faith ev'ry Jack will soon find out a Jill ;
Come on, ye bold devils, swear, lie, and make
speeches,—
'Tis leap-year, and the petticoats govern the
breeches !
Then come round me, dear creatures, and frolic
and frisk it,
And dance it, and whisk it,
Sing smallilow, batheshin, ah arroo Pat !
(Ah, the dear creatures ! to be sure, they won't cut
a comical figure when they are dressed in their
inexpressibles !)
'Faith and conscience, and you may say dat.

TANTIVY.

LET sons of sloth dream time away,
Regardless what may follow,
And rail at us who wake the day
With horn, and hound, and halloo :
We their pursuits should find the same,
To their secrets were we privy ;
Each man to hunt some fav'rite game
Through life goes on tantivy.
The book-worm hunts the ancient schools,
And walks with Aristotle ;
Black-legs and ladies hunt for fools ;
The toper hunts his bottle.

TANTIVY.

ALLEGRO.

Let sons of sloth dream time a-way, Re-gard-less what may fol-low, And
rail at us who wake the day With horn, and hound, and hal-loo,— With
horn, and hound, and hal-loo: We their pur-suits should find the same, To their

TANTIVY.

A musical score for 'TANTIVY.' The score consists of four staves of music, each with a treble clef, a bass clef, and a common time signature. The music is in a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are integrated into the vocal parts:

se-crets were we pri-vy; Each man to hunt some fav'-rite game Through

life goes on tan - ti - vy,— tan - ti - vy, tan - ti - vy, tan - ti - vy,— Tan-

ti - vy, tan - ti - vy, tan - ti - vy,— Through life goes on, tan - ti - vy.

The score includes dynamic markings such as *f* (fortissimo) at the beginning of the fourth staff.

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCI.

Thus should we find, whate'er the name,
To their secrets were we privy,
Mankind to hunt, &c.

When doctors come in at the death—
For true-bred hunters these are—
The patient cries, with his last breath,
'Et tu, Brute!—then fall Cæsar.'
Thus we with safety might proclaim,
To their secrets were we privy,
Mankind to hunt, &c.

The misanthrope hunts out for woes ;
Muck-worms are gold pursuing ;
While neck-or-nothing, as he goes,
The spendthrift hunts his ruin,
Thus, &c.

Bold tars for honour hunt the wind ;
Outrageous saints hunt sinners ;
While with round belly, capon-lin'd,
Fat Aldermen hunt dinners.
Thus should we find men's views the same,
To their secrets were we privy,
All, all to hunt, &c.

Fame courtiers hunt from place to place ;
Rakes hunt new sets and features ;
While gen'rous hearts urge on the chase,
To relieve their fellow-creatures :
Let us, while to our actions' aim
Regardless who are privy,
In chase of pleasure, as fair game,
Through life go on tantivy.

POOR PEG.

Poor Peggy lov'd a soldier-lad,
More, far more, than tongue can tell ye ;
Yet was her tender bosom sad,
Whene'er she heard the loud reveillez :
The fifes were screech-owls to her ears,
The drums like thunder seem'd to rattle ;
Ah ! too prophetic were her fears,—
They call'd him from her arms to battle !
There wonders he against the foe
Perform'd, and was with laurels crown'd ;
Vain pomp ! for soon death laid him low
On the cold ground.

Her heart all love, her soul all truth,
That none her fears or flight discover,
Poor Peg, in guise a comely youth,
Follow'd to the field her lover.
Directed, by the fife and drum,
To where the work of death was doing,
Where of brave hearts the time was come,
Who, seeking honour, grasp at ruin,—
Her very soul was chill'd with woe !
New horror came in ev'ry sound,
And whisper'd death had laid him low
On the cold ground.

With mute affliction as she stood,
While her woman's fears confound her,
With terror all her soul subdu'd,
A mourning train came thronging round her :
The plaintive fife and muffled drum
The martial obsequies discover ;
His name she heard, and cried, ' I come,
Faithful to meet my murder'd lover !'
Then, heart-rent by a sigh of woe,
Fell, to the grief of all around,
Where death had laid her lover low,
On the cold ground !

NOTHING BUT DRUNK.

MANKIND all get drunk, ay, and womankind, too,
As by proof I shall presently show you :—
See that upstart, to pow'r who unworthily grew,
With good-fortune so drunk he don't know you.
Then round with the bowl,—the tree's known by
its trunk,—
'Tis not liquor our natures can vary ;
And pow'r as completely can make a man drunk,
As claret, or sack, or canary.
Why reels that poor wretch ? Why his eyes does
he roll ?
Why mutter and storm in that fashion ?
What wine has he drunk ? How oft emptied the
bowl ?
Not at all, sir ; the man's in a passion !
Then round with the bowl,—the tree's known by
its trunk,—
'Tis not liquor our natures can vary ;
And passion as easy can make mortals drunk,
As claret, or sack, or canary.

See that whimsical creature now cry, and now laugh,
Now rave, and now storm, and now fidget !
He's not drunk, sir, for all he's so like a great calf ;
'Tis jealousy makes him an idiot !
Then round with the bowl,—the tree's known by
its trunk,—
'Tis not liquor our natures can vary ;
And love as completely can make a man drunk,
As claret, or sack, or canary.
See those beautiful creatures like angels come on,
Form'd us fellows to keep to our tether ;
Say, en't it a pity they are all half gone ?
Not with wine, but a cap and a feather !
Then round with the bowl,—the tree's known by
its trunk,—
'Tis not liquor our natures can vary ;
And fashion as easy can make ladies drunk,
As claret, or sack, or canary.
Thus passion, or power, or whim, or caprice,
Poor mortals can make non se ipse ;
We swill like a sponge, or a may'r at a feast,
The men drunk, and the ladies all tipsy !

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBBDIN.

Then round with the bowl,—the tree's known by
its trunk,—
'Tis not liquor our natures can vary ;
And folly as easy can make mortals drunk,
As claret, or sack, or canary.

JACK'S GRATITUDE.

I've sail'd round the world without fear or dismay ;
I've seen the wind foul, and I've seen the wind
fair ;
I've been wounded, and shipwreck'd, and trick'd
of my pay ;
But a brave British sailor should never despair.

When in a French prison I chanc'd for to lie,
With no light from the heavens, and scarce any air,
In a dungeon, instead of in battle, to die,
Was dismal, I own ; but I did not despair.

But, Lord ! this is nothing—my poor upper works
Got shatter'd, and I was oblig'd to repair ;
I've been shot by the French, and a slave 'mongst
the Turks ;
But a brave British sailor should never despair.

But for all these misfortunes, I'd yet cut a dash,
Laid snug up my timbers, and never known care,
If the agent had not run away with the cash,
And so many brave fellows plung'd into despair.

So coming long-side of our bold royal tar,*
I told him the rights on't,—for why should I care ?
Of my wrongs and my hardships, and wounds in
the wars,
And if he would right me, I should not despair.

Says his Highness, says he, ' Such ill treatment
as thine
Is a shame, and henceforward thy fortune's my
care :'

So now blessings on him sing out me and mine ;
And thus British seamen should never despair.

So straightway he got it made into a law,
That each tar of his rhino should have his full
share ;

And so agents, d'ye see, may coil up their slack jaw,
For the Duke is our friend, and we need not despair.

Then push round the grog : though we face the
whole world,
Let our royal tar's pennant but fly in the air,
And the sails of our navy again be unfurld',
We'll strike wond'ring nations with awe and
despair.

THE DRUMMER.

DAPPER Ted Tattoo is my natty name,
For a roll or a trevally ;
Among the girls loud sounds my fame,
When I their quarters rally.

* His late Majesty, King William IV., is here alluded to, who at that time was an officer in the Royal Navy.

For with fife and drum
I smirking come,
Leer, cock my hat,
Swear, and all that ;
Nor ever dread
A broken head
Where the cause of strife's a doxy :
But as for wars,
And wounds, and scars,
And fighting foes,
And thumps, and blows,
I'd rather fight by proxy.

When chiefs and privates mingled lie,
And gasp without assistance,
In baggage-wagon perch'd up, I
Stand umpire at a distance :
And with fife and drum
I smirking come
'Mongst soldiers' wives,
Who lead merry lives ;
Nor ever dread
A broken head
Where the cause of strife's a doxy :
Let their husbands go,
And, 'gainst the foe,
Gain glory's scars
In honour's wars :
I'd rather fight by proxy.

Yet think ye I am not renown'd
In foreign wars and civil ?
Why, sir, when safe at home and sound,
Zounds, I could fight the devil !
And with fife and drum
Can smirking come,
And cock my hat,
Leer, and all that ;
Nor ever dread
A broken head
When the cause of strife's a doxy :
Let others go,
And, 'gainst the foe,
Gain glory's scars
In honour's wars :
I'd rather fight by proxy.

Thus through the world I make a noise,
Where'er I'm a sojourner,
The mighty wonder and surprise
Of ev'ry chimney corner !
Where with fife and drum
I smirking come,
And rap out Zounds !
And talk of wounds,
Nor ever dread
A broken head
Where the cause of strife's a doxy :
They're fools who go,
And, 'gainst the foe,
In glory's wars
Gain honour's scars :
I'm wise, and fight by proxy.

POOR PEG.

ANDANTE.

Poor Peg-*gy* lov'd a sol - dier-lad,

More, far more, than tongue can tell ye; Yet was her tender bosom sad, When-

c'er she heard the loud re - veil - lez, whene'er she heard the loud re-veil-lez:

POOR PEG.

The fife were screech-owls to her ears, The
drums like thun - der seem'd to rat - tie, The drums like thun - der
seem'd to rat-tie; Ah!
too pro-he-tic were her fears,—They call'd him from her arms to battle; they

POOR PEG.

call'd him from her arms to bat - tie! There wonders he a - gainst the foe Per-

mf

form'd, and was with laurels crown'd; Vain pomp! for soon death lald him low

p

On the cold ground, On the cold ground.

pp

Her heart all love, her soul all truth,
That none her fears or flight discover,
Poor Peg, in guise a comely youth,
Follow'd to the field her lover.
Directed, by the fife and drum,
To where the work of death was doing,—
Where of brave hearts the time was come,
Who, seeking honour, grasp at ruin,—
Her very soul was chill'd with woe!
New horror came in ev'ry sound,
And whisper'd death had laid him low,
On the cold ground.

With mute affliction as she stood,
While her woman's fears confound her,
With terror all her soul subdu'd,
A mourning train came thronging round her:
The plaintive fife and muffled drum
The martial obsequies discover;
His name she heard, and cried, 'I come,
Faithful to meet my murder'd lover!'
Then, heart-rent by a sigh of woe,
Fell, to the grief of all around,
Where death had laid her lover low,
On the cold ground!

NOTHING BUT DRUNK.

CON SPIRITO.

The sheet music consists of four staves of musical notation. The first two staves are for piano, indicated by the treble and bass staves with a brace between them. The third and fourth staves are for voice, indicated by the soprano and alto clefs. The key signature is one flat, and the time signature is common time (indicated by '8'). The dynamic 'f' (fortissimo) is marked above the piano staves. The vocal parts begin with a melodic line, followed by harmonic chords. The lyrics are integrated into the vocal parts:

Man-kind all get drunk, ay, and woman-kind, too, As by proof I shall presently

show you :— See that upstart, to pow'r who un - wor-thi-ly grew— See that up - start, to

NOTHING BUT DRUNK.

A musical score for a three-part arrangement (Treble, Bass, and Alto) in common time and F major. The vocal parts are accompanied by a piano or organ bass line. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The score consists of six staves of music, each with a different clef (Treble, Bass, Alto) and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are as follows:

pow'r who un - wor-thi-ly grew, With good fortune so drunk he don't know you, With good
for - ture so drunk he don't know you. Then round with the bowl, round with the
bowl, round with the bowl—the tree's known by its trunk—"Tis not li - quor our
na - tures can va - ry; And pow'r as com-plete-ly will make a man drunk;

NOTHING BUT DRUNK.

The musical score consists of two staves of music in common time and G major. The top staff features a treble clef and the bottom staff has a bass clef. The lyrics are integrated into the vocal line, appearing at the end of each line of music. The first section of lyrics is:

pow'r as com-plete-ly will make a man drunk, As claret, or sack, or ca - na - ry—
f

pow'r as completely can make a man drunk, As claret, or sack, or ca-

mf

na - ry.

Why reels that poor wretch? Why his eyes does he
 Why mutter and storm in that fashion? [roll?
 What wine has hedrunk? How oft emptied the bowl?
 Not at all, sir; the man's in a passion!
 Then round with the bowl,—the tree's known by
 its trunk,—
 'Tis not liquor our natures can vary;
 And passion as easy can make mortals drunk,
 As claret, or sack, or canary.
 See that whimsical creature now cry, and now laugh,
 Now rave, and now storm, and now fidget!
 He's not drunk, sir, for all he's so like a great calf;
 'Tis jealousy makes him an idiot!
 Then round with the bowl,—the tree's known by
 its trunk,—
 'Tis not liquor our natures can vary;
 And love as completely can make a man drunk.
 As claret, or sack, or canary.

See those beautiful creatures like angels come on,
 Form'd us fellows to keep to our tether;
 Say, en't it a pity they are all half gone?
 Not with wine, but a cap and a feather!
 Then round with the bowl,—the tree's known by
 its trunk,—
 'Tis not liquor our natures can vary;
 And fashion as easy can make ladies drunk,
 As claret, or sack, or canary.
 Thus passion, or power, or whim, or caprice,
 Poor mortals can make *non se ipse*;
 We swill like a sponge, or a may'r at a feast,
 The men drunk, and the ladies all tipsy!
 Then round with the bowl,—the tree's known by
 its trunk,—
 'Tis not liquor our natures can vary;
 And folly as easy can make mortals drunk
 As claret, or sack, or canary.

JACK'S GRATITUDE.

MODERATO.

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is for the soprano voice, starting with a rest followed by a series of eighth-note chords. The bottom staff is for the basso continuo, featuring a bass line with accompanying chords. The music is in common time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The vocal part begins with the lyrics "I've sail'd round the world with-out fear or dis-", followed by "may; I've seen the wind foul, and I've seen the wind fair; I've been".

JACK'S GRATITUDE.

The musical score consists of four systems of music. The first system starts with a vocal line: "wound-ed, and shipwreck'd, and trick'd of my pay; But a brave Bri-tish". The second system continues the vocal line: "sai-lor should ne-ver des-pair.". The third system begins with a forte dynamic (f) in the piano accompaniment. The fourth system concludes the piece with a final cadence in the piano accompaniment.

When in a French prison I chanc'd for to lie,
Withno light from the heavens, and scarce any air,
In a dungeon, instead of in battle, to die,
Wasmal, I own ; but I did not despair.

But, Lord ! this is nothing—my poor upper works
Got shatter'd, and I was oblig'd to repair ;
I've been shot by the French, and a slave 'mongst
the Turks ;

But a brave British sailor should never despair.

But for all these misfortunes, I'd yet cut a dash,
Laid snug up my timbers, and never known care,
If the agent had not run away with the cash,
And so many brave fellows plung'd into despair.

So coming long-side of our bold royal tar,
I told him the rights on't,—for why should I care ?
Of my wrongs and my hardships, and wounds in the
wars,
And if how he would right me, I should not despair.

Says his Highness, says he, ' Such ill treatment as
thine
Is a shame, and henceforward thy fortune's my
care :'

So now blessings on him sing out me and mine ;
And thus British seamen should never despair.

So straightway he got it made into a law,
That each tar of his rhino should have his full
share ;
And so agents, d'ye see, may coil up their slack jaw,
For the Duke is our friend, and we need not despair.

Then push round the grog : though we face the whole
world,
Let our royal tar's pennant both fly in the air,
And the sails of our navy again be unfurld,
We'll strike wond'ring nations with awe and
despair.

TACK AND TACK.

The storm came on ! each rag aboard
 Was into tatters rent ;
 The rain through ev'ry crevice pour'd ;
 All fear'd the dread event :
 The pumps were chok'd ! their awful doom
 Seem'd sure, at ev'ry strain ;
 Each tar despair'd—e'en gallant Tom,
 To see his love again !

The leak was stopp'd ! the winds grew dull ;
 The billows ceas'd to roar ;
 And the torn ship, almost a hull,
 In safety reach'd the shore.
 Crowds ran to see the wondrous sight :
 The storm had rag'd in vain !
 And gallant Tom, with true delight,
 Beheld his love again.

TACK AND TACK.

ALLEGRETTO.

A musical score for 'TACK AND TACK' consisting of three staves of music. The first staff begins with a dynamic of *mf*. The second staff starts with a dynamic of *f*. The third staff begins with a dynamic of *mf*. The lyrics are as follows:

A - dieu, my gal-lant sai - or ! O - obey thy du-ty's call,— Though
 false the sea, there's truth a - shore; Till na - ture is found

TACK AND TACK.

chan-ging, thou'rt sure of con-stant Poll : And yet, as now we sev - er, Ah ! much I fear that

nev - er Shall I, a - las ! be - hold thee more !

Jack kiss'd her, hitch'd his trowsers, and hied him
to begone,

Weigh'd anchor, and lost sight of shore :
Next day a brisk south-wester a heavy gale brought
on :

‘ Adieu,’ cried Jack, ‘ for ever,
For much I fear, that never
Shall I, sweet Poll, behold you more.’

Poll heard that to the bottom was sunk her honest
And for a while lamented sore; [tar,
At length, cried she, ‘ I'll marry; what should I
tarry for ?

I may lead apes for ever;—
Jack's gone, and never, never
Shall I, alas, behold him more !’

Jack safe and sound returning, sought out his
faithful Poll :

‘ Think you,’ cried she, ‘ that false I swore :
I'm constant still as ever,—tis nature's chang'd,
that's all ;

And thus we part for ever,
For never, sailor, never
Shall I behold you more !’

‘ If, as you say, that nature, like winds, can shift
About-ship for a kinder shore; [and veer
I heard the trick you play'd me, and so, d'ye see,
my dear,

To a kind heart for ever
I've splic'd myself;—so never
Shall I, false Poll, behold you more.’

THE SOLDIER'S LAST RETREAT.

ANDANTINO.

A - las! the bat - tle's lost and won: Dick Flint's borne off the
field By Death, from whom the stout - est run,—Who makes whole ar - mies
yield! Dick well in ho - nour's foot-steps trod, Brav'd war and its a-

THE SOLDIER'S LAST RETREAT.

The musical score consists of two staves of music in common time, key signature of one flat. The top staff uses a treble clef and the bottom staff uses an bass clef. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The score is enclosed in a rectangular border.

alarms; Now death be - beneath the hum - ble sod—Now Death be - beneath the

hum - ble sod Has ground - ed his arms!— ground-ed his

arms!— Now Death be - beneath the hum - ble sod, Has ground - ed his

arms!

f

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCI.

THE BEAU.

LADIES and gentlemen, I'm a beau,—
 A beau I have been all my life ;
 And yet may the devil fetch me, if I know
 How I, whose whole trade is
 To tickle up the ladies,
 Have never yet got me a wife.
 I started in life 'bout the year sixty-two ;
 My small-clothes were scarlet, my stockings were
 blue,
 My shoes were half-boots ; pudding-sleeves, too, I
 wore ;
 My hat in the true pistol cock ; and the more
 O'er the fair to prevail,
 I sported a fine ramilles for a cue,—
 For what's a beau or a monkey without a tail ?

Fashion thus yields to fashion, as night yields to day :
 The huge hat, that was cock'd with an air,
 Soon was kick'd out of doors; of the smart Nivernois
 The charm'd world sung the praises,
 The belles put on jazies,
 And the beaux sported now their own hair.
 By that time it came to the year sev'nty-two :
 The fashions a mixture of old were and new ;
 Your hair like a bushel might look, or a wig,
 Or nine hairs of a side, with the tail of a pig ;
 For me, o'er the fair to prevail,
 I'd sev'n yards of ribbon to make me a queue ;
 For what's a beau or a monkey without a tail ?

Again with the varying modes did I jump,—
 Of fashion I gave the grand pas :
 My coat hung to my heels, or was tuck'd to my
 rump ;
 In all circles shoving,
 A beau, or a sloven
 With a slouch, or a chapeau-de-bras.
 Thus I sported my figure about eighty-two :
 Drove a two-story gig, that four pony rats drew ;
 Wore a coat with sev'n capes, thirteen waistcoats
 in one ;
 And, that I might ne'er be in folly outdone,
 With the fair to prevail,
 A large porter's knot would have scarce held my
 queue ;—
 For what's a beau or a monkey without a tail ?

Thus in all sorts of modish assemblies the first,
 Have my purse, health, and spirits, been hack'd ;
 But the polish worn off, nothing left but the rust,
 I of fashion's strange stages,
 Like Shakspeare's Sev'n Ages,
 Play the farce, though I'm in the last act.
 Arriv'd to the year of our Lord ninety-two,
 I dress, and I coax, and I flirt, but 'twont do :
 At a hundred-and-one I should still be a fop ;
 But done up, and nick-nam'd by the world the
 Gray Crop,
 Can I hope to prevail ?
 To play gallantry's part I have now lost my cue,—
 For what's a beau or a monkey without a tail ?

THE SOLDIER'S LAST RETREAT.

ALAS ! the battle 's lost and won :
 Dick Flint 's borne off the field
 By Death, from whom the stoutest run,—
 Who makes whole armies yield !
 Dick well in honour's footsteps trod,
 Brav'd war and its alarms ;
 Now death beneath the humble sod
 Has grounded his arms !

Dick 's march'd before us, on a route—
 Where ev'ry soldier 's sent ;
 His fire is dead, his courage out,
 His ammunition spent :
 His form, so active, 's now a clod ;
 His grace no longer charms ;
 For death beneath the humble sod
 Has grounded his arms !

Come, fire a volley o'er his grave ;
 Dead-marches let us beat ;
 War's honours well become the brave,
 Who sound their last retreat.
 All must obey Fate's awful nod,
 Whom life this moment warms ;
 Death, soon or late, beneath the sod
 Will ground the soldier's arms !

TACK AND TACK.

ADIEU, my gallant sailor ! obey thy duty's call,—
 Though false the sea, there 's truth ashore ;
 Till nature is found changing, thou 'rt sure of con-
 stant Poll :
 And yet, as now we sever,
 Ah ! much I fear that never
 Shall I, alas ! behold thee more !

Jack kiss'd her, hitch'd his trowsers, and hied him
 to begone,
 Weigh'd anchor, and lost sight of shore :
 Next day a brisk south-wester a heavy gale brought
 on :
 ‘ Adieu,’ cried Jack, ‘ for ever,
 For much, I fear, that never
 Shall I, sweet Poll, behold you more.’

Poll heard that to the bottom was sunk her honest star,
 And for a while lamented sore ;
 At length, cried she, ‘ I'll marry ; what should I
 tarry for ?
 I may lead apes for ever ;—
 Jack 's gone, and never, never
 Shall I, alas, behold him more !’

Jack safe and sound returning, sought out his faith-
 ful Poll :
 ‘ Think you,’ cried she, ‘ that false I swore ?
 I 'm constant still as ever,—tis nature 's chang'd,
 that 's all ;
 And thus we part for ever,
 For never, sailor, never
 Shall I behold you more !’

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBBDIN.

' If, as you say, that nature, like winds, can shift
and veer
About-ship for a kinder shore ;
I heard the trick you play'd me, and so, d'ye see,
my dear,
To a kind heart for ever
I've splic'd myself, so never
Shall I, false Poll, behold you more.'

THE REWARD OF FIDELITY.
The storm had ceas'd, the vessel, striving,
Lay on the frightful breakers, torn,
When, scarcely the drown'd crew surviving,
Jack pin'd his destiny forlorn :
' Where are those friends whom late I cherish'd,
That manly, noble, honest band ?
Ah ! do I live, my messmates perish'd,
To wail them in a foreign land ?
' Where is my love, my charming Kitty ?
Alas ! unmindful of my grief,
To others' woes she gives her pity,
Nor thinks her Jack most wants relief.
But see what numbers curious thronging,
To view our mis'ry, crowd the strand !
Hard fate's perhaps my life prolonging,
For murder in a foreign land.
' But do my flatt'rning eyes deceive me ?
Or, if they do, what out-stretch'd arms
Are these thus tender'd to relieve me ?—
'Tis she ! 'tis she ! in all her charms.
My faith and truth, to so much beauty,
Fate, to reward, with partial hand
This pattern sends of love and duty,
To save me in a foreign land !'

THE SAILOR'S CONSOLATION.
SPANNING Jack was so comely, so pleasant, so jolly,
Though winds blew great guns, still he'd whistle
and sing ;
Jack lov'd his friend, and was true to his Molly,
And, if honour gives greatness, was great as a
king :
One night, as we drove with two reefs in the main-
sail,
And the scud came on low'ring upon a lee shore,
Jack went up aloft, for to hand the top-ga'nt sail,
A spray wash'd him off, and we ne'er saw him
more :—
But grieving 's a folly,
Come, let us be jolly,
If we've troubles at sea, boys, we've pleasures
on shore.

Whistling Tom still of mischief, or fun in the middle,
Thro' life in all weathers at random would jog ;
He'd dance, and he'd sing, and he'd play on the
fiddle,
And swig with an air his allowance of grog :

Long-side of a Don, in the Terrible frigate,
As yard-arm and yard-arm we lay off the shore ;
In and out whistling Tom did so caper and jig it,
That his head was shot off, and we ne'er saw
him more :
But grieving 's a folly, &c.

Bonny Ben was to each jolly messmate a brother,
He was manly and honest, good-natur'd and free,
If ever one tar was more true than another
To his friend and his duty, that sailor was he :
One day with the davit to weigh the cadge-anchor,
Ben went in the boat on a bold craggy shore ;
He over-board tipt, when a shark, and a spanker,
Soon nipt him in two, and we ne'er saw him
more :—
But grieving 's a folly, &c.

But what of it all, lads, shall we be down-hearted
Because that mayhap we now take our last sup ?
Life's cable must one day or other be parted,
And death in safe moorings will bring us all up :
But 'tis always the way on't; one scarce finds a
brother
Fond as pitch, honest, hearty, and true to the
core,
But by battle, or storm, or some damn'd thing or
other,
He's popp'd off the hooks, and we ne'er see him
more !—
But grieving 's a folly, &c.

MEUM AND TUUM.
ARBAH if 'tis no lie in this world we are living,—
And it en't, for it's seen ev'ry day,—
That the truest of joys honest hearts are receiving
Are those they are giving away :
Sure men are all sisters, and cousins, and brothers;
And 'tis clear to the stupidest elf,
That the best kind of comfort a man gives to others,
Is that which he takes to himself :
Thus this bodder and game, this same meum and
tuum,
Means the devil a meaning but suum.

For your friend's peace of mind should you let your
mouth water,
And be getting the wish you obtain ;
In possessing his purse, or his wife, or his daughter,
What delight would the joy be but pain !
Then let knav'ry alone, the vain work's useless
labour,
Be 't for love, or for pow'r, or for pelf ;
For every wrong that a man does his neighbour,
Sure is he not doing himself ?
Thus this bodder, &c.

If I'm rich, and should choose to do good to another,
Arrah 'fai't for the selfish design
Devil tank me ; for if you allow I'm his brother,
'Fai't and conscience sure isn't he mine ?

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCI.

'But,' says musty Morality, 'choose objects fitting:'
 Just your sermons lay by on the shelf;
 Why, you stupid old big-wig, arrah! sure, en't I
 getting,
 For one joy of his, ten for myself?
 Thus, this bodder, &c.
 Then from such botheration in pity release us;
 Fortune all you bestow will repay;
 And though poor as Job, you'll all be rich as Croesus,
 For you'll keep what you've given away:—
 The fine gen'-rous maxim thenwhile you're pursuing,
 Spend your all to hoard mountains of pelf;
 Soar high while you're sinking; be prosp'rous in ruin,
 And give joy, to enjoy it yourself.

And thus have I prov'd, &c.

THE SAILOR'S RETURN.

[In some publications, Dibdin entitled this song
 'William and Nancy'.]

BLEAK was the morn when William left his Nancy!
 The fleecy snow frown'd on the whiten'd shore,
 Cold as the fears that chill'd her dreary fancy,
 While she her sailor from her bosom tore:
 To his fill'd heart a little Nancy pressing.
 While a young tar the ample trousers ey'd,
 In need of firmness, in this state distressing,
 Will check'd the rising sigh, and fondly cried:
 'Ne'er fear the perils of the fickle ocean,
 Sorrow's all a notion,
 Grief all in vain;
 Sweet love, take heart,
 For we but part
 In joy to meet again.'

Loud blew the wind, when, leaning on that willow
 Where the dear name of William printed stood,
 Poor Nancy saw, toss'd by a faithless billow,
 A ship dash'd g'ainst a rock that topp'd the flood:
 Her tender heart, with frantic sorrow thrilling,
 Wild as the storm that howl'd along the shore,
 No longer could resist a stroke so killing,—
 'Tis he! she cried, 'nor shall I see him more!
 Why did he ever trust the fickle ocean?
 Sorrow's my portion,
 Misery and pain!
 Break, my poor heart,
 For now we part,
 Never to meet again.'

Mild was the eye, all nature was smiling,
 Four tedious years had Nancy pass'd in grief,
 When, with her children the sad hours beguiling,
 She saw her William fly to her relief!
 Sunk in his arms with bliss he quickly found her,
 But soon return'd to life, to love, and joy;
 While her grown young ones anxiously surround her,
 And now Will clasps his girl, and now his boy:
 Did not I say, though 'tis a fickle ocean,
 Sorrow's all a notion,
 Grief all in vain?
 My joy how sweet!
 For now we meet,
 Never to part again!

LIFE'S A PUN.

'**LIFE**'s a jest,' says the poet; arrah! sure, 'tis
 a pun—
 Men call black for white through some quibbling
 pretence,
 And expressions still use where the sound is all
 one,
 Tho' as distant as London from Dublin the sense.
 Then let 'em now just go their gig and their fun, —
 This life, by my soul, 's nothing more than a pun,
 Where men play on our passions to turn us all fools,
 And make puns and quibbles, that we may make
 bulls.

That he's o'er head and ears the fond lover de-
 clares,
 And must marry or hang: the dear creature, beset,
 Consents, little dreaming he puns while he swears,
 For the taef does not mean he's in love, but in
 debt.
 Then let them now just go their gig and their fun, —
 This life, by my soul, 's nothing more than a pun,
 Where fine dashing lovers fond widows turn fools,
 And make puns and quibbles, that they may make
 bulls.

'That sweet babe,' says old Bolus, 'I'll quickly
 restore
 To that mother from whom the dear creature
 had birth;'
 Punning rogue! by and by, sir, the child is no more;
 So he lies and speaks truth, for he meant mo-
 ther earth!
 Then let 'em now just go their gig and their fun, —
 This life, by my soul, 's nothing more than a pun;
 And thus learned physicians their patients turn
 fools,
 And make puns and quibbles, that they may make
 bulls.

Says the courtier, 'My friend, you shall have a
 snug place,—
 A douceur or two more, and your suit cannot fail!'
 The dear punning courtier gets into disgrace,
 And you get, sure enough, a snug place in a jail!
 Then let 'em now just go their gig and their fun, —
 This life, by my soul, 's nothing more than a pun;
 And thus courtiers turn their dependants and fools,
 And make puns and quibbles, that they may make
 bulls.

Thus one thing they say, and another express;
 Thus feathers cut throats, thus are sycophants
 civil;
 Don't bishops and ladies say No, and mean Yes?
 Don't we call women angels for playing the devil?
 Then let 'em now just go their gig and their fun, —
 This life, by my soul, 's nothing more than a pun:
 Thus men laugh in their sleeves, while they turn
 their friends fools,
 And make puns and quibbles, that they may make
 bulls.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBBIN.

TRUE WISDOM.

Who calls?—Who calls?
Who Wisdom calls by Momus' name?
Who needs a sample of my quality?
Momus and Wisdom are the same;
Wisdom's god's the god of jollity.
Let the dark sage who low'rs and scowls,
And broods o'er melancholy,
Seek creeping snakes and hooting owls,
And call all pleasure folly:
If this be truth, truth speaks in lies;
This axiom naught can vary—
If to be merry's to be wise,
To be wise is to be merry.

Who calls? &c.

Be mortals' motives what they may,
Pow'r, love, ambition, treasure;
In spite of all wise fools can say,
The end propos'd is pleasure.
That truth which contradicts me, lies;
This axiom naught can vary—
If to be merry's to be wise,
To be wise is to be merry.

Who calls? &c.

See, Laughter at my beck appears,
And holds up men and manners;
Haste, Joy's recruits, Whim's volunteers,
List under Momus' banners:
I Folly dress in Wisdom's guise,
Nor can my maxims vary—
If to be merry's to be wise,
To be wise is to be merry.

Who calls? &c.

THE APPLICATION.

A MIGHTY sultan once, for fun,
Indulg'd an inclination,—
'Tis odds by then my story's done
You'll ask its application:—
A wag he sent for to his court,
Who, each way you can mention,
To furnish whim, and fun, and sport,
Still tortur'd his invention.
To please this sultan, &c.

'Mongst Folly's sons and daughters too
With Satire did he wander;
And still attempting something new,
Relying on the candour
Of this mighty sultan, &c.

At length, his frolics at an end,
Cried one, ' I do not ban you;
But as you merit, my good friend,
He'll either save or damn you,
Will this mighty sultan, &c.

' But, for your comfort, he is just,
And easily contented;
Nor to him e'er did any trust,
Who afterwards repented.

You are the sultan who, for fun,
Indulge an inclination;
I am the wag—my story's done—
Now make its application.'

ALL THE BIRDS IN THE AIR.

In the motley feather'd race,
Mankind you may distinctly trace:
Evermore on pleasure's wing,
Idly roving,
Fighting, loving,
They chatter, croak, and hoot, and sing.
Nor is my simile unfair:
Among the people of the air
Are birds of night, and birds of day;
Birds that on each other prey;
Birds that whistle, birds that croak;
Birds that are a standing joke;
Birds that decoy, and mock, and call;
So like to birds are mortals all:
Thus in the motley feather'd race
Mankind you may distinctly trace:
Evermore on pleasure's wing,

Idly roving,
Fighting, loving,
They chatter, croak, and sing.

Thou hast seen, upon the prow,
Grave as any judge, an owl
On birds and mice at random seize,

For wren or linnet
Watch the minute,
And make a snatch, by way of fees:
Lawyers, who deal in froth and words;
What are they all but humming-birds?
Geese are those who go to law;
A hoarding miser's a jackdaw;
Fond doves, like lovers, kiss and toy;
A bullfinch is an Irish joy;
Neglected worth's the humble wren;
While corm'rants are all aldermen!

Thus in the motley feather'd race, &c.

Vain peacocks thou hast seen, who hide
Their ugly feet, though puff'd with pride;
Thus, while they bask in sunshine's hour,
Specious wonders
Hide the blunders

Of gaudy peacocks plum'd with pow'r;
Fools so love knaves, one can't despise
The dove-house from the rookery;
The merest dolt can tell you who
Are like the wagtail and cuckoo;
And all know those who swear and lie
Are like the noisy chat'ring pie;
A hen's a flirt, with frizzled top;
And what's the duck-tail'd jay?—A crop!
Thus in the motley feather'd race, &c.

THE REWARD OF FIDELITY.

ANDANTE.

The musical score consists of two staves of music in G major, 3/4 time. The top staff is for the treble clef voice, and the bottom staff is for the bass clef voice. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The music begins with a piano introduction followed by vocal entries. The lyrics are:

The storm had ceas'd; the ves-sel, striv-ing, Lay on the fright - ful break-ers,
torn, When, scarce-ly the drown'd crew sur-viv-ing, Jack pin'd his des - ti - ny for-
lorn: 'Where are those friends whom late I che - rish'd, That man - ly,

THE REWARD OF FIDELITY.

The musical score consists of three staves of music in G major, 2/4 time. The top staff uses a treble clef, the middle staff an alto clef, and the bottom staff a bass clef. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first section of lyrics is:

no - ble, ho - nest, band? Ah! do I live, my mess-mates pe-rish'd, To wail them
 in a fo - reign land?— Ah! do I live, my mess-mates
 pe - rish'd, To wail them in a fo - reign land?

The second section of lyrics is:

Where is my love, my charming Kitty?
 Alas ! unmindful of my grief,
 To others' woes she gives her pity,
 Nor thinks her Jack most wants relief.
 But see what numbers curious thronging,
 To view our mis'ry, crowd the strand!
 Hard fate's perhaps my life prolonging,
 For murder in a foreign land.

But do my flatt'ring eyes deceive me?
 Or, if they do, what out-stretch'd arms
 Are these thus tender'd to relieve me?—
 'Tis she ! 'tis she ! in all her charms
 My faith and truth to so much beauty,
 Fate, to reward, with partial hand
 This pattern sends of love and duty,
 To save me in a foreign land !

THE SAILOR'S CONSOLATION.

ANDANTINO.

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff is for the treble clef part, the middle staff is for the bass clef part, and the bottom staff is for the bass clef part. The key signature is one flat, and the time signature is common time. The tempo is indicated as ANDANTINO. The first staff begins with a dynamic of *p*. The lyrics are:

Spank-ing Jack was so come-ly, so plea-sant, so jol-ly, Though
winds blew great guns, still he'd whis-tle and sing; Jack lov'd his friend, and was

The music features various rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The bass clef staff uses a bass clef and a C-clef, while the treble clef staff uses a G-clef.

THE SAILOR'S CONSOLATION.

The musical score consists of four staves of music in common time, key signature of one flat, and basso continuo basso staff. The lyrics are integrated into the music as follows:

true to his Molly, And, if ho-nour gives great-ness, was great as a king: One

night, as we drove with two reefs in the main-sail, And the scud came on low'ring up-

on a lee shore, Jack went up a - loft, for to hand the top - ga'ant sail, A

spray wash'd him off, and we ne'er saw him more,—we ne'er saw him

THE SAILOR'S CONSOLATION.

The musical score consists of three staves of music in common time and G major. The top staff features a treble clef, the middle staff has a bass clef, and the bottom staff has a bass clef. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first section of lyrics is:

more;— But griev-ing's a fol - ly, Come, let us be jol - ly, If we've
trou-bles at sea, boys, we've plea-sures on-shore.

The second section of lyrics is:

mf But griev-ing's a folly, &c.

Whistling Tom, still of mischief or fun in the middle,
Thro' life in all weathers at random would jog;
He'd dance, and he'd sing, and he'd play on the
fiddle,

And swig with an air his allowance of grog :
Long-side of a Don, in the Terrible frigate,
As yard-arm and yard-arm we lay off the shore;
In and out whistling Tom did so caper and jig it,
That his head was shot off, and we ne'er saw
him more :

But griev-ing's a folly, &c.

Bonny Ben was to each jolly messmate a brother,
He was manly and honest, good-natur'd and free;
If ever one tar was more true than another,
To his friend and his duty, that sailor was he :
One day with the davit to weigh the cadge-anchor,
Ben went in the boat on a bold craggy shore;

He over-board tipt, when a shark, and a spanker,
Soon nipt him in two, and we ne'er saw him
more :—

But griev-ing's a folly, &c.

But what of it all, lads ? shall we be down-hearted
Because that mayhap we now take our last sup?
Life's cable must one day or other be parted,
And death in safe moorings will bring us all up:
But 'tis always the way on't: one scarce finds a
brother
Fond as pitch, honest, hearty, and true to the
core,
But by battle or storm, or some damn'd thing or
other,
He's popp'd off the hooks, and we ne'er see him
more!—

But griev-ing's a folly, &c.

MEUM AND TUUM.

VIVACE.

A musical score for 'MEUM AND TUUM.' The score consists of two staves: a treble clef piano staff and a bass clef vocal staff. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats), and the time signature is common time (indicated by '6'). The vocal part begins with a dynamic of 'mf'. The lyrics are:

Ar - rah, if 'tis no lie in this world we are liv-ing—And it en't, for 'tis seen ev'-ry
day,— That the true-est of joys ho - nest hearts are re - ceiv-ing Are
those they are giv - ing a - way: Sure men are all sis - ters, and

MEUM AND TUUM.

cousins, and brothers; And 'tis clear to the stu - pid - est elf, That the

best kind of com-fort a man gives to others, Is that which he takes to him-

self, Is that which he takes to him - self: Thus this

bod - der and game, this same me-um and tu-um, Means the de - vil a meaning but

MEUM AND TUUM.

su - um, Means the de - vil a mean-ing but su - um; Thus this
 bod-der and game, this same me-um and tu - um, Means the de - vil a meaning but
 su - um.

For your friend's peace of mind should you let your mouth water,
 And be getting the wish you obtain;
 In possessing his purse, or his wife, or his daughter,
 What delight would the joy be but pain!
 Then let knav'ry alone, the vain work's useless labour,
 Be 't for love, or for pow'r, or for pelf;
 For every wrong that a man does his neighbour,
 Sure, is he not doing himself?
 Thus this bodder, &c.

If I'm rich, and should choose to do good to another,
 Arrah 'faid for the selfish design
 Devil tank me; for if you allow I'm his brother,
 'Fait and conscience! sure isn't he mine?

'But,' says musty Morality, 'choose objects fitting :'
 Just your sermons lay by on the shelf;
 Why, you stupid old big-wig, arrah! sure, en't I getting,
 For one joy of his, ten for myself?
 Thus, this bodder, &c.

Then from such bodderation in pity release us;
 Fortune all you bestow will repay;
 And though poor as Job, you'll all be rich as Crœsus,
 For you'll keep what you've given away:—
 The fine gen'rous maxim then while you're pursuing,
 Speed your all to hoard mountains of pelf;
 Soar high while you're sinking, be prosp'rous in ruin,
 And give joy, to enjoy it yourself.
 And thus have I prov'd, &c.

THE SAILOR'S RETURN.

ANDANTINO.

The musical score consists of three staves of music in 2/4 time, key signature of two flats. The first staff contains piano accompaniment with dynamic markings *p* and *f*. The second staff contains bassoon or cello parts. The third staff contains soprano vocal parts. The lyrics are:

Bleak was the morn when
Wil-liam left his Nan - cy! The flee - cy snow frown'd on the whi-ten'd

THE SAILOR'S RETURN.

The musical score consists of four staves of music, likely for voice and piano, in common time and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are integrated into the vocal line. The vocal part starts with a melodic line over a harmonic background. The piano accompaniment features bass and treble parts with various dynamics and articulations. The lyrics are:

shore, Cold as the fears that chill'd her drea-ry fan - cy, While
she her sai - lor from her bo - som tore: To his fill'd
heart a lit - tle Nan - cy press - ing, While a young tar the am - ple
trou - sers ey'd, In need of firm - ness

THE SAILOR'S RETURN.

The musical score consists of four systems of music, each with two staves (treble and bass). The key signature is mostly B-flat major (two flats), with some changes in the bass staff. The time signature varies between common time and 2/4 time.

System 1: in this case dis - tress - ing, Will check'd the ri - sing sigh, and

System 2: fond - ly cried: 'Ne'er fear the pe - rils of the fickle

System 3: o - cean, Sor-row's all a no - tion, Grief's all in vain; Sweet

System 4: love, take heart, For we but part In joy, in

THE SAILOR'S RETURN.

A musical score for 'The Sailor's Return'. The top staff is for a soprano voice, and the bottom staff is for a piano or harpsichord. The music is in common time, with a key signature of one flat. The lyrics 'joy to meet a - gain.' are written below the vocal line. The piano part includes bass and harmonic notes.

Loud blew the wind, when, leaning on that willow,
Where the dear name of William printed stood,
Poor Nancy saw, toss'd by a faithless billow,
A ship dash'd 'gainst a rock that topp'd the flood:
Her tender heart, with frantic sorrow thrilling,
Wild as the storm that howl'd along the shore,
No longer could resist a stroke so killing,—

‘Tis he! she cried, ‘nor shall I see him more!
‘ Why did he ever trust the fickle ocean?
Sorrow’s my portion,
Misery and pain!
Break, my poor heart,
For now we part,
Never to meet again.’

Mild was the eye, all nature was smiling;
Four tedious years had Nancy pass’d in grief,
When, with her children the sad hours beguiling,
She saw her William fly to her relief!
Sunk in his arms with bliss he quickly found her,
But soon return’d to life, to love, and joy;
While her grown young ones anxiously surround her,
And now Will clasps his girl, and now his boy:
Did not I say, though ’tis a fickle ocean,
Sorrow’s all a notion,
Grief all in vain?
My joy how sweet!
For now we meet,
Never to part again?

ALL THE BIRDS IN THE AIR.

ALLEGRO.

The sheet music consists of eight staves of musical notation. The first staff begins with a dynamic of *f* and a tempo of *ALLEGRO*. The second staff begins with a dynamic of *p*. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the staves. The first line of lyrics is "In the mot-ley fea-ther'd race, Man-kind you may dis-tinct-ly trace: Ev - er-", and the second line is "more on plea-sure's wing, I-dly rov-ing, Fight-ing, lov-ing, They chat-ter, croak, and hoot, and". The music features various dynamics and performance instructions throughout the piece.

ALL THE BIRDS IN THE AIR.

A musical score for 'All the Birds in the Air.' The score consists of four staves of music in G major, common time. The top staff is soprano, the second is alto, the third is tenor, and the bottom is bass. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The lyrics are:

sing.
Nor is my si - mi - le un - fair: A-mong the
peo-ple of the air Are birds of night and birds of day; Birds that on each o-ther
prey; Birds that whis-tle, birds that croak; Birds that are a stand-ing joke; Birds that de-
coy, and mock, and call; So like to birds are mor-tals all: Thus in the mot-ley fea-ther'd

ALL THE BIRDS IN THE AIR.

The musical score consists of three staves of music in G major, 2/4 time. The top staff uses a treble clef, the middle staff an alto clef, and the bottom staff a bass clef. The music features various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, with rests and dynamic markings like 'p' (piano). The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes.

race Man-kind you may dis-tinct-ly trace: Ev - er-more on plea-sure's wing, I - dly
rov - ing, Fight-ing, lov-ing, They chat-ter, croak, and hoot, and sing,— Chat-ter,
croak, and hoot, and sing,— chat-ter, croak, and hoot, and sing.

Thou hast seen, upon the prowl,
Grave as any judge, an owl
On birds and mice at random seize,
For wren or linnet
Watch the minute,
And make a snatch, by way of fees :
Lawyers, who deal in froth and words—
What are they all but humming-birds?
Geese are those who go to law;
A hoarding miser 's a jackdaw;
Fond doves, like lovers, kiss and toy ;
A bullfinch is an Irish joy ;
Neglected worth 's the humble wren ;
While corm'rants are aldermen !

Thus in the motley feather'd race, &c.

Vain peacocks thou hast seen, who hide
Their ugly feet, though puff'd with pride ;
Thus, while they bask in sunshine's hour,
Specious wonders
Hide the blunders
Of gaudy peacocks plum'd with pow'r ;
Fools so love knaves, one can't descry
The dove-house from the rookery ;
The merest dolt can tell you who
Are like the wagtail and cuckoo ;
And all know those who swear and lie
Are like the noisy chatt'ring pie ;
A hen 's a flirt with frizzl'd top ;
And what 's the duck-tail'd jay ?—A crop !
Thus in the motley feather'd race, &c.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

THE WAGONER.

WHEN I comes to town with a load of hay,
Mean and lowly though I seem,
I knows pretty well how they figures away,
While I whistles and drives my team :
Your natty sparks and flashy dames
How I do love to queer !
I runs my rigs,
And patters, and gigs,
And plays a hundred comical games
To all that I comes near :
Then in a pet
To hear 'em fret ;
A mobbing away they go—
[The scoundrel deserves to be horse-whipp'd !]
‘Who? me, ma'am?’
Wo, Ball, wo !
So to mind 'em I ne'er seem,
But whistles and drives my team !

So, as I seems thinking of nothing at all,
And driving as fast as I can,
I pins a queer thing against the wall,
Half a monkey, and half a man !
The mob come round him to put up his blood,
While he's trembling from top to toe ;
My whip it goes spank,
I tips Ball on the flank ;
Ball plunges, and paints him all over with mud,
Queers his stockings, and spoils the beau !
Then the sweet pretty dear
Ah ! could you but hear !
[‘Od curse you ! I'll make you know,
You infernal villain !’]
‘Lord bless your baby face, I would not hurt your
spindle-shanks for the world !’
Wo, Ball, wo !
So to mind 'em I ne'er seem,
But whistles and drives my team.

And so I gets the finest fun
And frisk that ever you saw :
Of all I meets I can queer ev'ry one
But you gemmen of the law ;
Though they can scarcely put me down.
Says I, to their courts when I'm led,
Where their tails of a pig
They hide with a wig,
‘How many ways is London town
They dresses a calf's head !’
Then every dunce
To hear open at once !
Like mill-clacks their clappers go ;—
[‘Oh ! that's the fellow I saw grinning through a
horse-collar in the country.’]
‘I fancy you're the fellow I saw grinning through
the pillory in London !’
Wo, Ball, wo !
So to mind 'em I ne'er seem,
But whistles and drives my team.

TIGHT LADS OF THE OCEAN.

I SING of that life of delight beyond measure,
That tars calmly lead on the boisterous main ;
Where toil is enjoyment, where trouble's all pleasure,
And where men lose their lives, a sure fortune to
gain ;
Where you fear no diseases but sickness and scurvy ;
Where the water stinks sweetly by way of a zest ;
Where you walk on your legs, when you're not topsy
turvy ;
And where, though you sleep soundly, you're
never at rest !
Then push round the can—oh ! you have not a notion
Of sailors, their grog, and their sweethearts and
wives !
Ah ! give me, my soul, the tight lads of the ocean,
Who, though they're so wretched, lead such
happy lives.

Then you're always of billows and winds in the
middle,
That so dash, and so whistle, and bodder your
ears,
And play a duet with the tar's song and fiddle,
So sweetly that sounds, and that nobody hears :
Then to see the tight lads, how they laugh at a
stranger,
Who fears billows can drown, and nine-pounders
can kill !
For you're safe, sure enough, were you not in such
danger,
And might loll at your ease, if you could but sit
still. Then push round the can, &c.
What of perils that, always the same, are so various,
And though shot-holes and leaks leave wide open
Death's doors ?
Devil a risk 's in a battle, were 't not so precarious ;
Storms were all gig and fun, but for breakers and
shores :
In short, a tar's life—you may say that I told it,
Who leaves quiet and peace, foreign countries to
roam,
Is, of all other lives, I'll be bound to uphold it,
The best life in the world, next to staying at home.
Then push round the can, &c.

HONESTY IN TATTERS.

THIS here's what I does—I, d'yee see, forms a notion
That our troubles, our sorrows, and strife.
Are the winds and the billows that ferment the
ocean,
As we work through the passage of life :
And, for fear on life's sea lest the vessel should
founder,
To lament, and to weep, and to wail,
Is a pop-gun that tries to out-roar a nine-pounder,
All the same as a whiff in a gale.

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCI.

Why now I, though hard fortune has pretty near
starv'd me,
And my togs are all ragged and queer,
Ne'er yet gave the bag to the friend that had
serv'd me,
Or caus'd ruin'd beauty a tear.

Now there, t'other day, when my messmate deceiv'd
me,
Stole my rhino, my chest, and our Poll,
Do you think in revenge, while their treachery
griev'd me,
I a court-martial call'd?—Not at all.
This here on the matter was my way of arg'ing,—
'Tis true, they ha'n't left me a cross;
A vile wife and false friend, though, are gone by the
bargain,
So the gain, d'ye see, 's more than the loss.
For though fortune's a jilt, &c.

The heart's all;—when that's built as it should,
sound and clever,
We go 'fore the wind like a fly;
But if rotten and crank, you may luff up for ever,
You'll always sail in the wind's eye:
With palaver and nonsense I'm not to be paid off;
I'm adrift—let it blow, then, great guns,
A gale, a fresh breeze, or the old gemman's head off,
I takes life rough and smooth as it runs.
Content, though hard fortune, &c.

GENERAL FROG AND GENERAL MOUSE.

RECITATIVE.

BEHOLD two mighty chiefs come on!
Not Hector, nor yet Telamon,
Who, 'stead of fists, cuff'd foes with rocks,—
But two tom-tits, or bantum-cocks:
Not like two combatants of yore,
Who slew the foe, and drank the gore,
Like tigers, or fierce mastif-dogs—
But chiefs from Homer's mice and frogs;
Lank both in form and voice, and taper,
Like an eel-skin, or a thread-paper;
Who ammunition draw from lungs,
And wield not swords nor spears, but tongues.
Suppose them enter'd in the list;
Their cause of quarrel, who was hiss'd
Or groan'd at most at either house:
Says General Frog to General Mouse;—

AIR.

' Signor Pantheon,
Vat ting you play on,
To give Mister John Bull delight?
' Monsieur Haymarket,
Pray don't you bark yet,
Nor show your toose, for you can't bite.'
' My great big house make people stare'—
' Vat use great house, nobody dare?

I do de op'ra, you must sing song,'
' Ninety foot wide, hundred yard long,
And den great many much foot high,—
De chandelier he touch de sky.'
' You Sadler-vells, Astley, Foxhall,
All derry down, tit fol de rol.'
' Your house make mine one servant-hall.'
' I license get, you none at all.'
' Fire and fury! dev'l in hell!
Oh! vat disgracia!
To my facia,
' Tis ferry fell,—
Fiddler, singer, dancer, quick
To assist your gen'ral rush;
Make haste, shoulder your fiddlestick,
And all to piece dis nutshell crush.'
' Nutshell he full, he bring some meat a,
Your fiddlestick no good to eat a.'—
' Oh zounds! Cot tam!
Vat rage I am!
I could my flesh for anger eat.'
' Ah! do,—you'll get not other meat.'—
' Shades of creat musicians all,
In heav'n, in hell, or on the deep,
' Quick appear, obey my call!'
' He won't appear, he fast asleep.'
' Bononcini,
Farinelli,
Piccini,
Iomelli,
And all de elli,
And nelli,
And rini,
And cini,
Great fiddling quire,
Appear at sound of David's lyre:
Come, drive dis rogue from English land!
Fat, short, and tall a men,
Come, follow, follow, men,
David and Solomon;—
One sing, and toder lead de band!
' Ah! you may bawl,—
' You cini he vont come at all.'
' I'll stop your mouth, you villain taef!'
' All dis fine nize dome get roast beef!
Come, dome be fool,
But let us join
Your force and mine,
And den dome fear
But, the next year,
Wid your fine hell,
Your tund'ring swell,
May he, and ha,
Mister John Bull
Shall cry Hoora!
Vive l'Opera!'



HONESTY IN TATTERS.

Moderato.

This
here's what I does—I, d'ye see, forms a no - tion That our trou - bles, our
sor-rows, and strife, Are the winds and the bil-lows that ferment the

HONESTY IN TATTERS.

The sheet music consists of four staves of music for voice and piano. The vocal part is in soprano clef, and the piano part is in bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F# major). The time signature is common time (indicated by a 'C'). The lyrics are as follows:

o - cean, As we work thro' the pas-sage of life : As we work thro' the
pas-sage of life : And, for fear on life's sea lest the ves - sel should
foun - der, To la - ment, and to weep, and to wail, Is a pop-gun that
tries to out - roar a nine-poun - der, All the same as a whiff in a

HONESTY IN TATTERS.

The sheet music consists of five staves of musical notation in G major. The lyrics are integrated into the melody, appearing below the notes. The first staff begins with the lyrics "gale; All the same as a whiff in a gale. Why now". The second staff continues with "I, though hard for - tune has pret - ty near starv'd me, And my togs are all". The third staff begins with "rag - ged and queer Ne'er yet gave the bag to the friend that had". The fourth staff continues with "serv'd me, Ne'er yet gave the bag to the friend that had serv'd me, Nor". The fifth staff concludes the melody.

gale; All the same as a whiff in a gale. Why now

I, though hard for - tune has pret - ty near starv'd me, And my togs are all

rag - ged and queer Ne'er yet gave the bag to the friend that had

serv'd me, Ne'er yet gave the bag to the friend that had serv'd me, Nor

HONESTY IN TATTERS.

The musical score consists of three staves of music in G major. The top staff features a treble clef, the middle staff has a bass clef, and the bottom staff has an alto clef. The music is divided into measures by vertical bar lines. The lyrics are integrated into the melody, appearing below the notes. The first measure contains the lyrics "caus'd ru - in'd beau - ty a tear," followed by "Nor caus'd ru - in'd beau - ty a". The second measure begins with a repeat sign and ends with a fermata over the bass clef staff. The third measure starts with "tear." and includes dynamic markings "mf" (mezzo-forte) above the bass clef staff. The fourth measure concludes with a fermata over the bass clef staff.

Now there, t'other day, when my messmate deceiv'd me,
Stole my rhino, my chest, and my Poll,
Do you think in revenge, while their treachery griev'd me,
I a court-martial call'd?—Not at all.
This here on the matter was my way of arg'ing,—
"Tis true, they ha'nt left me a cross;
A vile wife and false friend, though, are gone by the bargain;
So the gain, d'ye see, 's more than the loss.
For though fortune's a jilt, &c.

The heart's all ;—when that's built as it should, sound and clever,
We go 'fore the wind like a fly;
But if rotten and crank, you may luff up for ever,
You'll always sail in the wind's eye:
With palaver and nonsense I'm not to be paid off;
I'm adrift—let it blow, then, great guns,
A gale, a fresh breeze, or the old gemman's head off.
I takes life rough and smooth as it runs.
Content, though hard fortune, &c,

THE COMPACT OF FREEDOM.

ANDANTE
MAESTOSO.

A musical score for 'The Compact of Freedom'. The score consists of four systems of music. The first three systems are instrumental parts (piano and strings) in common time, key signature of one flat. The fourth system includes lyrics in common time, key signature of one flat, with dynamics and phrasing markings. The piano part features sustained notes and chords. The vocal part includes melodic lines with slurs and grace notes. The lyrics are:

When heav'n-born free - dom hail'd this hap - py isle, The first em -

THE COMPACT OF FREEDOM.

po - rium in her wide do-main; This great be - hest, with a ce-les-tial
 smile, She will'd, and ne'er may free-dom will in vain :—
 'Would ye pos - sess the sweets of li-ber-ty, Bri-ton's, be loy - al;
 so shall ye be free; 'Would ye pos - sess the sweets of li-ber-ty,

THE COMPACT OF FREEDOM.

Bri - tons, be loy - al; so shall ye be free. Bri - tons, be
 loy - al; so shall ye be free.

f

f

' A Briton blind to duty's pleasing force !
 'Tis as if spirits should from bodies stray ;
 Or erring planets, wander'd from their course,
 Eclipse the influencee of the solar ray.
 Would ye possess the sweets of liberty,
 Britons, be loyal ; so shall ye be free.
 ' Such duty from the grateful heart as flows
 To bounteous Heav'n, for benefits that fall ;
 Such duty as the son the father owes,—

Owe you your king, the father to you all.
 Would ye possess the sweets of liberty,
 Britons, be loyal ; so shall ye be free.
 Rejoice, ye Britons !—Freedom's sons, rejoice !
 Laud in your grateful lays a patriot king :
 Fir'd with one soul, one sentiment, one voice,
 To ratify the glorious compact sing.
 So may we taste the sweets of liberty ;
 As we are loyal, so may we be free.

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCI.

From the Quizes.

ETYMOLOGY OF QUIZ.

THE word Quiz is a sort of a kind of a word
That people apply to some being absurd;
One who seems, as 'twere, oddly your fancy to strike,
In a sort of a fashion you somehow don't like;
A mixture of odd, and of queer, and all that,
Which one hates, just, you know, as some folks
 hate a cat;

A comical, whimsical, strange, droll—that is,
You know what I mean, 'tis—in short, 'tis a quiz!

It matters but little, by what I can hear,
What a quiz's endowments are, so he's but queer;
As order from chaos, they tell us, began,
So a very queer quiz may be yet a good man:
A parson, for instance, tho' pure word and thought,
Mild as mercy, and good as the truths he has taught,
Should he wear a strange wig, or possess an odd phiz,
He'll be scouted at once for a monstrous quiz.

At this same play of quiz each loses and wins,—
Ins are quizzes to outs, and outs quizzes to ins;
Honest men are all quizzes to rogues:—then again,
All rogues appear quizzes to all honest men.
Beaux are quizzes to slovens, and slovens to beaux,
Rich to poor, poor to rich, and 'tis thus the world
 goes;

In short, ev'ry creature to some other is—
The present comp'ny excepted—a monstrous quiz.

But lest, having chanted of quizzes so long,
You begin to think this but a quiz of a song,
While your suffrage to-night I most humbly implore,
I conclude, with your leave, pointing out one quiz
 more.

About two hours hence, if any one here
Strong symptoms of yawning begin to appear,
The nat'r'l conclusion in such a case is,
That he—oh! no—I—must be set down a quiz.

HINT TO THE LADIES.

PRAY, ladies, think not I presume
 The art of love to teach you;
Proficients long ago become,
 My counsel could not reach you:
A hint I offer, nothing more,
 For your determination,—
Love's mysteries would you explore,
 Observe the feather'd nation.
As in a mirror, may you there
 Of love make your elections,
As you choose ribands at a fair,
 To suit with all complexions.

The cuckoo, that one fulsome tale
 Vaunts over so, and over,
May sooner than the dove prevail,
 With some, by way of lover:

But I have heard, the laughing Loves
 More truly aim their arrows
When Venus harnesses her doves,
 Than when she's drawn by sparrows:
But if the smallest hint by you
 To this should be objected,
With deference, so much your due,
 I soon shall stand corrected.

The peacock, with such stately pride
 His haughty bosom throbbing,
May scorn, while hopping by his side,
 The bless'd, though humble robin:
But sparingly true joy is lent
 To envy, pride, and malice;
'Tis said, a cottage and content
 Sometimes outweigh a palace:
Yet may, against my playful verse,
 No fit of anger seize you:
I would not, for the universe,
 Do aught that could displease you.

Jays, pies, and all the chatt'ring crew,
 To folly giv'n and pleasure,
May turn to jest the chosen few,
 Who love by virtue's measure:
Not so the grateful nightingale,
 Who, soon as ev'ning closes,
His orgies offers, in the vale,
 To heav'n, ere he reposes.
Of this you'll judge, as of the rest;
 Yet, while the smile's beginning,
Ere you turn counsel to a jest,
 Take care that laughing's winning.

WELSH LOVE-SONG.

WHEN Winifred's gone far away,
 Her's peevish, and her pouts;
Long, very long's the live-long day,
 And then her clours and clouts,
And feels, look you, her can't tell how:
 And as her vents and heaves her sighs,
Softly to her poor heart her cries,
 Lie still, poor heart, I pray you now.'
But when her skips amongst her coats,
 And Shenkin hears her voice's notes,
Sweet voice, on which so much her dotes,
Again her feels her can't tell how:
 The flutt'ring fool within her breast
Is joyful, gay, and also bless'd;
 And vain her cries, to make it rest,
'Lie still, poor heart, I pray you now.'

'Tis strange, and it is also odd,
 And 'tis moreover sad,
That Cupid's such a dev'lsh god,
 To drive poor lovers mad
With grief, to feel her can't tell how:
 'Tis melancholics, and 'tis smart,
 And fain her whispers to her heart,
 'Lie still, poor heart, I pray you now.'

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

But soon this urchin, and this boy,
That makes fond lovers' hearts his toy,
Turns melancholy into joy;
And then her feels her can't tell how:
Oh! 'tis a palsam to her smart,
To hold her to her flutt'ring heart,
And cry, at ev'ry peat and start,
'Lie still, poor heart, I pray you now.'

THE COMPACT OF FREEDOM.

WHEN heav'n-born Freedom hail'd this happy isle,
The first emporium in her wide domain,
This great ohest, with a celestial smile,
She will'd—
And ne'er may Freedom will in vain
'Would ye possess the sweets of liberty,
Britons, be loyal; so shall ye be free.'

'A Briton blind to duty's pleasing force!
'Tis as if spirits should from bodies stray;
Or erring planets, wander'd from their course,
Eclipse the influence of the solar ray.
Would ye possess, &c.'

'Such duty from the grateful heart as flows
To bounteous Heav'n, for benefits that fall;
Such duty as the son the father owes,—
Owe you your king, the father to you all.
Would ye possess, &c.'

Rejoice, ye Britons!—Freedom's sons, rejoice!
Laud in your grateful lays a patriot king:
Fir'd with one soul, one sentiment, one voice,
To ratify the glorious compact sing.
So may we taste the sweets of liberty;
As we are loyal, so may we be free.

THE FAIR.

WOULD ye see the world in little,
Ye curious, here repair;
We'll suit you to tittle,
At this our rustic fair:
We've glitt'ring baits to catch you,
As tempting as at court;
With whom for whim we'll match you,
And give you sport for sport.
From a sceptre to a rattle,
We've ev'ry thing in toys,
For infants that scarce prattle,
To men who still are boys.
Cock-horses and state-coaches
In gingerbread are sold;
Cakes, parliament, gilt watches,
And horns all tipp'd with gold.
Then if for fine parade you go,
Come here and see our puppet-show.
[Walk in here, ladies and gentlemen; here you
may see the Queen of Sheba, and King Solomon in
all his glory; you think that figure's all alive, but
he is no more alive than I am!] While the pipes and the tabors rend the air,
Haste, neighbours, to the fair.

What's your sweepstakes and your races,
And all your fighting-cocks,
To our horse-collar grimaces,
And girls that run for smocks?
Our Hobs can swivel noses,
At single-stick who fight,
As well as your Mendozas,
Though not quite so polite:
In their deceptions neater
Are your keen Rooks allow'd,
Than is yonder fire-eater,
Who queers the gaping crowd?
Then boast not tricks so noxious,
That genteel life bespeak;
Our juggler's hixius doxius
Shall distance ev'ry Greek.
Can Pharaoh and his host be found,
To match our nimble merry-go-round?

[Put in here, put in, put in!—every blank a
prize!—down with it and double it; twenty can
play as well as one!] While the pipes, &c.

Hear you mountebank assure ye,
Of diseases, by the score,
A single dose shall cure ye:
Can Warwick Lane* do more?
Vid virligigs, tetotums,
You Jew's imposing faish
Shall cheat you here in no times,
All one as in Duke's Place.†
Hark! yonder, making merry,
Full many a happy clown!
For champagne who drink perry,
As good as that in Town.
Then for sights, we've apes and monkeys,
Some on four legs, some on two;
Tall women, dwarfs, cropp'd donkeys,
For all the world like you.
Then would ye Ranelagh find out,
What think ye of our Roundabout?
[Walk in, ladies and gentlemen! the only booth
in the fair; here ye may make the whole tower of
the world: would ye ride in the caravan, the
expedition, the land frigate, or the dilly? fourteen
miles in fifteen hours, ladies and gentlemen!] While the pipes, &c.

MOGGY.

YOUNG Mog, arriv'd at woman's growth,
Felt something in her bosom move:
'Twas neither joy nor pain, yet both;
Young Ralph o'th'wood-land said 'twas love.
Ralph lov'd young Moggy as his life;
Was wealthy, warm, and well to do:
But Moggy saw the soldiers come;
Beheld the glitt'ring arms so gay;
Was charm'd with the loud trumpet's bray;
Delighted with the sprightly fife,
And deafen'd with the thund'r'ring drum,

* The College of Physicians is here alluded to, whose hall formerly stood in Warwick Lane.

† A celebrated Jewish mart, near Houndsditch.

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCI.

While soldiers march'd to the loud tattoo :
And though to honest Ralph still true,
She listen'd to the loud tattoo.

I've said that Mog was debonair ;
Nor was their admiration small :
She was thought artless, young, and fair,
By the reg'ment, pioneers and all ;
Each would have ta'en her for his wife,
A la militaire, as soldiers do :
The smock-fac'd ensign nam'd his sum ;
The sergeant promis'd, swore, and pray'd ;
The trumpeter her praises bray'd ;
To charm her loudly squeak'd the fife ;
The drummer brac'd his thund'ring drum,
To win her heart with a loud tattoo.
Thus strove, to make young Mog untrue,
Pike, trumpet, fife, and loud tattoo.

Mog soon found reason to condemn
The nonsense of each blust'ring elf ;
And, looking with contempt on them,
Some little shame took to herself.
Determin'd now to be the wife
Of honest Ralph, so kind and true,
Cried she to the ensign, 'Child, go home
To your mamma—For you, old Bluff,
Your trumpet's like yourself, a puff !
I'll not be whistled after, fife ;
Nor, drummer, shall your hollow drum
To me beat wedlock's loud tattoo :
True to my Ralph, to honour true,
Hence trumpet, fife, and loud tattoo.'

HUMANITY'S COT.

Or horns and of echoes, that thro' the woods ring,
And of lads full of spunk and of soul,
And of gay sporting-boxes, let other bards sing,
Merely built for the chase or the bowl :
I bring you of sportsmen a true and tried knot,
Who sport a snug box, called Humanity's cot.

Is honour in danger, worth sunk by its fears,
On those coursers, their wishes, they're borne,
To hunt vice to the toils, and to dry virtue's tears,
As the sun melts the dew of the morn :
Then join of true sportsmen so noble a knot,
The good lads that inhabit Humanity's cot.

What chase a delight can more glorious yield,
Than to hunt in so noble a track ?
Vice and folly the game, wide creation the field,
And the vot'ries of honour the pack.
Rejoice then, ye sportsmen, who're thown, by Fate's
lot

'Mongst the lads that inhabit Humanity's cot.

Return'd from their toil, with life's comforts well
stor'd,
Reflection their food gives a zest :
Health seasons the viand that smokes on their board,
A clear conscience invites them to rest ;

And sweet are the slumbers that fall to the lot
Of the lads that inhabit Humanity's cot.

Then let each English sportsman these maxims
embrace,—
Who the spoils of true honour would share,
All that's noxious to hunt to the toils in life's chase,
All that's harmless and useful to spare :
So the blessings of thousands shall make up their lot,
And each sporting-box vie with Humanity's cot.

NONE SO PRETTY.

THIS life is like a country-dance,
The world a spacious ball-room,
In which so many take a prance,
They scarcely find for all room.
Fiddlers and pipers, in a row,—
See how the ranks are closing—
Each strives his neighbour's faults to show,
While he's his own exposing.

[‘Pray, ma'am, what dance have you called?’—
‘Matrimony, ma'am. The figure is extremely
easy ; you turn single, run away with your partner,
lead up the middle, back to back, part, and change
partners.’]

Thus busied in the fond turmoil,
They time by folly measure,
Turn all their pleasure into toil,
And fancy toil a pleasure.

Some in full dance with ardour burn,
And swim, and glide, and wander ;
While others, waiting for their turn,
Sneer, smile, and deal out slander.
‘And so the Count must run away !’
‘Why, really I’m afraid so ;
His flirt has ruin’d him at play.’

‘Poor man ! I always said so,’
[‘Oh ! no doubt about it :—kept by a physician
before she came to the Count !—duel with a young
apothecary !—syringes loaded with anaesthetic pills !
—’Tis your turn to begin, sir.’—‘Sir, I beg your
pardon.’] Thus busied in the fond turmoil, &c.

Away they prance it, small and big,
Brown, ginger, fair, and grizzle :
‘Lord, ma'am, you disconcert my wig !’
‘Twas you, sir, tous'd my frizzile !
‘Right hand and left, the figure mind ;
Lord what are you about, ma'am ?
My dear Miss Giggle, you are blind :
My Lady Fuzz, you’re out, ma'am !

[‘Lord, ma'am, you should consider that the
dance is My Lord Mayor’s Feast :—it begins with
a set-to, and finishes with a reel.’]
Thus busied in the fond turmoil, &c.

Thus dance succeeding after dance,
As if Old Nick had got ‘em,
They scandal vent, and flirt and prance,
And foot it to the bottom.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

Thus having made for others sport,
In regular rotation,
With swingeing int'rest they retort
On them the obligation.

[*'Lord, did you ever see such a fright as that woman! rubbed it all off one side of her face! But look at that man, with his false calves turned before!—Come, come, ladies and gentlemen, a new dance.—Strike up "None so Pretty."']*
Thus busied in the fond turmoil, &c.

THE SAVOYARD.

FROM the cold snowy mountains of Savoy,
Fine music to grind, to dance, and to sing,
I come in this country a little boy.—
My cymbal go ting a ring ting.
Wid the dancing-dogs in the street I go,
The magic-lantern, gallantee-show;
I dance, I sing,
My cymbal go ting a ring ting.
All the trick and de fancy de Englitch I know.
I see all ting pass, but I noting say,
To ev'ry rig toujours au fait,
[Ah! mon Dieu, c'est me qui scâi le facon !]
De picka de pockee.

So den I come to Westminster Hall,
Fine music to grind, to dance, and to sing,
Where de peepel all go to law vat ye call,—
My cymbal go ting a ring ting.
The counsellor say he his client relieve,
While he laugh toder side in his pudding-sleeve;
I dance, I sing,
My cymbal go ting a ring ting:
Great many much guinea I see um receive,
I see all ting pass, but I noting say,—
Give me one little trifle, Monsieur, s'il vous plait.
[Ah! mon Dieu, donnez moi un peu de ça que
avez gagner si honnettement !]
De picka de pockee.

Den I come to the window of vat you call Greek,
Fine music to grind, to dance, and to sing;
My dog he dance, my puppet he squeak,
My cymbal go ting a ring ting:
De dice he rattle, de game begin,
Great many rouleau some lose, some win :
I dance, I sing,
My cymbal go ting a ring ting :
De pigeon swear dam, vile de rook he grin ;
I see all ting pass, but I noting say,
There's a shilling, you scoundrel—Bien obligé,
[Oh! mon Dieu, comme vous êtes généreux de
me donner un peu de ça que vous avez gagne !]
De picka de pockee.

NEIGHBOUR SLY.

THE passing bell was heard to toll,
John wail'd his loss with bitter cries ;
The parson pray'd for Mary's soul,
The sexton hid her from all eyes.

‘ And art thou gone !
Cried wretched John ;
‘ Oh dear ! 'twill kill me—I am dying !
Cried Neighbour Sly,
While standing by,
‘ Lord ! how this world is giv'n to lying !

The throng retir'd, John left alone,
He meditated 'mongst the tombs,
And spelt out on the mould'ring stone
What friends were gone to their long homes :

‘ You're gone before,'
Cried John, ‘ no more—
I shall come soon, I'm almost dying :
Cried Neighbour Sly,
While standing by,

‘ Lord ! how this world is giv'n to lying !

‘ Here lie the bones (Heav'n's will be done.)
Of farmer Slug :—reader, wou'dst know
Who to his mem'ry rais'd this stone ?

‘ Twas his disconsolate widow.'
Cried John, ‘ O, ho !
‘ To her I'll go,—

No doubt, with grief the widow's dying :
Cried Neighbour Sly,
Still standing by,

‘ Lord ! how this world is giv'n to lying !

Their mutual grief was short and sweet ;
Scarcely the passing-bell had ceas'd,
When they were sped ;—the fun'ral meat
Was warm'd up for the marriage feast !

They vow'd and swore
Now, o'er and o'er,
They ne'er wou'd part till both were dying :
Cried Neighbour Sly,
Still standing by,

‘ Lord ! how this world is giv'n to lying !

Again to hear the passing-bell
John now a sort of hank'ring feels ;
Again his helpmate brags how well
She can trip up her husband's heels :

Again to the tomb
Each longs to come,
Again with tears, and sobs, and sighing,
For Neighbour Sly

Again to cry,
‘ Lord ! how this world is giv'n to lying !

THE QUIETUS.

[A fine anacreontic, and as original as it is excellent.]

RAIL on at joys that are not thine ;
That thus thou leer'st with Envy's blink,
'Tis not because we drink good wine,
But 'tis that thou hast none to drink.
What though two roads before us lie ?
We on no crooked path shall fall ;
For that we may not walk awry,
We'll drink till we can't walk at all.

NEIGHBOUR SLY.

MODERATO.

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff is for the voice and the bottom staff is for the piano. The key signature is G major (two sharps), and the time signature is common time (indicated by 'C'). The tempo is 'MODERATO'. The lyrics are as follows:

The pass-ing bell was heard to toll, John
wail'd his loss with bit-ter cries; The par-son pray'd for Ma-ry's soul, The
sex-ton hid her from all eyes. 'And art thou gone!' cried wretch-ed John; 'Oh

NEIGHBOUR SLY.

dear! 'twill kill me— I am dy-ing!' Cried Neighbour Sly, While standing by, Cried
 Neighbour Sly, While stand-ing by, 'Lord! how this world is giv'n to ly-ing.'

Repeat 1st Sym.

The throng retir'd, John left alone,
 He meditated 'mongst the tombs,
 And spelt out on the mould'ring stone,
 What friends were gone to their long homes :
 ' You're gone before,'
 Cried John, ' no more—
 I shall come soon, I'm almost dying :'
 Cried neighbour Sly,
 While standing by,
 ' Lord! how this world is giv'n to lying !'

' Here lie the bones (Heaven's will be done !)
 Of farmer Slug :—Reader, wouldest know
 Who to his mem'ry rais'd this stone ?
 'Twas his disconsolate widow.'
 Cried John, ' O, oh !
 ' To her I'll go,—
 No doubt, with grief the widow's dying :'
 Cried Neighbour Sly,
 Still standing by,
 ' Lord! how this world is giv'n to lying !'

Their mutual grief was short and sweet ;
 Scarcely the passing-bell had cens'd,
 When they were sped ;—the fun'ral meat
 Was warm'd up for the marriage feast !
 They vow'd and swore
 Now, o'er and o'er,
 They ne'er wou'd part till both were dying :
 Cried Neighbour Sly,
 Still standing by,
 ' Lord! how this world is giv'n to lying !'

Again to hear the passing-bell
 John now a sort of hank'ring feels !
 Again his helpmate brags how well
 She can trip up her husband's heels :
 Again to the tomb
 Each longs to come,
 Again with tears, and sobs, and sighing,
 For Neighbour Sly
 Again to cry,
 ' Lord! how this world is giv'n to lying !'

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCI.

Thou say'st that wine 's the cause of strife ;
That to the brain when it ascends,
We quarrel : so do man and wife ;
And then, like them, we're better friends :
But here thou shalt not have thy will,
Nor coax good fellows to a brawl ;
Rather than of our friends think ill,
We'll drink till we can't think at all.

Thou call'st the glass a foe to love ;
Why, fool ! 'tis Cupid's dearest boast,—
What fair did celebrated prove,
Till celebrated as a toast ?
But imperfections should there be,
That sometimes to their lot may fall,
Rather than faults in ladies see,
We'll drink till we can't see at all.

Thou say'st that treason lurks beneath,
And our convivial pleasure sours ;
Thou liest ! that monster does not breathe,
That dares profane a king like ours :
But our firm loyalty to prove,
And choke thee with thy ranc'rous gall,
Rather than in a faction move,
We'll drink till we can't move at all.

Yet, after all, abuse our joy,—
Indulge this cynic spite of thine ;
When thou hast said thy worst, old boy,
Thou canst not say we drink bad wine.
We envy no man's pleasure, we
Still ready at each gen'rous call ;
Nay, rather than speak ill of thee,
We'll drink till we can't speak at all.

THE GRECIAN HISTORY.

I sing of the Greeks, both the present and past,
And of Cecrops their first king, and Pharaoh their
last ;
Both monarchs who boast the same birth and
descriptions,—
Arrah, sure, were not Cecrops and Pharaoh Egyp-
tians ?

Thus the Greeks are all gipsies, if truth we must
speak ;
Ah, how many a sweet little gippy's a Greek !
Then let loose the four kings, let the box and dicejar ;
When the Greeks fight the Greeks 'tis the true tug
of war.

Next we come to King Codrus, what dignification !
Like a hero who died for the good of the nation ;
What of that ? I'll a bundle of Codruses bring,
Who their country to serve went to heav'n in a
string.
Thus, compar'd to our actions, their virtues were
transient,
And thus modern Greece has out-hero'd the ancient :
Then let loose the four kings, let the box and dicejar ;
When the Greeks fight the Greeks 'tis the true tug
of war.

Then we go to Lycurgus, a hero so sage,
To the world who again brought the true golden age ;
But his gold was all iron, if truth we are told,
While our Greeks, more expert, all their brass
turn to gold.

He, his country to serve, into banishment went ;
Our patriot Greeks never go—they're all sent !
Then let loose the four kings, let the box and dicejar ;
When the Greeks fight the Greeks 'tis the true tug
of war.

Old Solon was told, though so wonderful wise,
That his fam'd code of laws was but nets to catch flies ;
Our Greeks, free and easy 'bout laws and religions,
Can make nets, by my soul, large enough to catch
pigeons !

Thus, if such virtuous men aid from laws us'd to call,
Sure those men must be angels who have no laws at
all !

Then let loose the four kings, let the box and dicejar ;
When the Greeks fight the Greeks 'tis the true tug
of war.

Alexander, though brave, was so tender and mild,
He kill'd thousands, and afterwards cried like a child :
But he only kill'd lives : less accustom'd to fear,
Our Greeks kill your peace, without shedding a tear !
Thus let Macedon's son then kill widows and wives,
We destroy all their comfort, and then spare their
lives !

Then let loose the four kings, let the box and dicejar ;
When the Greeks fight the Greeks 'tis the true tug
of war.

But were I of all their achievements to speak,
'Twould boddier your patience, my soul, for a week :
To begin to conclude, then, you'll find, should you
read 'em,

As in old Mother Greece Honour liv'd after Freedom,
So her daughter, Miss Greece, has improv'd so
upon her,

That amongst modern Greeks Freedom lives after
Honour !

Then let loose the four kings, let the box and dicejar ;
When the Greeks fight the Greeks 'tis the true tug
of war.

THE MISERIES OF WAR.

WHAT art thou, fascinating war,
Thou trophied, painted pest !
That thus men seek, and yet abhor,
Pursue, and yet detest ?
Are Honour and Remorse the same ?
Does Murder laurels bring ?
Is Rapine glory ? Carnage fame ?
Flies Crime on Vict'ry's wing ?
Their wrongs, who never shall return,—
Their woes, that but survive to mourn—
E'en when the battle rages nigh,
When to the charge the legions fly,
And trumpets strike the ear—
Shall from the bravest wrest the sigh
That starts soft Pity's tear.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

Where will Ambition's folly reach ?
Sure, Nature ne'er design'd
Her noble gifts an art should teach
To man, to thin his kind.
Well they deserve their country's care
In its defence who fight,
Who bulwarks of their nation are,—
Its glory, its delight :
Yet, for their wrongs who ne'er return—
Their woes who but survive to mourn—
E'en when the battle rages high,
When to the charge the legions fly,
And trumpets cleave the air,
The truly brave shall heave a sigh—
Shall vent kind Pity's tear.

Then do not, for an empty name,
A phantom thus pursue :
Think that, if Glory mark thy fame,
Murder shall mark it too.
Reason, and Peace, and Love, dwell here ;
And, if for others' woe
We heave the sigh and start the tear,
From guilt they never flow.
Ah ! stay, lest thou shouldest ne'er return,
Lest I should but survive to mourn ;
Lest, when the battle rages high,
When to the charge the legions fly,
And trumpets cleave the air,
Thy fate demand the gen'rous sigh,
And mine the pitying tear.

THE CAMP.

Oh ! the camp's delightful rigs,
At which such crowds are peeping,
Where chaises, dillies, carts, and gigs,
Serve both to ride and sleep in.
Oh ! the joys that there abound,
Where, lur'd by the fine weather,
Warriors of ev'ry rank are found,
Who, higgledy piggledy, on the ground,
Like gypsies pig together.
The morning-gun
Begins the fun,
Reveillez next the drum beats ;
The sprightly fife,
So full of life,
And then the silver trumpets.
And these, with all their might,
Announce a fine sham fight ;
Marches, retreats, attacks, and routs,
Proclaim'd by guns, and shrieks, and shouts.
The air with various clangours fill ;
While ranks of foot, and troops of horse,
Resistless in their headlong course,
Bear down, while shdwng, shifting, trimming,
Beaux, belles, Jew pedlars, and old women ;
Who, left in topsy-turvy plight,

Exhibit, O ye gods ! a sight
That beggars Greenwich hill !
Now either army stilly stands,
The neighing horses cease to prance,
The trumpet, that erst cried Advance,
Now sounds retreat ;
Drums cause to beat ;
Foes, turn'd to friends, eager to shake hands ;
On neither side the winner :
No longer arm'd for a sham fight,
They tooth-and-nail unite
To exterminate—the dinner.
Oh ! the camp's delightful rigs, &c.

Oh ! for a muse of fire, to sing
The conflict of the day !
Upon a plain, in form a ring,
The foe within entrenchments lay ;
A cover'd way
Hid each division :—At the sight,
The heroes, eager for the fight,
Arm, and the enemy invest.
Each charge fresh vigour brings :
They thin the ranks,
Attacking flanks
And wings :
Legs, heads, and carcasses around
They in one shapeless heap confound ;
And, ris'n to such a savage heat,
Not only kill, but all they kill they eat !
And see, to urge their furious course,
Light troops the foe now reinforce ;
On the instant, as they stand amaz'd,
New works are rais'd,
Like magic, to their wond'ring eyes ;
Bastions, redoubts, and rav'lings rise.
Again the signal's giv'n ;
Again with headlong fury driv'n,
Comfits, now discomfited,
Lie in promiscuous ruin spread ;
Trifles, blanc-mange, and jellies quake,
While, as with rage they teem,
Whole islands they devour of cake,
And drink whole seas of cream.
Again the gen'r'al cries, ' Charge all !'
The word's The King !
Forward they spring,
And drink in savage joy the blood
Drawn from the grape, in purple flood,
And strew with mangled heaps the plain,
And fight the battle o'er again,
And slay the slain !
And now, the foe all kill'd or fled,
While those that can walk off to bed,
The solemn trumpet's slowly sounded,
Leave's giv'n to carry off the wounded,
And bury all the dead.
Oh ! the camp's delightful rigs, &c.

THE BLIND SAILOR.

MODERATO
VIVACE.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is for the piano, indicated by a treble clef and a bass clef bracketed together, with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and common time (C). The lower staff is for the voice, indicated by a soprano clef and a bass clef bracketed together, with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and common time (C). The piano part features a steady eighth-note pattern throughout. The vocal part begins with a melodic line consisting of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are as follows:

Come, ne-ver seem to mind it, Nor count your fate a curse; How
e - ver sad you find it, Yet some - bo-dy's is worse: In

THE BLIND SAILOR.

The musical score consists of two staves of music in common time, key of G major. The top staff is for the voice and the bottom staff is for the piano. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first section of lyrics is:

dan - ger some must come off short, Yet why should we des - pair, For
if bold tars are For - tune's sport, They still are For - tune's care.

Why, when our vessel blew up,
A-fighting that there Don,
Like squibs and crackers flew up
The crew, each mother's son :
They sunk ;—some rigging stopp'd me short,
While twirling in the air ;
And thus, if tars are Fortune's sport,
They still are Fortune's care.

Young Peg of Portsmouth Common
Had like to have been my wife :
Long-side of such a woman,
I'd led a pretty life :
A landsman, one Jem Davenport,
She convoy'd to Horn Fair ;
And thus, though tars are Fortune's sport,
They still are Fortune's care.

A splinter knock'd my nose off :
‘ My Bowsprit's gone,’ I cries :
Yet well it kept their blows off,—
Thank God 'twas not my eyes ;

Chance if again their fun's that sort,
Let's hope I've had my share ;
Thus, if bold tars are Fortune's sport,
They still are Fortune's care.

Scarce with these words I'd outed,
Glad for my eyes and limbs,
When a cartridge burst, and doubted
Both my two precious glims ;
‘ Why, then, they're gone,’ cried I, in short :
‘ Yet fate my life did spare ;—
And thus, though tars are Fortune's sport
They still are Fortune's care.

‘ I'm blind, and I'm a cripple ;
Yet cheerful would I sing,
Were my misfortunes triple,—
‘ Cause why, 'twas for my king ;
Besides, each Christian I exhort,
Pleas'd, will some pittance spare ;—
And thus, though tars are Fortune's sport,
They still are Fortune's care.

JACK AT THE WINDLASS.

ALLEGRO
MODERATO.

The musical score consists of six staves of music for two voices (Soprano and Alto) and piano. The tempo is Allegro Moderato. The lyrics are as follows:

Come, all hands, a-hoy to the an-chor, From our friends and re-la-tions to

go; Poll blub-bers and cries—de-vil thank her! She'll soon take a-no-ther in

tow. This breeze, like the Old One, will kick us A-bout on the bois-terous

JACK AT THE WINDLASS.

The sheet music consists of two staves of musical notation in common time, key signature of one flat. The top staff is for the treble clef voice, and the bottom staff is for the bass clef voice. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The music features various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The lyrics describe a journey or adventure, mentioning death, fortune, folly, and heartbreak.

main ; And one day, if death should not trick us, Per-haps we may come back a-

gain. With a will-ho, then pull a-way, jolly boys ! At the mer-ey of For-tune we

go; We're in for't—then dam-me ! what fol-ly, boys, For to be down-heart-ed, yo

ho!

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCI.

THE BLIND SAILOR.

COME, never seem to mind me,
Nor count your fate a curse;
However sad you find it,
Yet somebody's is worse:
In danger some must come off short,
Yet why should we despair?
For if bold tars are Fortune's sport,
Still are they Fortune's care.

Why, when our vessel blew up,
A-fighting that there Don,
Like squibs and crackers flew up
The crew, each mother's son:
They sunk;—some rigging stopp'd me short,
While twirling in the air;
And thus, if tars are Fortune's sport,
Still are they Fortune's care.

Young Peg of Portsmouth Common
Had like to have been my wife;
Long-side of such a woman,
I'd led a pretty life:
A landsman, one Jem Davenport,
She convoy'd to Horn Fair;
And thus, though tars are Fortune's sport,
They still are Fortune's care.

A splinter knock'd my nose off:
'My bowsprit's gone,' I cries;
Yet well it kept their blows off,—
Thank God 'twas not my eyes;
Chance if again their fun's that sort,
Let's hope I've had my share;—
Thus, if bold tars are Fortune's sport,
They still are Fortune's care.

Scarce with these words I'd outed,
Glad for my eyes and limbs,
When a cartridge burst, and doubted
Both my two precious glins:
'Why, then, they're gone,' cried I, in short:
'Yet fate my life did spare;—
And thus, though tars are Fortune's sport,
They still are Fortune's care.

'I'm blind, and I'm a cripple;
Yet cheerful would I sing,
Were my misfortunes triple,—
'Cause why, 'twas for my king;
Besides, each Christian I exhort,
Pleas'd, will some pittance spare;—
And thus, though tars are Fortune's sport,
They still are Fortune's care.

JACK AT THE WINDLASS.

COME, all hands, ahoy to the anchor,
From our friends and relations to go;
Poll blubbers and cries—devil thank her!
She'll soon take another in tow.

This breeze, like the Old One, will kick us
About on the boist'rous main;
And one day, if death should not trick us,
Perhaps we may come back again.
With a will-ho, then pull away, jolly boys!
At the mercy of Fortune we go;
We're in for't—then, damme! what folly, boys,
For to be down-hearted, yo ho!

Our boatswain takes care of the rigging,
More 'speciously when he gets drunk;
The bobstay supplies him with swigging,
He the cable cuts up for old junk:
The studding-sail serves for his hammock,
With the clue-lines he bought him his call,
While ensigns and jacks in a mammock
He sold to buy trinkets for Poll.
With a will-ho, &c.

Of the purser this nere is the maxim,
Slops, grog, and provision he sacks:
How he'd look if you was but to ax him,
With the captain's clerk who 'tis goes snacks.
Oh! he'd find it another guess story,
That would bring his bare back to the cat,
If his Majesty's honour and glory
Was only told just about that.

With a will-ho, &c.
Our chaplain's both holy and godly,
And sets us for heaven agog;
Yet, to my mind, he looks rather oddly,
When he's swearing and drinking of grog:
When he took on his knee Betty Bowser,
And talk'd of her beauty and charms,
Cried I, 'Which is the way to heav'n now, sir?'
'Why you dog,' cried the chaplain, 'her arms.'
With a will-ho, &c.

The gunner's a devil of a bubber;
The carfindo can't fish a mast;
The surgeon's a lazy land-lubber;
The master can't steer if he's as't;
The lieutenants conceit are all wrapt in;
The mates scarcely merit their flip;
Nor is there a swab, but the captain,
Knows the stem from the stern of the ship.
With a will-ho, &c.

Now fore and aft having abus'd them,
Just but for my fancy and gig,
Could I find any one that ill us'd them,
Damn me, but I'd tickle his wig:
Jack never was known for a railer,—
'Twas fun ev'ry word that I spoke;
And the sign of a true-hearted sailor
Is to give and to take a good joke.
With a will-ho, &c.

THE CONCERT OF THE SENSES.

WHILE woman, like soft music's charms,
So sweetly bliss dispenses,
Some fav'rite part each fair performs
In the concert of the senses.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

Love, great first-fiddle in the band,
Each passion quells and raises,
Exploring with a master's hand
Nice modulation's mazes ;
Till the rapt soul, supremely bless'd,
Beams brightly in each feature,
And lovely woman stands confess'd
The harmony of nature.

Hark ! with the pensive, in duet,
The sprightly how it minglest !
The prude's the flute, and the coquette
The lively harp that tingles :
One boldly sweeps the yielding strings,
While plaintive t' other prates it ;
Like Caesar, this to vict'ry springs,
Like Fabius, that awaits it.
With various gifts to make us bless'd,
Love skills each charming creature :
Thus, lovely woman stands confess'd
The harmony of nature.

Maids are of virginals the type,
Widows the growling tymbal ;
Scolds are the shrill and piercing pipe ;
Flirts are the wry cymbal.
All wives piano-fortes are ;
The bass, how old maids thump it !
The bugle-horn are archers fair ;
An amazon's a trumpet.
Thus, with rare gifts to make us bless'd,
Love skills his fav'rite creature ;
And thus sweet woman stands confess'd
The harmony of nature.

NINETY-THREE.

[This song was evidently written for the purpose of checking the spread, in this country, of revolutionary opinions, which had been productive of so much blood-shed in France. Louis XVI., who, with his queen and the other members of the royal family, had been imprisoned from Sept. 14, 1792, was beheaded on Jan. 21, 1793—only a few days after this song was penned. The queen was also barbarously beheaded on the 16th of October following, amid the savage exultations of the Parisian populace.]

ALL true honest Britons, I pray you draw near,
Bear a bob in a chorus to hail the new year ;
Join the mode of the times, and with heart and
voice sing

The good old English burden of God save the King.
Let the year ninety-three

Commem'rated be,

To time's end ; for so long loyal Britons shall sing,
Heart and voice, the old chorus of God save the
King.

See with two diff'rent faces old Janus appear,
To frown out the old, and smile in the new year ;
And thus, while he proves a well-wisher to crowns,
On the loyal he smiles, on the factious he frowns :

For in fam'd ninety-three

Britons all shall agree

With one face and one heart in a chorus to sing,
Drowning faction and party in—God save the King.

Some praise a new freedom, imported from France ;
Is liberty taught, then, like teaching to dance ?
They teach freedom to Britons! our own right divine!
A rushlight may as well teach the sun how to shine.

In fam'd ninety-three

We'll convince them we're free ;—

Free from ev'ry licentiousness faction can bring,
Free from heart and with voice to sing—God save
the King.

Thus, here, though French fashions may please for
their day,
As children prize playthings, then throw them
away ;

In a country like England they never do hurt,—
We improv'd on the ruffle, by adding the shirt.

Thus in fam'd ninety-three

Britons all shall agree,

While with one heart and voice in loud chorus they
sing,
To improve Ca Ira into—God save the King.

ELYSIUM.

WHILE Fancy, as she rules the mind,
Sits cock-horse on the brain,
A thousand methods mortals find
Elysium to obtain.

'Tis found, by soldiers, in brave deeds ;
Tars trust it to the breeze ;

Wives hope to find it in their weeds,

Physicians in their fees :

Thus expectation in us plants

Alternate hope and fear,—

I know of one whose bosom pants
To find elysium here.

The toper fancies he pursues

Elysium in the bowl ;

The hunk, in pelf he dares not use,—

No, not to save his soul :

The sland'rer, when he can revile ;

The churl, when he can warn ;

The lover in his mistress' smiles,

The parson in his barn.

Thus, as they rule the mind by turns,

Hope soars above the fear ;—

I've half a mind to tell who burns

To find elysium here.

I can't resist—hence prudence' laws !

I'll finish the dispute ;

Of that Elysium, your applause,

I'm now in warm pursuit.

But then, you say, to gain this heav'n,

What right can you assert ?

Let it be by your goodness giv'n,—

It can't by my desert.

So shall ye bid my labours live ;

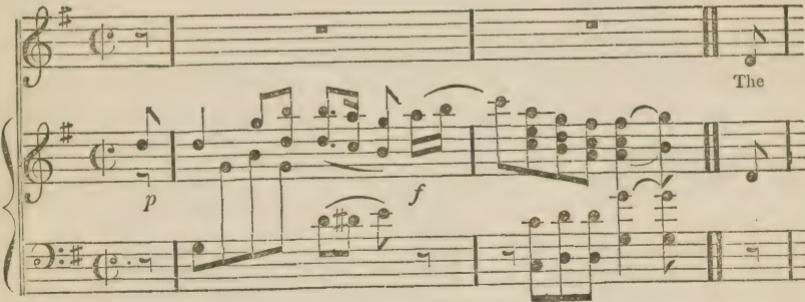
So shall each foll'wing year,

While you confer, and I receive,

Both find Elysium here.

THE RECOMPENSE OF CONSTANCY.

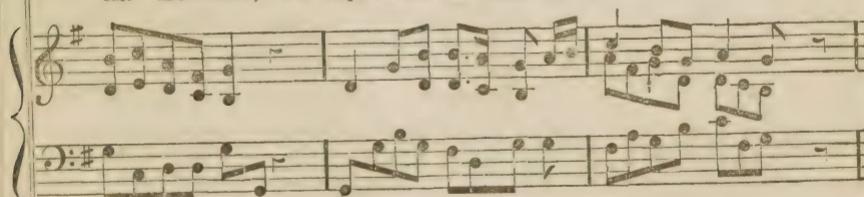
ANDANTE.



surge hoarse-ly mur-m'ring, young Fan-ny's grief mock-ing, The spray rude-ly dash-ing, as



salt as her tears; the ships in the off-ing, per-pe-tual-ly rock-ing, Too



THE RECOMPENSE OF CONSTANCY.

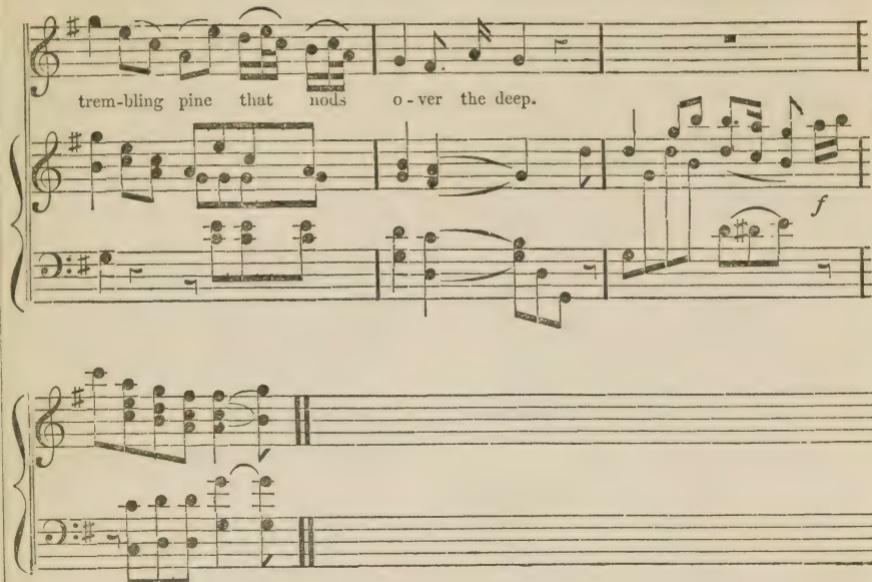
faith - ful a type of her hopes and her fears: 'Twas here,' she cried out, 'that Jack's

vows were so ma - ny, Here I bit - ter - ly wept, and I bit - ter - ly weep,—Here I

bit - ter - ly wept and I bit - ter - ly weep; Here heart-whole he swore to re-

turn to his Fan-ny,—Here heart-whole he swore to re - turn to his Fan-ny, Near the

THE RECOMPENSE OF CONSTANCY.



' Ah! mock not my troubles, ye pitiless breakers ;
Ye winds, do not thus melt my heart with alarms :
He is your pride and mine ; in my grief, then, partakers,
My sailor in safety waft back to my arms.
They are deaf and ungrateful :—These woes are too many ;
Here, here will I die, where I bitterly weep.
Some true lover shall write the sad fate of poor Fanny,
On the trembling pine that hangs over the deep.'

Thus, her heart sadly torn with its wild perturbation,
No friend but her sorrow, no hope but the grave,
Led on by her grief to the last desperation,
She ran to the cliff, and plung'd into the wave.
A tar sav'd her life :—the fond tale shall please many ;
Who before wept her fate, now no longer shall weep.
'Twas her Jack, who, returning, had sought out his Fanny,
Near the trembling pine that hangs over the deep.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBBDIN.

THE BOWMEN OF KENT.

'Twas one day at a fête giv'n at Jove's Sans Souci,
The gods drinking nectar, the goddesses tea,
While many a whim did their pleasures beguile,
They at last talk'd of Britain, their favourite isle ;
Of its loyalty, whence all its blessings increase ;
Of its glory in war, of its splendour in peace :
Cried Jove, 'We'll revive one accomplishment more,
Thro' which Britain's sons gather'd laurels of yore ;
When Fame led her archers wherever they went,
Proudly perch'd on the plume of the Bowmen of
Kent.'

'Come, name your endowments,' cried Mars : 'for
my meed,

I courage could give, if of courage they'd need.'
'And I,' cried out Vulcan, 'will gladly bestow,
Of well-temper'd steel, an old tough English bow.'
The bold archers all offer'd some gift to adorn :
Cynthia gave, as her meed, a superb bugle-horn ;
Mer'cry skill and address, Momus mirth, Bacchus
wine ;

'The care of their dress,' cried gay Iris, 'be mine.'
Thus, no trophy that fancy or taste could invent
Was neglected to grace the bold bowmen of Kent.

Cried Venus, her words sweetly kissing the air,
'Gift you your bold bowmen, while I gift the fair :
And, first, of my cestus each fair shall be queen,
Who sports a gay sash of Toxophilite green ;
Next, my son from his quiver an arrow shall draw,
Such as wounded my heart when Adonis I saw ;
His bow shall he lend, and a lesson impart,
Expertly to shoot at that target, the heart :
Thus the trophy of Love, that by Venus was sent,
Shall reward the brave faith of the bowmen of Kent.'

Thus bestow'd each celestial some tribute of worth
And Merc'ry descended triumphant to earth :
New Edwards and Henrys, that swarm'd on the plain,
New Cressys and Agincourts conquer'd again ;
And many a fair, darting love from her eyes,
As captain of numbers, soon bore off the prize.
Favour'd thus by the gods, by your king, by the fair,
May ye Britons have peace ;—yet should trumpets
speak war,

Of a nation united beware—the bow's bent ;—
Then make from the shaft of the bowmen of Kent.

THE RECOMPENSE OF CONSTANCY.

The surge hoarsely murmur'd, young Fanny's
grief mocking,
The spray rudely dashing, as salt as her tears ;
The ships in the offing, perpetually rocking,
Too faithful a type of her hopes and her fears :
'Twas here,' she cried out, 'that Jack's vows
were so many,
Here I bitterly wept, and I bitterly weep ;
Here heart-whole he swore to return to his Fanny,
Near the trembling pine that nods over the deep.'

'Ah ! mock not my troubles, ye pitiless breakers ;
Ye winds, do not thus melt my heart with alarms :
He is your pride and mine ; in my grief, then, partakers,

My sailor in safety waft back to my arms.
They are deaf and ungrateful :—These woes are too
many ;

Here, here will I die, where I bitterly weep.
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No friend but her sorrow, no hope but the grave,
Led on by her grief to the last desperation,
She ran to the cliff, and plung'd into the wave.
A tar say'd her life :—the fond tale shall please many ;
Who before wept her fate, now no longer shall
weep.
'Twas her Jack, who, returning, had sought out
his Fanny,
Near the trembling pine that hangs over the deep.

WIT AND BEAUTY.

As Wit and Beauty for an hour,
The other day, were jarring,
Which held o'er man superior pow'r,
They almost came to sparring.
Cried Reason, 'Wit ! you're grown a fool ;
You look quite ugly, Beauty !
Come take me with you,—both be cool ;
Some mortals know their duty.

To them submit,
Whether 'tis Wit
They most admire, or Beauty.'

So said, so done ; out they both set,
With reason to protect 'em,
Resolv'd that the first men they met
Should to the truth direct 'em.
Instant they ask'd a midnight throng,
Who to Bacchus paid their duty.
'Wit,' cried out they, 'teems in our song,
But 'tis inspir'd by Beauty.
Learn wisdom, Wit ;
Like us, submit
To the sweet pow'r of Beauty.'

Cried Wit, 'No tricks on trav'lers here,—
I saw you smile, you gipsy ;
'Twas bri'bry and corruption clear ;
Besides, the rogues were tipsy.
Yon bard the truth will quickly hit :
Come, poet, do your duty ;
Do you not owe your fame to Wit ?—
'To Wit ! fool ?—no ! to Beauty.
Adieu to Wit,
When men submit
To be the slaves of Beauty.'

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCI.

' Quaint rogue ! with his satiric page ;
The fellow is a lover :—
If I'm condemn'd by yonder sage,
I'll give the matter over.
Didst not the world,—say, Hermit,—quit,
Imposing this hard duty,
Better to contemplate on Wit ?'
' No !—to reflect on Beauty.'
Then, in fond fit,
He turn'd from Wit,
And squeez'd the hand of Beauty.

' Wit rules the mind, Beauty the heart,
Friend one, and wife the other ;
Thus, cleaving to the better part,
Men leave friend, father, brother.
Hence ! cried the sage, ' my presence quit ;
Adieu, friend,—know thy duty !'
Then, shutting rude the door on Wit,
Was left alone with Beauty !
Since when, poor Wit,
Glad to submit,
Has own'd the pow'r of Beauty.

From Castles in the Air

THE PLEASURES OF THE CAMP.

EXCEPT the folks that's left at home,
All London now is gadding ;
My soul ! to Bagshot how they roam,
Through dust and sunshine padding !
Hark ! how the trumpets, fifes, and drums,
Platoons and cannons, mines and bombs,
Incessant, morning, noon, and night,
Men-milliners and tailors fright :
Who scamper, run, and ride, and tramp,
T' enjoy the pleasures of the camp.

How sweet the cooling swamps to fill ;
Of war to taste a sample ;
You're roll'd like footballs down a hill,
While horses on you trample.
Sure, who the dev'l would stay at home,
That to the charming camp can roam ?
Are either comfort, sleep, or ease,
Comparable to joys like these ?
Horses may roll you in a swamp,—
Yet great's the pleasure of the camp.

Then when your hunger's at its pitch,
Which there's no hopes of quelling,
When, like old Tantalus, you itch
To taste what you are smelling :
Musha, my soul ! are peace and ease
Comparable to joys like these ?
Though hot as fire, and chok'd with dust ;
Though tir'd to death, and parch'd with thirst :
Like asses, though you thistles champ
Still great's the pleasure of the camp.

Then in your shops 'bout ranks and lines,
Your neighbours how you jeer 'em,
And tell what counterscarps and mines
You'd seen, had you got near 'em.
Talk not of London's busy joys,—
The camp's the only place for noise :
Be buggies overthrown, and gigs,—
Be shopmen squeez'd to death, and pigs,—
Though, wedg'd in whiskies, you've the cramp ;—
Still great's the pleasure of the camp.

NAPPY.

THOUGH pleasure's easily defin'd,
Droll mortals so employ it,
Scarce any two among mankind
Go the same way t' enjoy it.
With some, a dying parent's groan,
With others ill-got treasure,
A friend betray'd, a widow's moan,
An orphan's tears, are pleasure.
From no such source my pleasures flow !
Unfashionably happy,
Reason supplies the joys I know,
Their zest a jug of Nappy.

Their country's downfall, Faction's elves,
For fun, would be pursuing,
Though, Samson like, they were themselves
Crush'd in the mighty ruin.
Let them go on ; they doubtless see,
Congenial to their natures,
Some pleasure in that misery
They wish their fellow-creatures.
For me, protected while I sing,
My wife and children happy,
My fav'rite toast, Church, State, and King,
Shall sweeten my brown Nappy.

Love, as facetiously we're told,
Has blessings out of measure ;
And hearts put up, and bought, and sold,
Confer a world of pleasure.
Then for the joys that wine promotes, —
Who dares, a lie presuming,
Deny that brawls and cutting throats
Are something more than human ?
Why, love and drink's the zest of life,
When Reason bids be happy ;
With hallow'd lips when a lov'd wife
Blesses the smiling Nappy.

Yet ev'ry mortal to his taste :
O'er others no dominion
Do I usurp,—I've only traed,
With def'rence, my opinion :
And if mankind, in folly sunk,
Find glorious fun in treason,
In vicious love, in getting drunk,
And taking leave of reason ;

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBBDIN.

E'en let them think so, since they will,—
My own way I'll be happy;
Of Reason's pleasures take my fill,
And drink my jug of Nappy.

THE JOLLY RINGERS.

Oft has the world been well defin'd,
By sayers and by singers;
I call 't a belfry,—and mankind
I call the jolly ringers.
Through major-bobs, and triple-bobs,
Each emulously ranges;
And while each anxious bosom throbs,
All try to ring the changes.

These College youths are sent to school,
And afterwards to College;
And thence return by square and rule,
Well vers'd in worldly knowledge.
As genius leads, to cram his maw,
Each art's close lab'rinth ranges,
And on religion, physic, law,
Completely rings the changes.

The fortune-hunter swears and lies,
And courts the widow's jointure;
Then with a richer heiress flies,
Nor minds to disappoint her.
The widow, too, has her arch whim,
Nor thinks his conduct strange is;
A titled heir succeeds to him,
And thus she rings the changes.

The waiter pillages the Greek,
The Greek the spendthrift fleeces;
The spendthrift makes dad's fortune squeak,
Dad rack-rents and grants leases:
The tenants break, gazette reports
Each difference arranges;
Till, pro and con, through all the courts,
The lawyers ring the changes.

Thus, like the bells, each fear and hope
Hangs wav'ring and suspended:
All tug away, while some a rope
Get more than they intended,
In merry cadence, as they roll,
We'll rove where reason ranges;
Nor shall the bell of sadness toll,
Till death shall ring the changes.

THE HARE-HUNT.

SINCE Zeph'rus first tasted the charms of coy Flora,
Sure Nature ne'er beam'd on so lovely a morn;
Ten thousand sweet birds court the smile of Aurora,
And the woods loudly echo the sound of the horn:
Yet the morn's not so lovely, so brilliant, so gay,
As our splendid appearance, in gallant array;
When, all ready mounted, we number our forces,
Enough the wild boar or the tiger to scare;
Pity fifty stout beings, count dogs, men, and horses,
Should encounter such peril—to kill one poor
hare!
Little wretch, thy fate's hard!—thou wert gentle
and blameless;
Yet a type of the world in thy fortune we see;
And Virtue, by monsters as cruel and shameless,
Poor, defenceless, and timid, is hunted like thee.
See! vainly each path how she doubles and tries:
If she 'scape the hound Treach'ry, by Slander
she dies!
To o'ercome that meek fear for which men should
respect her,
Ev'ry art is employ'd, ev'ry sly subtle snare—
Pity those that were born to defend and protect her
Should hunt to her ruin—so timid a hare!

Thus it fares with poor Merit, which mortals should
cherish,
As the heav'n-gifted spark that illuminates the mind;
As Reason's best honour, lest with it should perish
Ev'ry grace that Perfection can lend to mankind.
Hark! Envy's pack opens; the grim lurcher Fear,
And the mongrel Vexation, skulks sly in the rear:
There still rush on; at their head the whelp Slander,
The fell mastiff Malice, the greyhound Despair!
Pity beings best known by bright Truth and fair
Candour
Should hunt down—shame to manhood!—so
harmless a hare.

Their sports at an end, harsh Reflection's beguiler
To some thoughtless oblivion their souls they
resign;
The seducer takes pleasure, revenge the reviler;
The hunter's oblivion, more harmless, is wine.
Thus, having destroy'd every rational joy
That can dignify Reason, they Reason destroy:
And yet not in vain, if this lesson inspirit
Aught of reverence for Genius, respect for the
Fair;
So the tear of lost Virtue and poor ruin'd Merit
The sad manes shall appear of the innocent hare.

END OF VOL. I.

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